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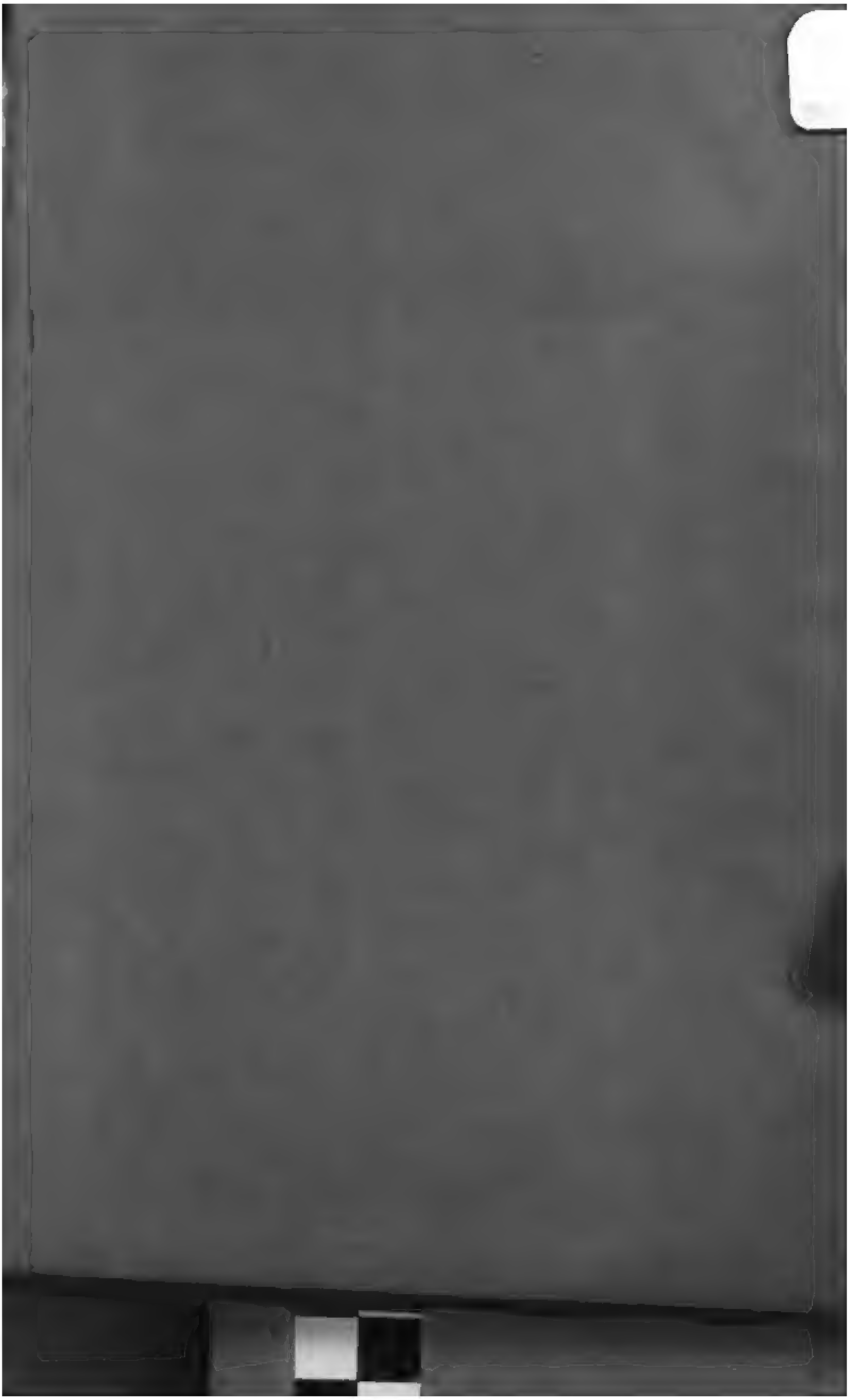

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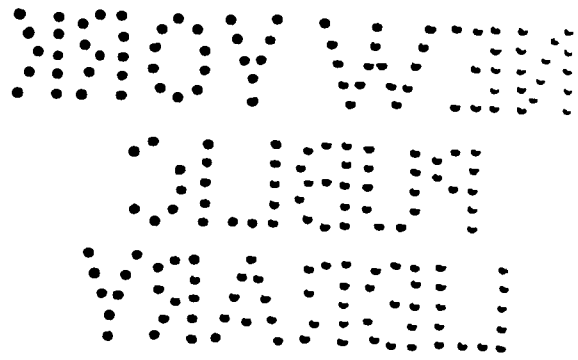

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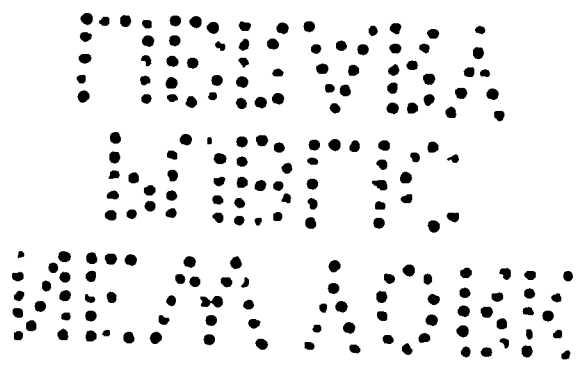

Shakespeariana

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*MEDICO-SHAKESPEARIAN FANATICISM.**

SHAKESPEARIAN students have entered an era which must be beneficial, inasmuch as the blind worship of supposed talents never possessed by the immortal Bard has given way to a more sensible manner of showing the appreciation of his rare genius. In its steady growth this worship has reached such gigantic proportions as to render inconceivable the possibility of any one brain producing such varied learning. The idea of attempting to prove that one man could be an expert in every branch; that he had antedated any number of the most important discoveries of the age; that he had even written the works of other authors, would, of necessity, lead to one result—the denial of authorship. Specialists of all kinds have attempted to make him all that any sane man would know he was not, and under no circumstances could have been. We have seen the lawyer who would prove him as learned in the law as any of our judges; the doctor who endeavors to make him not only well versed in the symptomatology of disease, but in the physiological action of drugs; others who refer to him as a linguist, a botanist, a physiologist, a pharmacist, a zoologist, an entomologist, an ecclesiastic, a soldier, a sailor, and a cook. Let us take but one avenue of his mighty intellect—that of medicine—and allow it to suffice as an example of how fanatics, in their wild endeavors to exaggerate his talents, only exhibit their own ignorance, which thus misleads them.

* Read before the New York Shakespeare Society, Dec. 6, 1888.

Dr. Chestney seeks to enlighten us on the drug which Cornelius gives the Queen, in *Cymbeline* (V., 5), and because "being ta'en, would cease the present power of life; but, in short time, all offices of nature should again do their due functions," he astounds us by announcing that Shakespeare had antedated Wells and Morton in the discovery of an anæsthetic. He imagines he finds additional evidence in the remarks of Cornelius (I., 5):

> **"I do know her spirit,**
> **And will not trust one of her malice with**
> **A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has**
> **Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;**
> **. . . . . but there is**
> **No danger in what show of death it makes,**
> **More than the locking up the spirits a time,**
> **To be more fresh, reviving;"**

and because the body of Imogen (who had taken the drug) was stark and pale when found, he jumps to the conclusion that Shakespeare referred to chloroform; thus antedating Guthrie and Soubeiran in its discovery. A little examination might have saved the surprise attending these startling claims. Imogen, for instance, feels that the drug has been "murderous to the senses." Now, in *Macbeth* (I., 3), Banquo, after his conference with the witches, wonders if he has "eaten on the insane root, that takes the reason prisoner," and contemporary reading would have furnished the following from Batman's "Commentary on Bartholeme de Propriet Rerum":

> **"Henbane . . · . is called *Insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate, or drunke, it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is commonly called *Mirilidium*, for it taketh away wit and reason."** *Lib. XVII., Ch.* 87.

The steps are very plain, therefore, to the fact that Shakespeare referred to henbane or hyoscyamus, which was then used no doubt as now in treatment of cases of insomnia, and therefore would have had the very action Shakespeare attributes to it. The claim that he had antedated Liebig in the discovery of hydrate of chloral, and that this drug was the one

that Friar Lawrence gave Juliet to produce her two and forty hours' sleep, is absurd.

But of all claims of Shakespeare's priority, that of his knowledge of the circulation of the blood previous to its discoverer's has perhaps attracted the widest attention, and yet is the most assailable. Mr. Hackett, who first asserted it in 1859, shows not only his ignorance of the most important part of Harvey's theory, but his utter lack of knowledge concerning the many other theories that had been presented years before and were accepted at the time Shakespeare wrote. Shakespeare died in 1616. Harvey first published his theory in 1619. Among the older theories were those of Hippocrates, Praxagoras, and Erasistratus, who held that the arteries contained air, and that, therefore, the *veins* were the *only* blood-holding vessels, and that they had their origin in the liver. Galen, as early as A.D. 150, taught that the left ventricle of the heart was the common origin of all arteries, and that the arteries of living animals contained blood, *not* air; but he did not advance with his studies so as to learn in what direction the blood flowed, or whether it was movable or stationary. That Shakespeare had heard of Hippocrates and Galen, and was somewhat acquainted with their writings we know from his own lips; for the former he refers to in *Merry Wives* (III., 1), and Galen is spoken of in 2d *Henry IV.* (I., 2), in *All's Well* (II., 3), in *Merry Wives* (II., 3 and III., 1), and in *Coriolanus* (II., 1). Michael Servetus, who was burned with his books, by order of Calvin, in 1553, taught that the blood flowed from the right ventricle, through the pulmonary artery to the lungs, and thence through the pulmonary vein and left auricle into the corresponding ventricle, from which it was conveyed by the aorta to all parts of the body. Sylvius had already pointed out the valves in the veins, and so, with Galen and Servetus, paved the way for Harvey's theory. There is not one thought to be found in Shakespeare in any way relating to the circulation of the blood that is not applicable to the teachings of either Hippocrates, Galen, Servetus, or Sylvius, and it is very evident that he did not tie himself down to any one of these theories, but that some-

times he had in mind the theory of Michael Servetus (to which all the heart allusions will apply), and at other times that of Hippocrates (which accounts for all the thoughts regarding the liver as the propeller of the blood through the veins). Harvey was the first to show the true idea of the circulation. His chief points being that the left ventricle of the heart, acting as a muscular sac, forced the blood into the arteries, that it went to the extreme parts of the body and returned by way of the veins to the right auricle, thence to the right ventricle, from whence it was squeezed into the lungs, and thence to the left auricle and corresponding ventricle—the same blood making a complete circuit and ready again to be sent out on its life-sustaining journey; that the pulse is produced by the arteries being filled with blood and so enlarging, and that it coincides with the contraction, not the dilatation, of the heart. It is easy to see that many of Shakespeare's thoughts on the circulation might be made to apply to Harvey's theory, and he who is ignorant of the discoveries of the physiologists preceding Harvey might be led into the "damned error" which (to him) would rob the discoverer of his deserved honor. Shakespeare explored, observed, absorbed, and utilized every branch of learning within his grasp, and the wonderful information that he was thus possessed of he clothed with language which has never been equalled. Strip the plain fact of its beautiful surroundings and, in the mass of cases, what is left is no more than what would be expected of a well-informed man. I propose to illustrate this, so far as medical allusions go, by referring only to those of *Romeo and Juliet.*

First: Shakespeare's knowledge of the climatic effect of sun-burnt Italy on the physical development and passions of her people. From the lips of each character we are made to learn his or her passionate nature. It is rudely shown by the servants Sampson and Gregory, though their stage life is short. We are not surprised to see the nurse advise Juliet to "seek happy nights to happy days," nor to hear her inform her precious charge that she must "bear the burden soon at night," for what more could be expected when she even quotes from her

lately deceased husband in such a way as to expose his ruling passion. Benvolio knows that in "these hot days is the mad blood stirring," and Mercutio cannot dismiss Queen Mab without telling how "when maids lie on their backs, this is the hag that presses them and learns them first to bear, making them women of good carriage." But Capulet and Paris speak of it in the most practical way in discussing the marriageable age of Juliet (I., 2):

CAPULET. My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
PARIS. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
CAPULET. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

In the old poem Juliet's age is put down at sixteen; in Paynter's novel she is said to be eighteen. Shakespeare, however, makes her fourteen, but whoever imagines her of these tender years while enjoying the play? It seems absurd to think of her as being less than twenty or twenty-two, until we recollect that she grew and developed into early womanhood under the sun of an Italian clime. The wonderful development of the girls of Italy can easily be seen in the Eternal City. Taking a stroll down to the Spanish stair-case, which is daily filled with Roman models lazily awaiting the engagements of the artists, or a walk on the Corso, or around the theatre of Marcellus, convinces at once that Shakespeare's Juliet, young as she is, is not overdrawn, and that the Italian girl of fourteen is indeed fully "ripe to be a bride." * It will be seen that Capulet discourages the idea of an early marriage of his young daughter on the ground that child-bearing in one so young would be detrimental to her health. In the next scene we find Lady Capulet asking Juliet to think favorably of marriage, and this advice shows that Lady Capulet differs from her liege lord in regard to the ill effects of early child-bearing; Lady Capulet favors it, citing herself as an example; surely this she would not do if she had experienced any evil results from it. Lady Capulet was

* Medical Thoughts of Shakespeare, p. 59.

right. The Italian climate had so developed and matured Juliet that at the age of fourteen she was fully capable of safely giving birth to a child. Paris cites cases where "younger than she are happy mothers made," and they certainly would not be happy mothers if early child-bearing brought ill-health in its train. Lady Capulet refers to it as frequently happening among ladies of esteem; showing that it was a common occurrence, and that the climate sufficiently developed them for that purpose. Even the old Friar, in his experience of the passionate love of burning Italy, would not allow Romeo and Juliet to remain alone until he had married them.

> FRIAR. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
> For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
> Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

One would naturally expect, in the first appearance of Friar Lawrence, to find him engaged in some duties of his special vocation—chanting a hymn or telling his beads in a "shady cloister," which we might think a more appropriate occupation than gathering baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers with the dank dew still upon them. Shakespeare, however, was true to the history of the time of which he wrote; a time when priests and the clergy invaded the precincts of the physician. The medical profession was once so overrun with monks that it soon became evident that the monasteries were being emptied and religious duties neglected. This led in A.D. 1163 to the Council of Tours issuing a canon which prohibited monks from studying or practising physic, and which would not allow them over two months' leave of absence at a time from their monasteries. As practitioners of medicine their patients became so numerous that it was impossible for them to find time to visit all the sick, and they began the practice of diagnosing diseases by inspection only of the urine, which absurdity Shakespeare has several times referred to. Our respect for Friar Lawrence will not allow us to think that he could so practise deceit, but that he practised medicine

to an extent there seems no doubt. And of this there is considerable evidence throughout the play, Romeo several times comparing the work of a priest to that of a physician. Even his first intimation to the Friar of his love for Juliet is clothed in medical terms (II., 3):

> "I have been feasting with mine enemy;
> Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me
> That's by me wounded; both our remedies
> Within thy help and holy physic lies."

And later on, when suffering the agony of his sentence he appeals to the Friar to tell him in what part of his vile anatomy his name doth lodge, and asks him if he has no poison mixed. Why should he for an instant imagine that this priest had poison at all in his possession if it were not that that poison in certain doses acted medicinally? So Shakespeare introduces him really in his vocation as a gatherer and a dispenser of medicines, which quite prepares us for the part he finally plays in rendering the last act so full of woe. Like all priests of that period, giving much of his time to the preparation of his own medicines, he was well versed in medical botany. He charms us by his introductory speech setting forth the old herbalist doctrine, and we feel quite sure that in his bunch of flowers, the result of his morning's gathering, would be found these beautiful, poisonous and yet medicinal plants; for the Friar's specification of plants at once medicinal and poisonous limits us to the following category, viz.: (1) Digitalis (foxglove). Grows wild in temperate climates of Europe and is gathered while in full bloom. Narcotic, sedative, and diuretic. (2) Hyoscyamus (henbane). Grows along the roads and about villages in England. A favorite plant of Shakespeare's; referred to also in *Cymbeline* (IV., 2) and *Macbeth* (I., 3) as the insane root, being murderous to the senses. It is no doubt the drug Friar Lawrence specially alludes to as "slaying all senses with the heart;" although he is wrong as to its odor, for its offensiveness can have no cheering qualities. Known to the ancients as anodyne and soporific. (3) Belladonna (deadly night-shade). Known to ancients as a narcotic, diaphoretic, and diuretic. (4) Veratrum

Album with its greenish flowers was used in very small doses for dropsy, mania, epilepsy, leprosy, and elephantiasis. (5) Conium (hemlock). Grows along the roads and in old settlements in Europe. It is narcotic and supposed to be the drug used by the Athenians to destroy the life of convicts and by which Socrates and Phocion died; also used by the ancients medicinally. It is hardly necessary to say, although the scene is laid in Italy, that we are safe in thus choosing the poisonous medicinal plants of England as the ones intended by Shakespeare, for he was continually introducing English laws, manners, dialects, into any of his plays, no matter in what country they might have been supposed to have occurred, and why should he not follow the same rules as to his baleful weeds? Let us, therefore, imagine the old Friar with his basket full of plants, the green leaves of which are in perfect contrast to those red, yellow, purple, green, and white flowers which are so beautiful, so poisonous. It is not surprising, having his osier cage so filled with narcotics, that when occasion demanded he was able to furnish one to Juliet and one too that would act at a certain time (as that taken by Imogen in *Cymbeline*). Of course such a drug never existed, and this sacrifice of the real to the dramatic is only a mate to the absurdities that were forced upon the people of that day through the ignorance of the physicians and the trickery of the charlatans. This nonsense of a drug being able to render one dead for two and forty hours, and then to revive as from a pleasant sleep, is no more ridiculous than the cure for smallpox which John of Gladdesden, the court physician, had for the son of Edward II., and of which Shakespeare, perhaps, had read. He gave him no other treatment than to see that his couch, clothing, and everything about him was of some red material, and "he was restored to health without a trace of the disease." But let us take the leading physicians of Shakespeare's own time and of whom he had certainly heard. No one was held in higher esteem as a physician and botanist in Elizabeth's reign than William Bulleyn, and yet his favorite prescription for nervous women was a "smal yong mouse roasted." Dr. Caius, an honorable man in

his way, allowed his ignorance to permit him to have the "raspings of a human skull unburied" as the chief ingredient in his gout-powder, and for nervous affections he had his balsam of bats, which was composed of adders, bats, suckling-whelps, earth-worms, and hog's grease. Even Dr. Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, who was regarded as a skilful man, used to treat epilepsy by hanging round pieces of peony root around the neck of the patient, and for ascarides he applied to the pulse a mixture containing spiders' webs and powdered nut-shells. In Shakespeare's day the wealthy ground gold, pearls, diamonds, and corals to powder, and this they would swallow for medicine. Fortunately for the poor they had to confine themselves to herbs; but they gathered them by the light of the full moon with incantations or else they waited until certain planets were in ascendancy. Elizabeth was in almost continual consultation with her astrologer, Dr. John Dee, whose advice she heeded even as to her walks and meals. The Bible said, "He hath placed signs in the hands of all men, that every man may know his work," and that was sufficient to make palmistry a co-ordinate science with astrology; geology and anatomy being deemed sacrilege and blasphemy. The extent of the so-called "Faith-cure" of to-day is nothing compared to its prevalence three hundred years ago. The king "touched" for almost every disease. Shakespeare represents Macbeth as thus curing a "crew of wretched souls." Scrofula, or "King's evil," as it was then known, so called on account of the supposed power of cure being invested in the handling and prayers of the King, was first so treated by Edward the Confessor, in 1058. Charles II. touched over 92,000 persons, and his court physician, Dr. Wiseman, publicly announced that they were nearly all complete recoveries. William III. refused to touch, but Queen Anne resumed the practice, officially announcing in the *London Gazette* of March 12, 1712, that she would "touch" all who came. George I. discontinued the custom in 1714. During the twenty years following 1662 upwards of 100,000 persons were touched for different diseases. It is no wonder that when ignorance stalked abroad under the assistance of the

lights of the profession that people could readily be duped into believing in the power of a distilled liquor, even though it was able to suspend all vital functions for nearly two days. The Apothecary is the other character in the play whose vocation makes him of medical interest. The description of him and his shop is such as would be expected from Romeo in the state of mind he was then in. His whole thought was to procure a poison, the selling of which he knew was contrary to Mantua's law, and therefore he must find an apothecary who was in such position as to be easily tempted. His mind quickly reverts to one he had once seen "in tatter'd weeds." He remembers the poverty of the man, the famine depicted in his face, and the beggarly state of his shop. The tortoise, alligator, and skins of ill-shaped fishes that Romeo noticed would be apt to attract his attention, as their employment as part of the furniture of every apothecary shop at that time made them very familiar objects. It at first is a little perplexing to understand how Romeo knew that the beggarly account of boxes on his shelves were empty. Surely their emptiness was not exposed. But Shakespeare knew more than one trick of the merchants and others who endeavored to make empty boxes appear like stock on hand and thus "make up a show," nor did he forget them in later years, for in *Troilus and Cressida* (I., 3) we find a most excellent one:

> "Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
> And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
> The lustre of the better yet to show,
> Shall show the better."

We may be sure that among the musty seeds there were those of the plaintain since Shakespeare so often referred to the leaf. They are small, flea-colored, shining, inodorous, mucilaginous when chewed, and were used internally and externally very much the same as flaxseed now is; which latter drug it closely resembled. The other seeds likely to be found at that time are conium or hemlock seeds, those of hyoscyamus and digitalis, mustard and caraway. The bladders were doubtless used then as now as a receptacle for ice or hot water in the

treatment of diseases requiring such applications, but more especially as a means of keeping drugs containing volatile oils. Unquestionably some of those bladders were filled with crocus (saffron), so much used by the ancients as an emmenagogue. The cakes of roses, pressed leaves of the Rosa Centifolio and Rosa Gallica, have quite disappeared. They were used as astringents and tonics and were very popular.

Shakespeare has given any number of evidences throughout his plays that he was fully acquainted with the value of sleep and the aids and the opponents to "nature's soft nurse." Romeo after his night in the orchard, meeting Friar Lawrence (II., 3) in early dawn, receives this bit of wisdom:

> "Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
> So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
> Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
> And where care lodges, sleep will never lie:
> But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
> Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
> Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
> Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature."

It will be noticed he first gives reason for his own earliness, that all old men have care and therefore cannot sleep. We all have noticed this in old people; but care is not the cause for it. It is but natural. The older we grow the less sleep nature allows us. In age the vessels of the brain lose their elasticity and consequently have more blood in them than is required to produce the cerebral anæmia requisite for sleep. So that there is a gradual reduction, in the number of necessary hours of sleep, from the infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," who sleeps almost continuously, to the "lean and slipper'd pantaloon with spectacles on nose and pouch on side," who is well satisfied with his five hours' repose. The words of the Friar are found again in the mouth of Brutus (*Julius Cæsar*, II., 1):

> "Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
> Thou has no figures nor no fantasies,
> Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
> Therefore thou sleep'st so sound;"

and re-echoed in the marvellous and beautiful soliloquy of Henry IV. (2d, III., 1). How truly is shown the mastery of sleep over the tired nature of the wet sea-boy, although surrounded by dangers, if the mind is unmolested, and how anxiety will fight off sleep even though it be courted by soothing surroundings and urged on by the melody of music! Surely no one except he whose care and anxiety had caused insomnia could so accurately describe the envy with which he looks upon the sound sleep of others. Benvolio's troubled mind (I., 1) forced sleep from him and old Capulet (IV., 4) under the excitement attending the preparation for Juliet's wedding found neither desire nor necessity for the "foster-nurse of nature." The cause of Romeo's sleeplessness was Love, and Shakespeare has many times attributed that power to this master-passion.

> "To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
> . . . . . one fading moment's mirth
> With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights."
> (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I., 1.)
>
> "Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthrall'd eyes,
> And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow."
> (*Idem.*, II., 4.)
>
> "In thy youth thou wast as true a lover
> As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow."
> (*As You Like It*, II., 4.)

And so examples might be multiplied, and did time allow, much space might be occupied in showing Shakespeare's thorough knowledge of the aids and opponents to sleep as well as its employment by him as a remedial agent.

If there is any one subject that Shakespeare delighted in it must have been in disposing of his characters by death, and of this he certainly made a special study, for he has painted the scene in so many cases in such true colors that we cannot but marvel at the accuracy of his description. Of course, of necessity, in the great majority of them it has been a sacrifice of the real to the dramatic: but even in many of those cases the light of modern medical discoveries shows that the results are really natural, though not thought to be so by Shakespeare. Let us

verify this by a glance at one or two deaths from the play under consideration. The poison which Romeo obtained from the Apothecary was the most deadly then known, and even now it is only surpassed in its intensity, perhaps, by hydrocyanic acid (the fumes of which kill). Aconite was often compared with gunpowder on account of its hasty action (*Henry IV.*, 2d, IV., 4), and was then thought to act only as a poison; its medicinal properties not having been discovered until 1762. Romeo seeks the vault where his beloved Juliet lies, and finally drinks off the poison. The knowledge of the activity of the poison, the Apothecary's word as to its strength, and the burning sensation experienced, make him think that death is really upon him. It takes him but a few seconds to say:

> "Oh, true apothecary!
> Thy drugs are quick—thus, with a kiss, I die,"

and he falls over a corpse. Poisons do not kill the moment they touch the lips, as one would imagine from Romeo's death. There is a long train of symptoms that poisonous doses of this drug always produce, such as tingling sensations, which first are felt in the throat, then extending to the extremities and over the entire body; pulse finally becomes imperceptible; the muscular strength is greatly reduced; respirations are irregular; sensibility is benumbed; and the eyes protrude and are glaring. Just before death the sense of sight is frequently lost. We can readily see how absurd it would be to introduce any such symptoms as part of the play, so the *real* is sacrificed, and he dies at once. But Shakespeare, while he thus hurries him off, *unwittingly* assigns him an *action* which we now know will produce *sudden death* in cases of aconite poisoning. In treating cases of this kind, the heart being exceeding weak, it is of utmost importance that the patient should be kept on his back with his head lower than his body, and under no circumstances exert himself. Shakespeare makes him take a last kiss, and the exertion thus caused in bending over would certainly produce immediate death from syncope. The Friar arrives on the scene a minute after Romeo has taken the poison, and his knowledge

of medicine was sufficient to have given an emetic and to have followed it with the antidote. It is reasonable to suppose that he had the appropriate medicines with him, for the object of his visit to the vault was to assist Juliet, and he had every reason to imagine that she might require some heart stimulants, considering her position, and these would have been *the very medicines requisite in Romeo's case* after his stomach had been evacuated by the emetic. He would have had no trouble in discovering the cause of Romeo's sickness, for even though the empty cup in his hand (which would certainly be sufficient) would escape his eye, in all probability Romeo could have told him *all*, for in these cases the intellect remains clear until just before death. Could Romeo only have foregone the pleasure of that last embrace, how different the end would have been! The other death in the play, where Shakespeare intended to sacrifice the real to the dramatic, is that of Tybalt, and yet other evidence proves it to be truly portrayed. The fiery Tybalt utters not a word on receiving his death-stab. Romeo plunged his sword, without doubt. into Tybalt's heart. That there was great hemorrhage is shown by Lady Capulet (III., 1):

> **"Some twenty of them fought in this black strife**
> **And all those twenty could but kill one life,"**

as if Romeo's one thrust had produced sufficient hemorrhage to appear as if twenty had their swords at him and each had wounded him. Then, too, the Nurse (III., 2) in her description to Juliet of Tybalt's body:

> **"A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;**
> **Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,**
> **All in gore blood: I swounded at the sight."**

The other deaths that occur in *Romeo and Juliet* are truly drawn and so intended by Shakespeare. Juliet seizes Romeo's dagger and penetrates one of her principal vessels with it, the great loss of blood allowing her to say but a word or two. She is bleeding when the Page and Watch arrive, and even some time after, Capulet calls his wife's attention to the continued

hemorrhage. Mercutio's death (III., 1) is certainly a most natural one. Here we find no long interval for a drawn-out speech, neither does death occur instantly. Tybalt's sword has entered one of the main vessels of his heart, and he is dying from occult hemorrhage. This is clearly indicated by the fact that Romeo and Benvolio see no blood and think the wound a slight one.

> " A plague o' both your houses !
> They have made worm's meat of me : I have it,
> And soundly too—your houses!"

(the fragment of his curse, " your houses," serving to indicate his weakened and dying condition.) Paris, too (V., 3), receives his death-wound in one of the larger vessels, for he is " steep'd in blood." Montague's wife dies of grief from Romeo's exile. These deaths are exceedingly rare, there being only twenty-five such cases (" broken heart ") reported in the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine. Shakespeare was among the earliest writers to refer to it as it is supposed to have been first described by Harvey during Shakespeare's life. It is again alluded to in *Winter's Tale* (III., 2), *Macbeth* (IV., 3), and *Richard III.* (I., 3). But few of the characteristic points of a corpse were omitted by Shakespeare ; the stiffness of the joints, pallor of the face, cessation of the pulse, and absence of animal heat, were referred to whenever an opportunity presented itself. The Friar, in giving the impossible drug to Juliet (IV., 1), tells her that under its influence,

> ". . . . . no pulse
> Shall keep his native progress, but surcease,
> No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
> The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
> To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
> Like Death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
> Each part depriv'd of supple government,
> Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death ;"

and we know from Capulet (IV., 5) that such was the case. It is interesting to note that, as the two and forty hours expire, the drug has spent its force, Nature resumes her sway, and

Romeo finds that death, as he supposes, has had no power yet upon her beauty. I regret that, confining myself to *Romeo and Juliet*, I am denied the pleasure of commenting on the deaths of Falstaff, Duke Humphrey, Desdemona, King John, Queen Katharine, and one or two others in which the signs of approaching dissolution are most excellently described. The remaining medical subjects are most abundant in the mouths of Romeo and Benvolio. The former (I., 1) shows his knowledge of the fact that a beautiful parent has for her offspring a child of beauty, and thus laments the loss to the world of issue from his fair Rosaline through her determination to close her ears to his words of love. In the same scene he draws the distinction between those born blind and those who by accident or disease are rendered blind after having enjoyed sight. The former know not what it is to possess it, the latter only know the value of it after they have lost it. And later on (I., 2) he indulges in this worthy bout with Benvolio:

BENV. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye
And the rank poison of the old will die.
ROMEO. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
BENV. For what, I pray thee?
ROMEO. For your broken shin.
BENV. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
ROMEO. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented. . . ."

The first two lines refer to the treatment of diseases by caustics and blisters. The same thought is found in *Coriolanus* (IV., 7). And then he alludes to the well-known medical fact that many diseases will be so overcome by the advent of another disease as to escape notice. Even as late as thirty years ago, it was firmly believed in some parts of England, that phthisis could be cured by the consumptive going into aguish districts so that intermittent fever might act as the "new infection"

which would kill the "rank poison of the old" one. But Romeo does not then heed Benvolio's advice, and with lover-like aptitude he answers him by turning the subject into another channel and upon another disease. "Broken shin" in those days was a popular term for syphilis ;* it referring to the tertiary form, when the bones were affected and ulcers resulted therefrom, and plantain leaf was much esteemed by the ancients and employed by them for many complaints ; more especially was it recommended as an external application in ulcers of all kinds. Benvolio, seeing that Romeo is entirely evading the question and turning his advice into ridicule, very naturally asks him if he is mad, which gives Romeo a chance to run over the absurd and cruel treatment of madmen in that day (reminding one of the way poor innocent Malvolio was handled), and ends by confessing himself in exactly the same position as before the advice was tendered. In a little while Romeo is given the chance to compare other fair ones with his Rosaline, and Benvolio promises him to make him think his "swan a crow." His indignation gives vent to a reply showing most beautifully a part of the anatomy and physiology of the eye :

> "When the devout religion of mine eye
> Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires !
> And there—who, often drown'd, could never die—
> Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars !"

No one could fail to appreciate the "often drown'd" as referring to a flood of tears, nor the "transparent heretics," another apparel for the lenses of the eyes. In the same scene is found a poetic comparison of the eyes to a pair of crystal scales. Romeo in paying the Apothecary for the poison (V., 1) advises him to "buy food and get thyself in flesh," as if it were as easily done as purchasing a garment and putting it on—and in the Apothecary's case it would be, for "sharp misery had worn him to the bones," and in recovering from starvation the patient gradually regains the flesh he had lost.

The "round little worm" from the "lazy finger of a maid"

* Introduction to Merry Wives, "Bankside Edition."—Morgan.

which Mercutio mentions has been looked upon as a Mercutian fancy. But Dr. Bucknell has called attention to the following from "A Compendious Chyrurgerie by John Banester," A.D. 1585, p. 465: "We commonly call them worms, which many women, sitting in the sunneshine, can cunningly pick out with nedles, and are most common in the handes." Blisters on the lips (herpes labialis) caused by gastric disorders are referred to in the same speech, as is also the anatomy of Rosaline (II., 1). He has excellently expressed (II., 4) the habit so common among idiots, that of hiding the most valueless things as if of great price. Capulet in the heat of passion (III., 5) condemns Juliet as a "green-sickness carrion" and a "*tallow-face*," thus reminding us of one of the principal symptoms of chlorosis. The pains and aches resulting from a long journey in the aged and corpulent are well expressed by the old Nurse (II., 5) and she prattles at times of the hard knock that Juliet received when a child (I., 3) and of her success in weaning her (I., 3). Friar John gives us (V., 2) the manner the Italians had and still have of preventing the spread of any dread disease; they not only quarantine the patient, but all who have been near him. The greater part of Italy must have been in those days a perfect nest of diseases during the summer. It is only of late years that sanitary improvements have been introduced there, and even now the condition of some of the districts of Rome and Naples conduce more to disease than health. Cholera has made frightful ravages in their population, and it is not surprising that they should take every precaution to prevent its spread. And perhaps the officers of Verona (which, by the way, is healthfully situated) were over-careful to keep their little town from infection of any kind. I remember in 1884 I left Naples a few days before the cholera broke out there. A military cordon was immediately thrown around the city, which prevented any ingress or egress, and the deaths numbered a thousand a day for three successive days. I came north, and, strange to say, Verona was the only place where I was subjected to fumigation.

In conclusion, I have only to assert that the medical expres-

sions of Shakespeare which appear to enthusiasts and the laity as rich medical gems, showing, as they think, a vast knowledge of the symptomatology of disease, are really those characteristics which the majority of the best-informed men of his day were well acquainted with. It is the apparel in which they are clothed; it is his manner of expression, which we all know is boundless: so surrounded, the most common symptoms seem as if of great import. The rule, of course, has its exceptions, and occasionally a deep medical thought is found evincing considerable study or research, or a friend at his elbow who is well versed in medicine. I have noted before Shakespeare's knowledge of the signs of death as one of the subjects that he was well acquainted with, and in *Romeo and Juliet* it is interesting to compare the 1597 with the 1599 edition, as it shows that during that short interval Shakespeare had acquired considerable additional knowledge in regard to that subject. Thus, the earlier edition lacks the full description of the Friar as to how Juliet would look after she had taken the drug, which we have just quoted, which was inserted in the edition of 1599. In the earlier edition, Capulet, on seeing, as he supposes, the dead body of Juliet, exclaims, "All pale and wan:" but two years later, says:

> **"Let me see her: out, alas, she's cold,**
> **Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff,**
> **Life and these lips have long been separated."**

And when Romeo breaks into Capulet's vault there is much added to impress upon the mind that Juliet's beauty has not disappeared. And this is an important addition, for it proves that the writer desired to show that the drug, having spent its power, was losing its force. In the 1597 edition, Juliet, discovering the cup in Romeo's hand, upbraids him for drinking all, but two years later she kisses his lips in the hope that there remains sufficient poison on them to take her own life, and thus—calling attention to Romeo's yet warm lips—alludes to yet another sign of recent death. In the first Quarto, Capulet, standing by the dead body of his daughter, calls his wife's attention to the dagger in Juliet's breast, but in the edition of 1599 he

adds to the realism of the description by pointing out that Juliet "bleeds."

So Shakespeare, ever on the alert, collected his facts regardless of their source; bound by no rule, upholding one theory one day and another the next, if need be: rewriting them into his plays, getting them there strangely sometimes, no doubt, but always burnished with the master-touch that only he could give, and endued with the life that "age cannot wither"!

B. Rush Field, M.D.

THE "TITUS ANDRONICUS:" WAS IT SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PLAY? HOW WAS IT MOUNTED ON THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE? DID IT MEET WITH FAVOR FROM THEATRE-GOERS?

IN investigating the external career of the Titus Andronicus, the student finds at hand an amount of recorded data exceptionally large in the case of a Shakespearian play. Langbaine says that a work of the name "was first printed, in quarto, in London, in 1594, and acted by the Earls of Derby, Essex, and Pembroke, their servants." In Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (produced Oct. 31, 1614) a character says:

> "Hee that will sweare Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best playes yet shall pass unexcepted at heere as a man whose judgement shewes it is constant and hath stood still these five and twentie or thirty yeeres,"

which would point to a play of a name similar to the present in existence as of 1584–1590. Again a play "titus and andronicus" is mentioned in Henslow's *Diary* as having been acted for the first time, by "the Earle of Sussex his men," on the 23d January, 1593. "A booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus," was again entered in the Stationers' Registers, to John Danter, on the 6th of February, 1593. An earlier entry in the Henslow *Diary*, mentioned the play of "tittus and Vespasia," "*ne*," (or new), April 11, 1591. Again the Stationers' Register of April 19, 1602, is:

"Tho. Pavier.—Entred for his copies by assignm^t from Thomas Millington these bookes folowing: salvo jure cuiuscumque—viz., A booke called Thomas of Reading. vj^d. The first and second pts of Henry the VI^t. ij bookes. xij^d. A booke called Titus and Andronic'. vj^d."

The title-page to the second quarto, which two years later followed the one here copyrighted, reads:

"The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | *of Titus Andronicus.* | *As it hath sundry* | *times beene plaide by the Kings* | Maiesties Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed for Eedward White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of | Pauls, at the signe of the | Gun. 1611."

being a reprint with fewer variations than printers usually made in these replications. Again, in 1630, we find on the Stationers' Register an entry assigning to Ric. Cotes from Mr. Bird "all his estate right title and interest in the copies hereafter menconed." among which "copies" is "Titus and Andronicus." On 4th Aug., 1626, Thomas Pavier had assigned his right in Titus Andronicus to Edw. Brewster and Rob. Birde, so that apparently the same book is spoken of here as in the entry under the date 19th April, 1602.

Simultaneously with the play, Danter also entered "By warrant from Mr. Woodcock the ballad thereof,"publishing under this entry a sort of rhymed syllabus or abstract of this same story of Titus Andronicus. (A monotonous performance which can be found under title of "*Titus Andronicus's Complaint*," in Percy's Reliques.) Dr. Rolfe also finds mention of the story —if not of Play or "Ballad"—in *Paynter's Palace of Pleasure* and in "*A Knack to Know a Knave*," a comedy printed in 1597. The Henslow entry above mentioned records the acceptance of the play, marked *ne.* There is another entry of its performance at Newington Butts, in June, 1594: and in a work, "Father Hubburd's Tales" (1604), the action of an old man with one arm is compared to that of "Old Titus Andronicus."

But in spite of all this data, there is no play as to which more doubts are expressed or more controversies waged. The theories principally urged in respect to it are: (1) that the play was written by Marlowe and "touched up" by Shakespeare; (2) that it was written by Greene, Marlowe, and

Shakespeare; (3) that Shakespeare had nothing to do with it; and (4) that it was Shakespeare's first work. For myself, I accept the latter theory entirely, because, in the first place, I think the signs of a first effort are everywhere prominent; in the second place, because the first effort of a writer usually follows models most prominent and positive in their character at the date; and in the third place, because the Elizabethan theatres at that date possessed the resources and stage traditions for producing just such a play, with just such a "business" as the text calls for, and were frequented by audiences who just then demanded exactly such dramatic work. To illustrate these propositions may possibly call for somewhat extended examination of the stage procedure of the date.

I. The Titus Andronicus was Shakespeare's first accepted work.

William Shakespeare was in Warwickshire on the 28th day of November, 1582, having been married in that county on or about that date. In 1598 Francis Meres mentions this very man as an eminent dramatist and poet, of as high repute in England as Seneca and Plautus in Rome. The scope of our present inquiry lies between these two dates, between Shakespeare's eighteenth and thirty-fourth years. The "verse tests" (so called) are about as valuable in chronolizing Shakespeare as is a prayer for divine guidance in selecting a bishop: the divine guidance always concurs with the Throne's nomination; so the verse tests invariably corroborate the records in the case. Where there are no records, there are, however, no verse tests. Neither are the mere printers' dates of much importance. The publication of a successful work inevitably leads to the printing of its author's prior efforts, however immature or unworthy—an amenity of literary success, familiar enough in our day, in the case of a recent novelist known as "Hugh Conway," whose untimely death did not in the least interrupt the flow of novels from his pen, until at last the public became suspicious, and the supply ceased.

Certainly, the possibility of such a state of affairs in Shake-

speare's case is to be suspected when we find such plays from his pen as the *Titus Andronicus* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* appearing in one year, and the *Troilus* and *Cressida* and the *Pericles* in another !

As to internal evidence, pure and simple: while entitled, no doubt, to far more respect than the mere indication of dates, it is still apt to be more or less unsafe, unless corroborated by reason of another consideration, viz.: the actors of the Shakespeare era were in the habit of interpolating the parts given them with allusions to contemporary matters in the way of "guys," localisms, tags, and so on.

Allusions to the wreck of Sir George Somers in the *Tempest*, to Raleigh's return from Guinea in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, to the coronation of Henry V., of France, in the *Merchant of Venice*, or to Essex in Ireland in the *Henry V.*, therefore, even if identified beyond peradventure, might still be fortuitous, since the Elizabethan actors were not only apt, but encouraged, to "speak and rayle what they list,"-ed, in their performances on the stage crowded with gallants who paid extra to bring their stools there, or elbowing a pair of stocks wherein an occasional pickpocket was secured. The actor who personated Dromio of Syracuse, therefore, may have perpetrated a pun on France's heir or hair, without throwing the composition of the *Comedy of Errors* five years behind Mr. Meres's citation of the play, or without founding a school of modern Shakespearian criticism.

But the Elizabethan actors did more than guy each other; they guyed their audiences. I believe that a considerable proportion of the speeches found in the First Folio, which do not appear in the Quarto, are these actors' interpolations and localisms. I believe such to be the Porter's speech in *Henry VIII.*: "These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitter apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come." Perhaps the groundlings had

been guying the actor who played this very Porter past endurance when he spoke this to them from the front. Those familiar with New York theatres during the last few years have seen such things done, and when we come to look at the Shakespearian audiences we shall see a certain probability in the surmise.* The modern spectator who delights in "topical" songs, local allusions, and "gags" is actually enjoying one of the very earliest, instead of one of the very latest, of stage customs. In Nash's "Pierce Pennilesse" (1592) we read, "Tarlton at the Theatre made jests of him" (some local magistrate), and in Harington's "Metamorphoses of Ajax" (1596), "Which words were afterward admitted with great applause by the mouth of Mayster Tarlton, the excellent Comedian." And again, "If thy vaine bee so pleasant and thy witt so nimble, that all consists in glicks and girds, pen some play for the Theatre." ("*Pappe with a Hachet,*" 1589.) In Machyn's Diary (Camden Society, p. 22,) there is an entry, "One nycht at the Queens Court ther was a play afor Her Grace the wyche the plaers, plad suche matter that they whar commanded to leyff off." In 1601 complaint was made to the authorities that the actors at the Curtain Theatre directed their speeches at persons in the audience, or of the City, and the Lords of the Privy Council issued their mandate to certain Justices of the Peace of Middlesex, May 10 of that year, reciting that "wee do understand that certain players," etc., "do represent upon the stage in their Interludes, the person of some gent of good desert and quality," etc., requiring that the Justices "take Bonds of the Chiefest of these actors to answere their rashe and indiscreete dealing before us." And, referring to this well-known custom, we have Hamlet suggesting that Polonius, if he knew what he was about, would "see the players well bestowed," otherwise those abstracts and brief chroniclers of

* See the Bankside Shakespeare, Introduction to Vol. I., for further examples. That these plays were being constantly amended and curtailed for stage purposes, see also the omissions in Hamlet when it came to the First Folio—omissions which are exactly the ones which the stage makes now in the acting from the reading text.

their time might utilize him for a pantaloon at their next halting-place.

It seems to me, on the whole, that an examination of the progress in stage technique in these plays is the safer chronology; such an examination, of course, to be made with due allowance for carelessness or indifference (as where the playwright in *Timon of Athens* grows tired, and—after a matchless action and "business"—abruptly announces that the titular hero is dead, and rings down the curtain on his tombstone). And proceeding upon this line, it seems to me likely that the *Titus Andronicus* was young Shakespeare's first play, and for the following reasons:

What were the plays which would have most attracted a boy just about the time to which the dates have thrown back the composition of *Titus Andronicus?* Says Heywood in his "Apology for Actors:" "To see, as I have seen, Hercules, in his own shape, hunting the boar, knocking down the bull, taming the hart, fighting the hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, slashing the lions, squeezing the Aragons, draging Cerebus in chains, . . . and these were sights to make an Alexander." The old play of *Hieronimo* (1570–74) wound up with an epilogue, spoken appropriately by a ghost who gloated over the evening's carnage. In 1594 there was presented a play, "*The Magicall Raigne of Selimus, Emporour of the Turkes*," principally a riot of bloodshed, at the end of the first part of which the author assures his audience that "if the first part, gentles, do like you well, the second part shall greater murders tell."

> "Horatio murdered in his father's bower,
> Vile Serberine by Pendringano slain,
> False Pendringano hang'd by quaint device,
> Fair Isabella by herself undone,
> Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd,
> The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
> Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
> By Belimperia fallen as Dido fell,
> And good Hieronimo slain by himself,
> Aye, these were spectacles to please my soul."

And that this was all done with a sound and fury that out-Heroded Herod, Shakespeare, if nobody else, has told us. These actors, who, when they speak,

> "'Tis like a chime a 'mending,
> Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped,
> Would seem hyperboles."

They tore passion to tatters, these robustious and periwig-pated fellows, and the audiences—like those who gathered in the Old Bowery Theatre "to see Kirby die"—wanted all the blood-shed their money would pay for. "Wake me up when Kirby dies" was the sentiment in those days of old New York, and it would be easy to fill these pages with proof of the same conditions in Tudor London. Therefore it seems to me simple enough, and just what was to be expected, that the boy who would write a play should have followed models which were favorites, not only with those of his own age, but with all the world beside—should have out-Kirbyed Kirby, and cried his quarry on havoc to the extent of thirteen murders and six mayhems in five acts; however, later on, he should have jeered and lampooned those same models and traditions. That *Titus Andronicus* is gorier than the goriest, not only slaughters, but catches blood; bakes the slaughtered unfortunates into pies and eats them; buries, hangs, and burns; surely, this is only the boyish part of it. What, indeed, could be more boyish? This is the boyishness that tears off birds' wings, sticks pins into beetles, and pelts cats, without a thought of the exquisite suffering inflicted; of the surgeon (who fortunately is not a dramatist, and so does not suffer with his patients) or of the hired headsman. Later on this boy was to sound every note and touch every key of human sympathy, to suffer with those who suffered, to dilate as never poet dilated before or since on the human pain, and the quiver of tortured flesh, on the pang a mote or wandering speck of dust would cause a single eye, or the bubble of covering water in a drowning man's ears.

> "Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
> I knit my handkercher about your brows,"

cries Arthur to Hubert.

"O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown,"

cries Clarence.

The growth of this dramatic imagination and sympathy—which is all there is, after all, of the dramatic genius—was to bring about this change in the man. Now, however, the boy commits his carnage without compunction, expostulation or commiseration. Not a groan, not a cry escapes from the victims as their blood is supposed to gush. And this was the workmanship of Shakespeare? Surely an interesting study in intellectual development! That there is not in the entire play, except in one instance to be mentioned presently, the slightest element of humor or of comedy to relieve the general ruin and massacre; this again would seem to imply that this is a boy's first effort. Surely there are plenty of autobiographies of celebrated writers, wherein they confess with delightful naïvete that this was about the run of their own boyish exuberances!

Some of our modern editors are squeamish at this catalogue of gore. Says Dr. Furnivall: "Titus Adronicus I do not consider. . . . The play declares, as plainly as play can speak, 'I am not Shakespeare, my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors are not, and never were his.'" (And further on we shall find Mr. Fleay in the same condition of enervation and moral shock.) But the lackadaisical commentator, who passes to windward of *Titus Andronicus* on account of the smell of clotted gore, loses one of the richest of Shakespearian preserves, one packed with history, stage lore, and contemporary incident—as I shall proceed to in some imperfect sort demonstrate. For my own part, I not only "consider" *Titus Andronicus*, but feel myself tempted to gloat over every throat-cutting and every item of carnage in that juvenile performance. I say to myself, here is the boy who will some day make all this into the very summit of supreme tragedy; here are the firstlings of Shakespeare. Later, all this Nemesis of sufferings will write, not in action, but in pathos and in terror, and the agony of Lear, of Othello, will supplant this brutal action that shall oppress by expression the hearts of all mankind rather than in actual physical fact fill the casual eyes of a handful

of rude spectators. And there are other juvenile signs: There were the stories of Virginius, Coriolanus, and Besilarius for models, and young Shakespeare produced a mixture of the two in his title role, and what was more natural that classic allusions should crop out at every turn in a school-boy's first tragedy? In Titus's first speech he says that he took twenty-five sons of his own loins into Rome's service—"half of the number that King Priam had;" and then follow allusions to Styx and to the barbarities of the Scythians, the Queen of Troy, etc. We are told that

> **"The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,**
> **That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son**
> **Did graciously plead for his funerals;"**

all in the first act. In the second, we have allusions to the story of Vulcan and Venus, to Diana, Hector, Junius Brutus, Lucrece, Dido, Philomel, Semiramis, Pyramus, Cocytus, Tereus, Nilus, and thereafter Ætna. Tarquin, Æneas, Troy, Tully's Orator, Cornelia, Hecuba, Ovid's Metamorphoses, a quotation from Seneca's Hypolitus, Apollo, Pallas, Jove, Mercury, Lucrece again, Sybil, Horace, Enceladus, Typhon, Alcides, Acheron, Saturn, Jupiter, Taurus, Hyperion, Progue, Coriolanus, Virginius, Priam's Troy again, Sinon, and so on. Shakespeare in maturity is still full of classical allusion, so full as to keep all scholardom agog with the question as to how much of it he dug out for himself, and how much took at third hand. But the above is a mere catalogue, like Homer's list of ships. He still followed his models, but it was their square not their cube that he assimilated. And it is my idea that the famous opening lines:

> **"Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top," etc.,**

show how the youthful author's idea of pure tragedy led him to imitate the foremost model of his date, Marlowe; and how well he could write in imitation, where he turned his pen that way. So far from "not considering" *Titus Andronicus*, as Dr. Furnivall advises, all humanity should be thankful that Shakespeare did not burn his early manuscripts, as did Pope,

but let them remain for us as a most interesting chapter in the development of a Shakespeare, ten thousand times more enticing and exemplary than the acres of essays on Shakespeare's "Mind and Art" and æsthetic, deductive, and creative speculation as to where all that we call Shakespeare came from. It seems, at any rate, that it did not come out of the clouds; descended by no miracle, no dispensation, and no royal road; but had its firstlings, its experiments, its failures; grew by hard work, polish, and correction, from the crude and bungling tragedy in *Titus Andronicus*, the tame imitation of poor comedy models in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, up to the pure air of the circle within which none but Shakespeare durst walk. But yet, but yet, lighted always by the miraculous genius, the genius that even in *Titus Adronicus* could burst into the pure eloquence of passages like those above quoted. And if we everywhere miss Launcelott Gobbo and Elbow, Dogberry and the ineffable humor of Launce and his dog Crab, why, these were in embryo in the clown with the pigeons, and were yet to come with the master after the 'prentice hand. So I think it was only to have been expected that this boy, fresh from his books, should pack his first tragedy as full of ancient Rome as was the celebrated inaugural address of that President Harrison in which Daniel Webster slaughtered so many redoubtable heroes.

But right here this consideration brings us to a Shakespearian excursus as brilliant as it is altogether passed over and unnoticed by the commentators, and which seems, on the whole, cumulative to the general character of immaturity in the *Titus Andronicus*. The excellent Theobald, in 1733, said: "The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. . . . And yet the scene is laid in Rome and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol." And every editor and commentator since, so far as I know, has followed Theobald. But Theobald was more wrong than right. There were two emperors, after the empire was transferred to Byzantium, named Andronicus, one of whom was of about A.D. 1180,* and the other of about A.D. 1330.† And now comes in

* Gibbon, iv., 625. † Id., vi., 177.

what is either one of the most curious of coincidences or an evidence of some very remarkable heterophemy on Shakespeare's part superinduced by reminiscence of some very unusual lines of reading. In Act IV., scene iii., line 1, Titus Andronicus, who has gone stark mad, writes letters, ties them to arrows, and hurls these arrows at random around the public places of the city. The letters are incoherent, some of them only verses from Horace which are as inapposite as ineffective. Why should this incident have been introduced? It leads to nothing, produces no effect, is at once forgotten. By turning, however, to the historian Nicetas, we find that the first Andronicus once beleaguered the city of Nicæa; and, determining to offer it a truce before storming it, wrote out the terms of peace he was willing to grant, attached these writings to arrows, and caused them to be shot into the city. But there is nothing unusual about so simple a coincidence as this, and it were inane to infer from it that Shakespeare had read about this Andronicus! Wait a bit—let us look at the other imperial Andronicus! Act IV., iii., 75, a clown enters Titus Andronicus's study with two pigeons in a basket. It does not appear that he was sent for, that any pigeons had been ordered: he does not offer the pigeons to Andronicus to sell, nor does it appear that the clown had been set to catch some of Andronicus's own pigeons. All that passes in reference to the pigeons is that Andronicus orders the clown to take the pigeons to the Emperor, who will reward him (the clown) for them. Then, in the next scene, the Emperor and Tamora are discovered, the clown enters, offers the pigeons to the Emperor, who promptly orders him to be hanged! What have this clown and these pigeons to do with the plot, with the story? Absolutely nothing at all. Why are they introduced? Nobody can guess, unless the following story, told of this second Andronicus, by Gibbon‡ has something to do with the case. It seems that during the reign of this second Andronicus, the Patriarch Athanasius became obnoxious to the people and the throne, so that Andronicus was obliged to remove him from office and exile

‡ Gibbon,., chap. lxiii.

him. Athanasius, however, had his revenge. He made his ecclesiastical Will and published it. He then made a codicil to this Will, concealed it in an earthen pot, and had the pot secreted in the capital of one of the columns supporting the dome of St. Sophia. In the Will he forgave his enemies, breathed charity and peace to everybody, and commended all hands to Heaven. But in the codicil he cursed Andronicus and the people of the empire, and forbade them ever to enter heaven or into the company or vicinity of the Trinity, the saints, or the angels. Athanasius disappeared, and his successor reigned in his stead. But, one day, four years after, a clown, climbing up the dome of St. Sophia after pigeons, found the pot and the codicil. All Byzantium trembled at the curse. The synod of bishops declared it valid and that the only way it could be disposed of was to get it unsaid by the authority who had said it. Athanasius, being the Patriarch, had pronounced it, and so Athanasius must be made Patriarch again to unpronounce it, which. of course, was done. Now, this looks, one must admit, as if young Shakespeare had read, or otherwise had access to, the story of these two Emperors Andronicus. The immaturity is apparent then in the use of the stories, not in employing them as part of his action, as later in life he would have managed to do, but simply incorporating them in his text, and leaving them there utterly objectless and without use of or recurrence to them in any way again. He has the craving for expression; as yet the power of dramatic expression is lacking. Shakespeare, like the rest of us, must tarry until his beard is grown. Just now he is simply not strong enough to handle his material. (Possibly because there is no point made about the pigeons in the play, no impression was made on the balladist; at least the "Ballad" of which we have spoken says nothing whatever about the birds.) Again, our young playmaker outlines his Aaron, but, the power of dramatic delineation being wanting, fills in his outline by statement and braggadocio. This Aaron, as he stands, is a monster, far more practicable in opera bouffe than in real tragedy. Like the Gilbert-Sullivan

Lord of Ruddygore, he must have his one crime a day, according to his own speech :

> **" I curse the day—and yet I think**
> **Few come within the compass of my curse,**
> **Wherein I did not some notorious ill."**

But this is mere bombast, so far as the dramatic action of the play itself is concerned. So far as action goes, the hero of the piece, old Titus himself, is far the gorier of the two, and is directly responsible for exactly twelve times as much bloodshed ! And the inexactness of the dramatic movement is constantly irregular according to every rule which Shakespeare ever laid down, or ever followed. By every rule, not only of tragedy, but of nature, it is Saturninus, not Titus, who had injured Aaron, and whom Aaron should have sought to remove—Saturninus, who was his rival in the love and enjoyment of Tamora ! But Saturnius is a lay figure who hardly has a part in the piece at all !

To rapidly enumerate other signs of dramatic feebleness : The movements, speeches, entrances, and exits of the crowned heads of the play show that Shakespeare was yet to become familiar with the movements of royal and imperial personages. (His head, indeed, was to be somewhat turned that way. He was to rest his title to immortality upon a purchased grant of Arms rather than upon his deathless works. And the whirligig of time was to be revenged by giving him no heir to his Arms, but a world of worshippers for his works !) It is pretty safe, for instance, to say that, a few years later, Shakespeare would not have risked the expedient of an emperor of Rome saving himself from destruction at the hands of an invading army by the simple expedient of inviting his enemy's commander-in-chief to dinner ! or make a queen accept an emperor's proposition of marriage by promising to be an obedient wife and a good stepmother to his children, as a Warwickshire wench might respond to the overtures of her yokel !

Again, there is nothing comic in the play, none of that respite to strained and tired sympathies, like the episode of the drunken porter between the attempt and the deed in *Macbeth ;*

or the chop logic of the grave-diggers in the interval of Ophelia's suicide and the agony of her burial. No puns, with which Shakespeare's other plays are loaded.*

This lack of the consummate dramatic power of touching alike, and at once the font of laughter and of tears, this alone would lead me to reject the theory that Marlowe wrote the play and Shakespeare "touched it up." Why should Marlowe, the veteran, ask a green boy, a tyro and a beginner, to "touch up" his work? And so. again, I dispose of Ravenscroft.

Mr. Edward Ravenscroft's tragedy was entitled "Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia," and in his preface to an edition of it printed in 1686 he says: "I think it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise than the living of their money. That I may not appear guilty of such a crime, I should acquaint you that there is a play in Mr. Shakespeare's volume under the name of *Titus Andronicus*, from whence I drew part of this. I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private Author to be acted, and that he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters; this I am apt to believe, because, 'tis the most incorrect and indigested piece in all his works. It seems rather a heap of rubbish than a structure."

This seems to me to infer that Mr. Ravenscroft rather proposed to palliate his own piracy by depreciating Shakespeare's claim to the stolen goods than that he had reliable authority for his statement behind him. Certainly this young man Shakespeare would not have been invited just at present to

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* Unless in Aaron's speech,

> "Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them
> That codding spirit had they from their mother,
> As sure a card as ever won the set,"

the word *card* may be a pun on the syllable *cod* in *codding*. Otherwise I can see no use of the line, "As sure a card as ever won the set," as spoken, as it surely is unnecessary to the sense of Aaron's speech. Aaron is saying simply that Chiron and Demetrius had their libidinous appetites directly from their mother, and that he had tutored and pampered those appetites.

"touch up" somebody else's play. Better wait until he had been some years a playwright himself; long enough to make his "touching up" valuable for stage purposes. It is rather impossible to suppose, even of a Shakespeare, that he was employed to impart to the works of his predecessors those acting qualities of which he was himself ignorant. And it is quite equally impossible to suppose that after experience had made him a master of stage effect he would "touch up" somebody else's play merely as to its rhetoric, and leave it lacking in that very stage effect which it wanted for acting purposes, to supply which it must have been brought him, if brought to him at all. Shakespeare did not work for fun or to exercise his talents. And the play as it stands to-day shows very clearly that it never was "touched up" by anybody, in the very elements it lacks: even if we can imagine Mr. Ravenscroft as carefully concealing an authority for the statement he made.

No, the "touches" in *Titus Andronicus* which reveal the hand of Shakespeare are not those which, in his practical days, he would have put into another man's play in order to make it lucrative on the boards, but the insensible and revealing "touches" of his own genius, even then seething within him. Sometimes a speech here suggests its more eloquent appearance later. As Aaron's

> "For all the water in the ocean
> Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,"

might have become the

> "Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm off an annointed king"

of Richard II., or the pathos of Lady Macbeth's cry:

> "Cannot all Neptune's ocean wash white this little hand?"

But mainly the "touches" are Shakespeare himself:

> "In peace and honor rest you here, my sons,"

says the returned Titus, as he lays his dead sons in the grave;

> "Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
> Here grow no damned grudges, here are no storms,
> No noise, but silence and eternal sleep."

Can we imagine that assigned to any one else than Shakespeare? Again the passages:

> "She is a woman, therefore may be wooed,
> She is a woman, therefore may be won,"

(which, who will not believe, was reutilized in the *Richard III.*),

> "Was ever woman in this humor wooed,
> Was ever woman in this humor won?"

or these:

> "King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name,
> Is the sun dimmed that gnats do fly in it?
>
> "When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
> When the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
> Threatening the welkin with his big swol'n face?
>
> "More water glideth by the mill
> Than wots the miller of."

Or when Lucius calls his son to mourn over the body of Titus:

> "Come hither, boy, come, come, and learn of us
> To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well;
> Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
> Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow."

It was very far from being Shakespeare's habit to write this sort of "touches" into another man's play. What his habit was we can very easily see, since he has left us a specimen of his work as a stage-adapter in the evolution of his finished *King John* out of the crude and uneven and awkward "*Troublesome Raine.*" The three speeches given to the clown with the pigeons are in Shakespeare's best vein of low comedy, the vein of Launcelot Gobbo, of Launce, and of Elbow. But they are very short and unimportant. The clown says "godden" for "good day," which is a favorite expression always with Shakespeare, and there are two unmistakable Warwickshireisms in the play —such as *shive* for "slice," and "*honey-stalks*" for "white clover."

II. The Resources of the Elizabethan Stage were Equal to the Mounting of the Play.

To begin with, the play absolutely requires the following properties: Two human heads, a severed hand, a black baby,

two pigeons, a lot of books, a cook's dress for Titus, drums, colors, a coffin shrouded with black, a bag supposed to contain gold, red paint and bandages for Lavinia, a banqueting table and furnishings, dishes, etc., a bow and arrows, a ladder, a basket, a basin. Were these procurable? Can there be any doubt on the subject? It is to be regretted, I think, that commentators have not paid more attention to the stage directions of the Shakespeare plays, if for nothing else, for the light they throw upon this very question as to stage properties. Whatever the poverty of movable or "practicable" scenery, certainly these plays, as they reached the First Folio, make no slight draught upon the property-man. I subjoin a list of articles mentioned as actually used in the stage directions of the different plays besides the ordinary costumes, apparel, trappings, accoutrements of war, weapons, swords, halberds, pikes, etc., wooden horses, colors, drums and trumpets, which every stage was supposed to have as of course: mentioning musical instruments only when specified by name (for in Shakespeare's later days the theatrical orchestras were rather ambitious, with their sackbuts, hautboys, dulcimers, shawms, violins, and drums), and exclusive of such matters as it is natural to suppose were present, being called for by the context or the evident "business" of the moment: as, for example, the first scenes of Act V. of *Pericles*, Scene 6 of Act I. of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Scene 1 of Act I. of the *Tempest*, are on shipboard, though in stage directions no properties suggested by that fact are mentioned.

Here follows a list of properties called for by the First Folio list of plays:

Much Ado About Nothing.—Gowns, tapers, masks.

Henry V.—A leek, a groat (of course the principal properties here were military).

Merry Wives.—Salver, wine in decanter, tankards, bottles, a green box, writing materials, letter, a "buck" basket and crumpled linen, torches, a tree, a buck's head, tapers.

Twelfth Night.—A table, bottles, tankards, litter.

As You Like It.—A necklace, a fool's bauble, trees, a table, cloth, and furnishings, stage viands, papers.

Hamlet.—A recorder, book, two framed portraits, flowers, spades and mattocks, tombstones, skulls, handkerchief, cups, decanters.

Julius Cæsar.—A scroll, wine in decanters, cups, tapers, a couch.

Measure for Measure.—Musical instruments, hood.

Othello.—Torches, table, letters, bottles, decanters, a handderchief, bed, bedding, pillows.

Lear.—A pair of stocks, a hovel, disguise of a peasant, a tent.

Macbeth.—A boiling cauldron, letter, hautboys, torches, dishes and table service, banquet table and furnishings, apparitions, an armed head, a bloody child, a child crowned with a tree in his hand, dumb show of eight kings, the last carrying an hour-glass.

Timon of Athens.—A scroll, a jewel, a framed picture, hautboys, banqueting table and "splendid furnishings," masks, papers, bills, bowls of hot water, shade, coins, a drum and fife, a cave, a tombstone, wax with which an impression of the inscription on tombstone is taken.

Anthony and Cleopatra.—Fans, a banqueting table and full service, letters, a monument, a robe, crown, an asp.

Pericles.—(*Sixth Quarto, third Folio.*) Letter, a pavilion, a banqueting table and service, letters, dumb show (Scene 1 of Act III. is on shipboard), an infant, a chest, boxes, napkins and fire, monument (afterwards called a tomb), sackcloth, altar.

Troilus and Cressida.—Tent, torches.

Coriolanus.—Staves, clubs, two low stools, sewing materials, "spoils" (probably draperies, arms, urns, amphora, helmets, armor, etc.), "Enter Marcius, his arm in a scarf," Tullius Aufidius enter "bloody," Coriolanus crowned with an oaken garland, cushions for reclining, banquet, Coriolanus disguised and muffled.

Winter's Tale.—A child, a baby, a peddler's pack, flowers, ribands, cadisses (worsted ribands), cambric, lawns, gloves (supposed contents of Autolycus's pack), letters, music.

Cymbeline.—A ring, letters, a small box, a trunk (meaning a large chest), bracelet, letters, cave, human head, bloody handkerchief.

Tempest.—Logs of wood, bottle, banquet table and furnishings, cell, "Reapers properly habited," "glistening apparel," chess-board and chess-men.

Henry VI.—Blue coats for Gloster's servants, a bunch of keys, a white rose, a red rose, a sedan chair, a placard, pebble stones, sacks.

Two Gentlemen.—Letters, a dog, painted portraits.

Comedy of Errors.—A headsman's axe.

Second Henry VI.—Papers, a boat, two human heads (another, probably one used a second time).

Love's Labor's Lost.—Letter, masks, a lute, money, papers, a tree, Russian habits, Grecian armor, masks, torches, musical instruments, basket, cords, bunch of keys, bottle, flowers, torch, mattock, lantern, crow, spade.

Third Henry VI.—White roses, red roses. cross-bows, book.

Taming of the Shrew.—Books, lute, trenchers, cups, saucers, various garments, banqueting table and furniture. etc.

Richard III.—Coffin, "rotten armor," a human head, bed and bedding.

Merchant of Venice.—Three caskets, basket, scroll, scales.

Midsummer Night's Dream.—Papers, flowers, ass's head, a dog, lantern with candle in it, plaster, a lion's skin, mantle stained with blood, thorn bush.

King John.—Human head, iron bodkins or rods, cords, a crown, sedan chair, a couch.

Richard II.—A couch, a crown, papers, a glass, a dish, a coffin.

First Henry IV. A pannier for fowls, letter, tankards, bottles.

All's well that ends Well.—Pilgrim's dress, brambles to represent a hedge or ambush, a finger-ring.

Second. Henry IV.—Tankards, bottles, musical instruments, night-gown, crown, dish of apples ("leather coats"), rushes.

Henry VIII.—The purse, small table under a state, a longer table, masks, shepherds, tipstaves, letter, a folding door, Vergers, short silver wands, the purse, the great seal, a cardinal's hat, two silver crosses for the breasts, silver mace, two great silver pillars, sewing materials for the Queen's women, letters, "Garter in his coat-of-arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown," sceptre of gold. "a demi-coronal of gold," coronet, long white wand, rod of marshalship, coronet. collars of SS, canopy, coronals of gold, plain circlets of gold, flowers, garlands of bays, golden visards, torch, long council table, great standing bowls, marshal's staff.

From the above it will be seen that *Henry VIII.* not only calls for the most splendid mountings (in the three pageants of the trial of Catherine, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the baptism of Elizabeth), but actually received it. It is of

ordinary remark that no amount of magnificence can be too great for a Shakespeare play, even on the modern stage. And for example, *Henry V.*, which is at present mounted with great pageantry and circumstance, calls (as will be seen from the above list) for fewer properties in the First Folio than any other of the thirty-six. But here is an instance of a play in Shakespeare's own day not only being capable of receiving, but actually calling for, in exact mention, the utmost that modern stage mounting finds it proper to give it. The *Tempest* comes next in opulence of stage directions, though not in mere number of properties required. From the latter computation, the *Titus Andronicus* would be entitled to second place. (And when we remember that *Henry VIII.* and the *Tempest* were the very latest plays of the Shakespearian period, by all external and internal evidence, adding now this evidence of stage business, it speaks much for the ambitious character of young Shakespeare's first requisitions on the property man.) In the above table it will be seen that the two human heads used in the *Titus Andronicus* were (or could have been) reused in the *Second Henry VI.* and one of them each in *Cymbeline, King John, The Winter's Tale,* and the *Richard III.* I suppose the colored baby was made of rags. Mr. Harrigan, in one of his "Mulligan" plays, was more fortunate in securing one of flesh and blood.

As to the several scenes in Act II., where the hunt; the interview of Lavinia and Tamora; the burying of the gold; the murder of Bassanius; the ravishment of Lavinia, her re-entry with tongue cut out and hands cut off (probably indicated by rags and red paint)—all of these calling for different parts of a forest—we may assume them as all done in the same spot, with the use of the trap-door (which was the earliest of stage devices) for the hole where the gold was hid and the body of Bassanius flung. A study of old stage directions leads to this conclusion.

APPLETON MORGAN.

(To be continued.)

Editorial.

HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS is dead! We yesterday sent to press the last pages of this issue, adding at the last moment the brief item below, as to a new addition to his great collection at Hollinbury Copse. Twenty-four hours later the telegram reaches us.

To speak of the close of such a life, requires more than the impulse of a moment. To speak fittingly of it, who will dare? Later we shall try to dwell on his noble manliness, his inexhaustible patience, his magnificent hospitality, his large, unfailing friendliness—which, even more than his achievements in the great field of history he had made his own, and to which he gave life, time, fortune, and strength—crowd upon us. Just now we can only bend to the blow.

He dies in harness. In a letter to The New York Shakespeare Society, which honored itself by electing him its first honorary member, he spoke of the weight of advancing years and the constant interruption it brought to his studies. But never a word of relinquishing them; and readers of SHAKESPEARIANA will remember the simple modesty with which, in our issue of October last, he alluded to his immense labors, covering almost half a century, as a simple matter of tendency and of taste! and as still in progress.

If his friends should be asked to say what was Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' most prevailing characteristic, we think they would say it was the courtly and tender and charming words with which he would welcome a newcomer into the great preserves where he himself has so long and fondly labored. He was as far above, was as incapable of, resenting the arrival of a new investigator as an intruder and an enemy, as he was of defending himself when attacked by those very newcomers—to whom he alone had given a place to stand and work to do!

Learned, brave, genial, modest, patient; his countrymen and lovers on two sides of the ocean will do him princely honor.

But the highest encomium they will ever pronounce upon him will be that, in the midst of that small bickering, jealousy, criticism, counter-criticism, criticastering, and ungentleness, which unhappily have been too prominent among the disciples of the gentle Shakespeare, he has never cherished an unkind thought or said an unkind or an ungentle word! A. M.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT PUBLISHING CO. announces for about January 15, the first number of *Poet Lore*, "a monthly magazine whose office and aim shall be the comparative study, interpretation, and praise of 'the choice and master-spirits' of English poetry, and the popular spread of the kindly influences of genius." We further draw from the prospectus before us that the magazine will be solely devoted to illustration of English anthology. Our new contemporary seems to be in no danger from inattention to first principles. It announces as among questions to be treated in its opening number: "*Questions introductory to a study of Shakespeare's place in English literature.*" Even if "Shakespeare's place in English literature" had not been settled by a consensus of civilization for the past century or so (as some of us had supposed), a question as to it to-day is, at least, not premature. But to begin the preliminary study of questions *introductory* to that question in January, 1889, evinces a most commendable determination to hasten slowly and do nothing with rash precipitation; which must surely lead in the end to substantial and permanent success for our esteemed contemporary. SHAKESPEARIANA can promise its readers nothing quite as basic as this.

SHAKESPEARE is not popular in Roumania. Of a production of *Lear* at the National Theatre in Bucharest the leading newspaper says: "The play is antiquated. The subject dates from before the flood. Instead of being interested in the insanity of the howling king, the public went sweetly to sleep, and will not be likely to come back again."

THE allotment of *The Bankside Shakespeare*, including the three volumes now deliverable, is as follows, as far as has been arranged:

I. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Appleton Morgan, A.M., Esq.
II. *The Taming of the* (A) *Shrew*, Albert R. Frey, Esq.
III. *The Merchant of Venice*, William Reynolds, A.M., Esq.
IV. *Troilus and Cressida*, Appleton Morgan, A.M., Esq.
V. *Romeo and Juliet*, B. Rush Field, M.D.
VI. *Othello*, Thomas R. Price, LL.D.
VII. *Much Ado About Nothing*, Wm. H. Fleming, Esq.
VIII. *Love's Labor's Lost*, Thos. R. Price, LL.D.
IX. *Richard III.*, James E. Reynolds, Esq.
X. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, William Reynolds, A.M.
XI. *Titus Adronicus*, Appleton Morgan, A.M., Esq.
XII. *First Henry IV.*, William H. Fleming, Esq.
XIII. *Second Henry IV.*, William H. Fleming, Esq.
XIV. *Lear*, Hon. Alvey A. Adee.

A volume of the sonnets (texts of 1609 and 1640) is arranged to appear uniform with the above, with introduction by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, and it is not unlikely, if the edition be received with favor, that the Doubtful Plays may be added to the series. As the New York Shakespeare Society considers *The Bankside Shakespeare* a work as monumental as it is unique, it proposes in the concluding volume of the series, to print the names and addresses of its subscribers opposite the number of the set for which their subscription was received.

MR. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS announces that he has added to his collection of Shakespeare Rarities at Hollinbury Copse, a copy of the printed original music to "Farewell, Dear Heart, since I must needs begone," quoted by the Clown in *Twelfth Night*, and a MS. book of travels of the last century containing the earliest known account of the interior of the room understood to have been that in which Shakespeare was born, in the Henley Street cottage.

THE Shakespeare Society of New York receives a proof of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillip's regard in the shape of electroplates, electros of wood-blocks, and wood blocks. All these of which he died possessed he leaves to his American disciples. He bequeathes 300 bound volumes of autograph letters to the University of Edinburgh. His unrivalled collection of Shakespearian rarities goes to the Corporation of Birmingham, if they like to pay $35,000 for them. His library is left to his nephew.

GENTLEMEN who write books about Shakespeare and who consequently are anxious to get the reviewers' right, will be interested in the following item from *Belford's Magazine* for September, 1888: "Young gentlemen connected with the press and employed to write of fires, prize fights, executions of criminals, cases of crim. con., and other stirring events, are instructed to put in their home time criticising new books." Is it possible that this is how it is all done? Perhaps this is what Mr. Brander Matthews (who has written novels, poems, essays, editions of the old dramatists, plays, short stories, and everything else, and always been nicely handled and so ought to know how he does it) means when he says that the only way to get good notices from "the Press" is to give yourself a good notice in your preface! Our own idea is that the way to do it is to "stand-in" with your bookbinder. For very many book reviewers actually open the books they review. And if the binder has fixed it so that your book opens readily at the proper place—why, there you are!

The Stage.

(NEW YORK CITY.)

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER and her admirable company have announced as in preparation and underlined for production at Palmer's Theatre, for an early date, the *Antony and Cleopatra*. The announcement is one that almost justifies the running of special trains. To see this magnificent play, so practically neglected for more than a century, mounted (as it will be mounted by this company and at this historic theatre) in the splendor of modern stage equipment, will be a rare and memorable privilege. We trust that Mr. Palmer will present his audiences, on the bills of the play, with a stage history of this magnificent drama from the earliest dates, which would make an

[illegible] Kaffka's opera, *Antoine et* [illegible] Berlin in 1780, and an opera in six [illegible] the play, *Kleopatra*, by Wilhelm Fredenberg, was presented at Magdeburg in 1882, and *Antonius und Kleopatra*, a grand opera by Fürsten von Wittganstein, at Graz in 1883. But we have no record of the play itself for many years, except that April 2, 1877, Mrs. Agnes Booth and Joseph Wheelock essayed the play at the Broadway (now Daly's) theatre, with indifferent success. Mr. Hamilton Bell, who got up the dresses for Mr. Daly's *Taming of the Shrew*, designed the costumes for the present play at Palmer's.

At the Star Theatre, on January 9, Mr. James and Miss Wainwright will open in *As You Like It*, in which Miss Wainwright will make her New York début as Rosalind. Mr. James will be seen, for the first time here, as Orlando. Manager Mortimer has engaged Professor J. M. Laflin for the part of Charles the Wrestler. A feature will be made of the costumes, which have been prepared expressly for this production. During their engagement Mr. James and Miss Wainwright will also be seen in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

(LONDON.)

The general verdict on Mr. Irving and Miss Terry's *Macbeth* (produced at the Lyceum on New Year's Eve) is that it is not Shakespeare's play of that name, either in arrangement or in spirit. Mr. Irving has rearranged the scenes into a libretto of his own. Of his conception of the character of Macbeth himself, we shall doubtless have much to say later. It is a complex part. Macbeth was "too full of the milk of human kindness" to deserve to be represented as a thunderous savage. Doubtless he was weak and sinuous. But Mr. Irving has thoroughly soured the milk of human kindness, and makes him an Iago, artful, crafty, and yet without the "fine Italian hand" of Iago himself. The Lady Macbeth of Miss Terry is equally metamorphosed. There is none of the stately queen of Siddons or Cushman. She is magnificent, but, like the entire production, savors something more of melodrama than of tragedy.

Shakespeare Societies.

DECEMBER MEETING OF THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—The President, APPLETON MORGAN, Esq., in the chair.—The Executive Committee reported the completion of the third number of THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE, which was expected to be delivered to the Numbering and Issuing Committee by January 15, 1889; also the distribution to members and subscribers of Number 8 of the Society's Regular Series, being the paper lately read before the Society, "THE CONSTRUCTION AND TYPES OF SHAKESPEARE'S VERSE AS SEEN IN THE OTHELLO," by Vice-President, Thomas R. Price, M.A., LL.D. Dr. B. Rush Field then read the paper of the evening: MEDICO-SHAKESPEAREAN FANATICISM."* Mr. Fleming said that Dr. Field's paper impressed one with the human impossibility —as it appeared—of regarding any Shakespearean question except from one's own personal standpoint. The point of view was always to the fore. The lawyer would have Shakespeare a lawyer, the physician would have him a physician, the philosopher, pure and simple, would have him a philosopher pure and simple. He (Mr. Fleming) did not remember anywhere to have heard of a lawyer who was sure Shakespeare was a physician, or a physician who was sure Shakespeare was a lawyer, etc. Was it not the real explanation that Shakespeare was a dramatist, first, last, and always? Was it impossible that Shakespeare may have had a friend who had studied law, another who had studied medicine, another who had worked at the old philosophers? Mr. S. H. Nichols did not think that accounted for it. He himself, and an hundred others, had studied a little law, and a little medicine, and a little philosophy. But, although to us and our contemporaries there were ten or twenty thousand volumes accessible to Shakespeare's one, he did not believe that any one among us all could put down on

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* Printed at page 1 of this issue.

paper as many references to and statements of facts in these three branches of erudition as Shakespeare did and get them all as nearly correct from mere reading as Shakespeare did in his plays. The learned reader of the evening was exactly right, in the speaker's opinion, when he said that any examination of any single one of Shakespeare's attributes, from any standpoint or any point of view (or working at what Mr. Fleming properly described as "the personal equation"), invariably resulted in a denial, or at least a question of authorship. Mr. Morgan said that Shakespeare makes the clerical profession (as was doubtless the custom in his day,) practise law as well as medicine. It was the bishops, not the lawyers, who posted Henry V. as to his title, by Salique prescription, to France. Though the plays are packed full of law, and though Jack Cade's lieutenant, Dick, proposed to hang all the lawyers the first thing, it is curious that Shakespeare never puts his law into the mouths of lawyers. In the *Winter's Tale* he even goes so far as to make a statutory official state the law as to childbirth in prisons incorrectly, and an old woman correct him. Perhaps this was the reason why Lord Campbell, in quoting the legalisms in that play, made no allusion to this circumstance. He (Mr. Morgan) would like very much to ask Mr. Nichols how it would be if he found himself presented with two abrupt alternatives, one or the other of which he must select—namely, the pure Shakespearian authorship theory, or the Donnelly cipher theory? Mr. Nichols replied that he should try to gain strength for such an election as that by repeating the hymn, "Lo, on a narrow neck of land 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand." Mr Nevin drew an analogy from Milton in favor of the accepted authorship view. Mr. Reynolds moved that Dr. Field's paper be referred with approval to the Publication Committee with orders to print. ADOPTED. The Chair stated that the next regular meeting of the Society would be held at Hamilton Hall, on Thursday, January 24, to hear a paper, "Did Ben Jonson write Lord Bacon's Works?" by Alfred Waites, Esq. On motion, adjourned

Attest: WM. H. FLEMING, Acting Secretary.

CLEARFIELD, PENN., Dec. 26, 1888.

Editors SHAKESPEARIANA :

I will take this occasion to report to SHAKESPEARIANA, that a Shakespearian society was organized here about a year ago. Frank Fielding, President; Miss Marie Kratzer, Secretary. It consists of about twenty members; meets fortnightly; exercises consist of readings, quotations, discussions, etc. Great interest is manifested by all the members of the class, who enjoy it very much, and we feel particularly indebted to SHAKESPEARIANA for our renewed interest in Shakespeare's writings. The members are as follows: Hon. Joseph W. Parker; Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Van Valzah; Mr. and Mrs. William D. Bigler; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Kratzer; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fielding; Miss Marie E. McAlpine, Miss Marie Kratzer, Miss Mary E. Mossop, Miss Alice Mossop, Mr. Clement W. Smith, Miss Ruth R. Weaver, Miss Kate A. Weaver, and Miss Lizzie Hartswick.

Yours respectfully, FRANK FIELDING.

The Open Court.

OUR always valued correspondent, Mr. William D. O'Connor, sends us a manuscript, anent Dr. Nicholson's pamphlet, which he says, "as a loyal Shakespearian you may not admit, but in regard to Donnelly's book, *respice finem* is the true word."

Mr. O'Connor's point in his manuscript is, that Dr. Nicholson has really corroborated Mr. Donnelly; that by using Donnelly's own "root numbers," "modifiers," etc., he (Nicholson) has arrived at an intelligible story which, while not coinciding with, does not in any way contradict, the Donnelly narrative; that the two can be easily reconciled, etc., thus proving rather than disproving the existence of the cipher.

Mr. O'Connor's connection with the Baconian theory is too conspicuous for us to question his right to be heard *ex cathedra* as to it and all that it implies. But, seriously, when is this Baconian miracle to cease? or is it a continuing miracle,

like that of life and death—of production and reproduction, the recurrence of the seasons, etc.? Did Francis Bacon not only write the Shakespeare plays, but, in the writing of them, use only words which, when arranged by anybody, his believers or unbelievers, friends or foes, would always make coherent narratives? Some have found it impossible to believe that a Stratford village lad became a Shakespeare at all. But, at the most, this was only a miracle!

Are not Mr. Donnelly and Mr. O'Connor trying to explain (or to dispose of) one miracle by asking us to swallow two, three, or half a dozen? For surely it is miraculous (1) that the words composing the Shakespeare plays, although part of the warp and woof of an Elizabethan literature, by an arithmetic invented by Francis Bacon in the seventeenth century can be pressed into a narrative constructed in the diction of the nineteenth century by one investigator: and again miraculous (2) that another narrative in nineteenth century diction, but entirely different, can be constructed by the same arithmetic by another investigator who is trying to explode the investigations of investigator number 1: and so on and on?

If Mr. O'Connor will write us as to this (always considerative of the limits of OPEN COURT), we will gladly print his letter. But he must pardon us for saying, that the paper he sends us appears to us only repetitive of Mr. Donnelly's statements, which the press of England and the United States, to say the least, have not neglected during the past eight months, and with the full import of which our readers are perfectly familiar.

Shakespeariana

VOL. VI. FEBRUARY, 1889. NO. LXII.

*A PLEA FOR A REFERENCE CANON OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, WITH A UNIFORM SYSTEM OF NOTATION APPLICABLE TO ALL CRITICAL REPRINTS OF THE FOLIO OR QUARTO TEXTS.**

WE Americans are in the habit of saying that time is money. We seldom squander it without occasion. Our lavishness is generally in the hope of some return, either in the way of instant pleasure, or remoter but expected benefit. This is true of all sorts of intellectual time-spenders, but of none truer than of the student of literature. For the field is vast, the bounds of a long lifetime are scarcely sufficient for the satisfactory prosecution of a single branch of research; and as the night draws on and the shadows lengthen few of us care to halt in our review of the ripe golden hoards to winnow away mere chaff, or be otherwise wanton spendthrifts of the precious light that remains. To such, even the waste of minutes is an annoyance, unhappily, of their patience too often demanded.

I propose now, in a practical talk to practical fellow-students, to vent a little spleen upon a grievance from which most of us have too often suffered, namely, the scantiness and faultiness of existing codes of literary reference. Historian, biographer, essayist, can all bear witness to the weary hours of search, the pages thumbed, the shelves emptied, to verify some phrase,

* Read before the New York Shakespeare Society, April 28, 1887.

or perchance a single word, which the behest of criticism demands to be accurately rendered. This is especially the case with the Shakespearian student—for if he be not content to take all his knowledge at second hand—if he be not willingly led by the guide—blind or purblind, it may be—whose hand first grasps his own—if he be ever so slightly devoted to that most enticing and exacting of all branches of critical study which deals with textual intricacies, and which spreads out in review all the opulent stores of philological science in the search for the one bit needed to fit, mosaic-wise, into the finished work —he is at each moment driven to ransack the original authorities, in whatever form they may be accessible to him.

One of the most helpful and hopeful phases of modern critical science is the steady progress toward supplying trustworthy authorities for this class of study. A century ago, the few who realized the need of comparative research among conflicting texts, had little more than happy accident to depend upon, according as fate kindly set in their way, or unkindly withheld, some musty folio or worıny quarto, where, in a passage affording a perfect parallelism of sense, lay the very word required to solve a doubt. To-day, our shelves are crowded with reprints, aiming at an ever-increasing accuracy of reproduction and collation. The labor of learned associations, the Camden, the Percy, the Early English Text, and the Old and New Shakespeare Societies, has been supplemented by the arduous toil, and too often the material sacrifices, of individuals who, like Arber and Grosart, reproduce the treasures of ancient bookdom, until the most casual investigator of our time is far better equipped off-hand than were the Theobalds and Malones, the Steevens and Giffords, of three or four score years since.

With the abundance of material, a nicer dependence upon selection and an accurate use of it becomes more and more imperative. The day of slipshod emendation, of silent adaptation ("convey, the wise it call"), and of unathorized revision, is gone by. The student has not only the indefeasible right, but the increasing opportunity to follow step by step the process by which a given critical text of Shakespeare is formed, and bear

the testimony of his own good judgment to the soundness of the result, or to revert, himself, to the fountain-heads of authority and weigh equalities with judicial severity.

True, some of the most eminent teachers of Shakespeare hold that it is no business of the student-reader to be studious; that the relation between them is necessarily that of master and disciple, of preceptor and neophyte, not of guide and co-worker. Leo says of the duty of an editor of an ideally perfect text that "Every passage that has succeeded in establishing its title to respect, either by the agreement of the old editions or of later emendators, should be adopted in the text, without the slightest mention of all the arguments for and against, which have hitherto been bandied about respecting it. The mention of them is not of the least advantage to the public, and does not at all advance the purification of the text."* Hudson, peace be with his soul, in his hard-headed, brawny-handed way, lays about him right and left in this wise: "If any one says that common readers, such as at least ninety-nine persons out of a hundred are and must be, should have the details and processes of the work put before them, that so they may be enabled to form independent judgments for themselves—I say, whoever talks in this way is either under a delusion himself, or else means to delude others. It may flatter common readers to be told that they are just as competent to judge for themselves in these matters as those are who have made a life-long study of them; but the plain truth is, that such readers must perforce either take the results of deep scholarship on trust, *or else not have them at all;* and none but a dupe or a quack, or perhaps a compound of the two, would ever think of representing the matter otherwise."†

Such utterances alike deny the right and refuse the opportunity of general critical study, by summarily crowding the many who enjoy and seek to understand Shakespeare into the herd of "common readers." Therein lies the fallacy, for the reader of Shakespeare is rarely of the common classes to whom Hudson

* F. A. Leo. Coriolanus, 1864. p. vi.

† Hudson's Sh. Boston, 1881, Vol. I., p. xvi.

addresses himself. The interest to follow the wonder-working Magician through the rush and clash of his metaphor, to be lifted up with him toward the unapproachable and descend with him into the deepest depths of the human soul—and the consciousness that, while it is the voice of a god that speaks, it is a voice that makes us co-heirs of its godhood as it in turn shares the infirmities of our manhood—do not belong to the common reader. Shakespeare is not readable in the same way that a morning newspaper or a society novel is. We read him somehow as we do the Bible, with reverence and faith. And it is just here that the dogmatic teachers go astray; they hold that the Shakespearian canon and text are to be regarded with awe, that not one jot or tittle is to be disturbed, overlooking that it is often their own canon, the mundane creation of their own emendatory judgment, that they set up and into the divinity of which they would forbid the scrutiny of the common scholar. For we have no Shakespearian canon. coming down to us with all the sanction of centuries of undisturbed completeness, and made, through daily association from earliest childhood, the occasion of exposition and comment until its phraseology and inmost import become so woven into our lives that it is a recognizable and immutable standard, as is the case with the Bible. We seem to read the Bible without effort or conscious analysis, until we fancy that its truths come home to us of their own force without exegesis or gloss—but we lose sight of the potential traditions of accumulated early associations, that cling around every familiar word and image, and insensibly aid in building up the meaning into a connected whole. We do not pause to recall, if indeed we ever heeded, the fierce dissensions of the scholiasts as to the right or wrong translation of the words or their title even, to a place in the sacred text—the sonorous English of King James' revisers is for us *the* Bible-word, fresh and unalterable from the lips of Deity—and its meaning is that which our fathers and mothers gave it. With such traditional and venerable sanctity attaching to a canonical text. it is easy to comprehend the feeling of shrinking pain, the sensation of being, as it were, passive spectators of a sacrilege,

with which the masses look upon the late Revised Version. Not even the hands of those who guide the Ark of the Covenant may be put forth to touch it with impunity, though it be to steady it.

Not without amusement could we fancy as many Bibles as editors of the text—some with the Apocryphal books, some without, some eclectically made up from both sources—here an important doctrinal passage omitted, there another inserted, as the varying codices might permit or the erratic predilection of the editors suggest—now the Talmudic legends used to elucidate the Scriptures, now the Avesta Zend or the Koran cited to illustrate the assumed common origin of some dogma or parable; and therewithal the wildest latitude of verbal alteration and structural adaptation, apparently obeying no other criterion than the announcement of the editor that "Moses undoubtedly meant to say thus and thus," or, "Whatever the scribe may have seemed to make Isaiah say, he could never have intended to write nonsense." Imagine our reverence and faith pinned upon a Bible. that had undergone successive editings by Warburton, Pope, and Johnson, elaborate textual criticism by half a score of Beckets and Zachary Jacksons, and wholesale emendations after the whim of the "Old Corrector" of some Perkins-Collier codex. Might not the common reader who took interest enough in such a text to follow it, endeavor to fathom its problems for himself and weigh probabilities in the balance of his own judgment, even to the extent of rashly venturing on some neat little conjecture of his own?

It is probably too late to hope for the adoption of a Shakespeare text to which the masses may give belief and respect in something the same way they have done to the King James version. Two centuries of editing—God save the mark—have familiarized mankind with the process as far as Shakespeare is concerned, while the absence of such editing for three centuries during which the English language has grown around the Holy Book itself, as it were, thrusting its tendrils into the very substance of it and sucking thence revivifying strength, has made the Bible a thing beyond light change. But is it too late also

to hope for a Shakespearian canon so firmly fixed and so generally accepted as to make it as rash to foist Edward III. or the Two Noble Kinsmen into the series of plays as it would be to include Maccabees, Tobias, or Baruch in some new edition of the Scriptures? If individual whim or reliance upon the application of some abstrusely arbitrary test is to determine—from time to time, with varying results according as the old test varies or new tests are devised—what is or is not Shakespeare, may we not look for some edition in the near future with Mucedorus, Faire Em, or Arden of Feversham cheek by jowl with Timon or Cymbeline—and should we be more tolerant toward such an innovation than our fast traditions forbids us to be to the inclusion in the Sacred Canon of the sublime morality of Jesus, Son of Sirach, or the rich poesy of The Book of Wisdom?

It is evident that a Shakespearian canon of some kind is needed by scholars, and if nothing more can be done—if no Council of Laodicea be practicable—let the consensus of two centuries constrain us to adhere with some show of reverence to the First Folio, with perhaps the addition of Pericles from the Third Folio. A fairly safe canon is found in the First Folio, for Heminge and Condell were something more than accidental editors or interested holders of floating copyrights—they were fellow-actors with Shakespeare, partners with him in his venture of the "Gloabe on the Bancke-side," and presumably as competent as any men then to be found in King James' England to announce what plays were legitimately owned by the Company and received and acted by them and their associates in the firm belief of the Shakespearian authorship and under the sanction of the Shakespearian name. Canon or not, in the strict sense of the term, the 1623 Folio is our only warrant for thirty-six dramatic compositions of the later Elizabethan and early Jacobean age, under the authentication of a competent and legitimately interested authority, which certifies to them as Shakespeare's.

No wonder, then, that this Folio should be the object of especial veneration. There is, to the true Shakespearian, a

sacredness about every line and letter of that volume. Its punctuation, barbarous and riotous as it is, and its uncouth orthography, too, may often suggest plausible construction of doubtful passages, and its very errors are of value because conveying a clue to the resolution of *cruces* found otherwhere in the volume and due to the like "iniurious ftealthes" of the type-setters. There is, in short, no one book on the student's shelves to which he must oftener have recourse. And, unless he has, as the outcome of long years of patient reading and collation, gotten the volume almost by heart, and acquired the knack of putting his finger readily upon any given passage, I, with all earnestness, venture to say that there is no book of reference extant in which it is harder for him to find his place, unless it be a quarto of one of the plays.

Opportunity to consult the First Folio text has been much facilitated by means of reprints of more or less accuracy and more or less popular in character. There are at the present time four accessible reproductions of the whole work, which claim to be in fac-simile, although none of them is absolutely so.

The first attempt was made in 1807, under the editorship of Francis Douce, a genial and painstaking student. Elaborate preparations were made for the work, a special paper being contributed by Whatman with the name of "Shakespeare" and the date "1806" distinctly watermarked. The typographical peculiarities of the original are preserved, even to the errors, as well as was practicable without possessing the identical and badly mixed fonts from which Jaggard and Blount printed their Folio. The title-page with the Droeshout portrait was re-engraved with great care, and so faithfully has the Face been "writ in braffe" that several imperfect copies of the genuine title have been pieced from the Douce reprint. The volume was issued in 1807 by E. & J. Wright, and was heralded as immaculate; but it soon fell into somewhat undeserved disrepute though the laborious effort of William Upcott, of the London Institution, Moorfields, who, at the instigation of the devil and of Professor Porson, devoted 145 days of close atten-

tion to a minute collation of the reprint with a copy of the First Folio. His purpose would not seem to have been wholly disinterested, for we first find him coyly dallying with the greatly alarmed booksellers, to one of whom, Arch of Cornhill, he parted with his list of 368 errata in exchange for a fresh copy of the "pretended" reprint, and thereafter he is discovered hawking the copy so acquired, with all the errata fairly written with a pen, for six guineas—not, truly, a munificent recompense for his "four months and twenty-three days" of misapplied toil which, as we learn from his note in the corrected volume,* ended "Jan. 28, 1809, at three minutes past 12 o'clock." Upcott's copy, with his collations, is according to Dr. J. P. Norris,† in the library of Horace Howard Furness, in Philadelphia, and in a recent letter to me Mr. Furness confirms the statement.

As is shown by a later writer in *Notes and Queries*,‡ only about forty of the errors detected by Upcott have any marked influence upon the text, and of these only half, or less, can be dignified as "readings." The work, of which 250 copies were printed, has become almost as infrequent as a genuine First Folio, and, except in the larger libraries, is inaccessible to the common student.

In 1862–64, Mr. Lionel Booth put forth the well-known type-reduction of the 1623 Folio. The Cambridge Editors say of it, "It is probably the most correct reprint ever issued." Equal precautions against error were probably never before taken. Trustworthy report traces up, through Mr. Sabin, of New York, the assurance of Mr. Booth himself that the proof-sheets had been submitted to the eight best proof-readers in London before they were struck off. The Droeshout portrait, the head ornaments, tail-pieces and initial letters are photo-engraved reductions; the rest is simply reprinted, closely imitating most, but not all, of the typographical peculiarities of the original, even to broken letters, "wrong-font" types, "space-up," etc. But there it stops. The form of the reduced square-quarto

* Notes and Queries, Series I., vol. vii., p. 47.
† Article in American Bibliopolist, June, 1875.
‡ Notes and Queries, Series III., vol. vii., p. 139.

page, which is broader in proportion than the Folio, and the "face" of the much smaller type, do not suggest the appearance of the original volume.

The claim to accuracy of the Booth reprint is deservedly high. The publishers, in 1864, on issuing the third part containing the Tragedies. announced "that no errors have been pointed out which have not, on examination, proved to have been errors, or misconceptions, on the part of the critics." And more than twenty years of crucial study, such as no volume of like size and pretensions has ever before undergone, have left its substantial accuracy unimpaired. There are unquestionably variations here and there from original copies and from the later photo-lithographic reproductions; none however, of any importance have been, so far as is known, fixed upon the reprint. And these variations, insignificant as they are, do not necessarily impute want of exactness to the proof-readers of Booth's text, for individual copies of the First Folio differ among themselves more widely than the Booth reprint does from any one of them. Collation of many among the three or four hundred copies of the Folio known to exist indicates that, like most of the books of its time, it suffered correction while passing through the press, and suggests its existence, according to Dr. Ingleby, in at least three states, which he designates as being respectively, of the First, Second and Third Periods.*

*". . . . let me say, that all copies of the first Fo. fall into *three classes*.

"The earliest have a peculiar pagination of the *Histories*, and two misprints in III. Henry VI.:

P. 153 is misprinted 163.
P. 164 is misprinted 154.

Also (but not peculiar to these)

165 (is misprinted) 167.
166 (is misprinted) 168.

And on P. 172, col. 2 (*i.e.* III. Hen. VI., V. 7, 25 and 27) *and* is misprinted add, and *kis* is misprinted 'tis.

"The next later issue has these two misprints also; and

P. 165 is misprinted 167, and
P. 166 is misprinted 168—

but it has not the two errors of pagination already specified as peculiar to the earliest issue.

Now, we do not know, by authoritative announcement, what particular copy was followed by Booth's proof-readers, nor, indeed, whether a simple copy of the original was adhered to throughout. By Dr. Ingleby's test, it would seem to have been taken from a Third Period copy, such as is the Grenville copy in the British Museum.

Speaking of the variations of the genuine copies of the First Folio, the Cambridge Editors go so far as to say: "It is probable that no one copy exactly corresponds with any other copy," although the discrepancy may often be "in a single letter only." It is, therefore, a fact that, in speaking of the Folio of 1623, we have no one acknowledged standard to which the *variæ lectiones* of different copies may be referred, and this is equally true of the reprints as of the originals.

A careful collation which I have had occasion to make of one play, *King Lear*, with Staunton's photo-lithographic reproduction, has strongly exemplified the inconvenience of lacking a standard of reference. A score of differences, thus noted, are reduced by comparison with a copy of the original (Mr. Furness's) to only four, one literal, and three of punctuation. On page 292, column 1, line 6, Booth's reprint reads "King. and" instead of "King, and" as in the original. On page 293, column 2, line 18 from the bottom, "eyes, but" should be "eyes. but". On page 301, column 1, penultimate line, "Yours, in" should be "Yours in." And on page 309, column 2, about half way down, the stage-direction "*He dies.*" should read either "*He dis.*" (Staunton's) "*H e dis.*" (Capell's copy, *cit.* Cambridge Editors), or "*H edis.*" (Furness's copy). There is nothing to prevent the reprint from agreeing with the original followed by Booth's proof-readers, and in the absence

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"The latest issue has 'and' ''kis,' and I have found a perfect uniformity of paging and mispaging in all the copies that have those two words correctly. . . . . Lord Ellesmere's copy belongs to the Second Period; the Grenville and other B. M. copies belong to the Third Period. These may serve as typical copies." (Letter of C. M. Ingleby to S. A. Allibone, Nov. 8, 1879, quoted in Lenox Library Cat. Works of Sh., 1880, p. 33.)

of knowledge of the precise copy used by them, no positive charge of error can be brought against their work.

A good illustration of this point is found on page 299 of the Folio, column 2, *Scena Sceptima*, line 2, where Booth's text gives "hin," while Staunton's, and several copies of the original, kindly collated for me by Mr. Albert R. Frey, read "him." But Mr. Furness, to whose considerate aid I am much indebted, informs me that *his* copy reads "hin," like Booth's.

The third and most ambitious of the reprints, and the only one rationally deserving the name of "*fac-simile*," appeared in 1866, under the supervision of Mr. Howard Staunton. It is a photo-lithograph, admirably executed, as such work ran twenty years ago, by R. W. Preston, and was announced to be made from the Ellesmere copy in Bridgewater House and from "copies" in the National Library (British Museum). As there are three copies of the 1623 Folio in the British Museum—the Grenville copy (of the Third Period), that in the Royal Library of George III., and one formerly belonging to the Rev. Mordaunt Chacherode (the Period of which I have not yet ascertained) *—there may possibly be uncertainty that the Staunton fac-simile is not patchworked from four copies of the original, although Winsor says that it was photo-lithographed from two only—the Ellesmere and Grenville copies—"taking a page from one or the other, where its condition best answered his purpose." It is, at any rate, quite uncertain from which copy any particular page is reproduced. This is unfortunate, in view of the different Periods combined, and the many discrepancies between known copies. For this reason alone, Staunton's can never be a universally acceptable standard.

Moreover, despite its inconvenience because representing to the eye the size and "typographical phenomena" of the genuine Folio page, the Staunton fac-simile is not perfect. Photo-lithography has never been a perfected art. What between the eccentricities of the wet-collodion film and the irregularities of the process of transference from the negative to the stone through the medium of a print in unctuous ink, there is an un-

* Winsor's Sh. Bibliography, Boston, 1876, p. 80!

happy mingling of blurring and spreading of the lines in some places and a lack of impression in others. Retouching is unavoidable, even at the present time and—after twenty years of progress; *—and when photo-lithography was still a "newly discovered process" it was necessarily often resorted to. But the moment hand and eye get a chance to intervene in reproductive work, *humanum est errare*. † In the cross-bars of the letter *e* and the *f* and long *s*, and in respect of battered type and punctuation, the Staunton Folio is, in spots, admittedly defective.

The fourth and latest reprint is the reduced photo-lithographic reprint, miscalled "fac-simile," in small octavo, published by Chatto & Windus in 1876, with an Introduction by the veteran, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, which, as I take it, is the extent of his connection with the enterprise. Its cheapness, 8*s*. 6*d*., is its chief discommendation, for it has been an inducement to put a defective text in the hands of many who are thereby led to suppose themselves "on a level with the envied possessors of the far-famed original." ‡ The typography is small enough, and the blurring and general sloppiness of the workmanship bad enough, to make its use perilous without a magnifying-glass and a safety-valve. Neither the title-page nor the Preface give any indication of the original copy from which it has been "reduced." The late Mr. Ingleby, who, with all his virtues and exceeding geniality, indulged at times in needless causticity,

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* Mr. Kell . . . the printer of this text—who put on stone the transfers in lithographic ink supplied to him by Mr. Praetorius—states that he has done his very best with the (often faulty) transfers supplied to him. He has lost all his profit, and more, by paying for cleanings and corrections by hand. The Museum copy of the Quarto is bad in some pages, and the negatives required more painting out of letters printed-through, and more cleaning of the transfers than the price of the book would (in the fotografer's opinion) stand. In this work, good transfers from the negatives are all in all.—F. J. F. (Introduction to Praetorius fac-simile, R. & J., 1599.)

† Henceforth, all sheets will be passt for press by the Editor as well as the Lithographer. (Fore-words to Griggs fac-simile, Ven. & Adonis, 1593.)

‡ Halliwell-Phillipps' Preface, p. xi.

spoke of it as "a reduced reproduction of Mr. Staunton's Folio;" and added, "But why is Mr. Staunton not mentioned?"* As to this assertion, I am inclined to suspend judgment, for there are peculiarities in the Chatto & Windus photo-text which do not seem referable to the Staunton.

The reduced type reprint of Booth is so easily attainable at moderate cost that few students, even of the "common" class, will care to be without it. Of the four complete reprints thus far vouchsafed to us, it is probably as safe to refer to the Booth text for the decision of a disputed reading as to any known original of the 1623 Folio, short of the Grenville copy in the British Museum; which, as one of the most perfect of the Third Period copies, and as the standard of the National Library, may be regarded as invested with a pre-eminence of its own to which all conflicting texts must yield. Mr. Furness—than whom no more impartial and capable judge in such matters exists—writes me the following: "It is my settled conviction, founded on an experience of twenty years, that Booth's Reprint is the very best reprint of so large a work that the world has ever seen, or is likely to see. Considering the variations in the copies of F1, I doubt if a single misprint can be fastened upon Booth. Because his reprint differs, no matter how widely, from my original, I shouldn't think of imputing an error to him." It is proper to add that the large-paper copies of Booth's Reprint, which were first issued in three parts, are the most trustworthy, for I have found in the small-paper copies, later issued, in which the serial character of the three parts is abandoned, indications of a deterioration of the presswork inseparable from the printing of a large edition.

Reference to a fairly authentic text is especially necessary if there is to be any serious effort to compare parallel texts, such as of the Folio with the reprints of the earlier Quartos. Ready-prepared parallel texts are not generally accessible. With the exception of the side-by-side reprints of the Folio and First Quarto of Henry V. edited by Dr Nicholson and published in 1877 by the New Shakespeare Society, and the lately printed

* Ingleby: The Man and the Book, pt. 1, p. 114, *note*.

parallel Folio and "Pied Bull" texts of *King Lear*, prepared by Professor Vietor, of Marburg, and published by Whittaker in London, I know of none which bring the Folio and the early Quartos into juxtaposition in the manner pursued in our own Society's "Bankside Edition." The New Shakspere Society announces as in course of preparation parallel texts of the Folio and Quartos of *Richard III.*, of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* with the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*, as well as the long delayed Four-text *Hamlet*, begun by the lamented Teena Rochfort-Smith and now finishing by Mr. Furnivall; and a number of others are lavishly suggested. We have also many parallel texts of different Quartos (without the Folio), such as Mr. Sam. Timmins's exquisite reproduction of the Devonshire *Hamlets* (the Quartos of 1603 and 1604), printed by Mr. Josiah Allen at Birmingham, and the New Shakspere Society's *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1874. The German critics appear to be especially fond of the parallel study of the Quartos.

Until our own Bankside Shakespeare shall furnish a critically edited uniform and exact parallel version of *all* the plays found in quarto and folio form, the ordinary student who seeks to compare a disputed passage or to collate for himself an entire play, has no help for it but to spread out his Folio fac-simile and such Quarto text as he may find, side by side with some modern text as a guide, and peg away.*

It is just here that the loss of time creeps in, of which I so bitterly complain. The problem is, to *find* the parallel passages. Not one of the complete Folio texts has a standard line-notation, to facilitate cross-reference. The few Quarto texts that are line-numbered, follow no co-ordinated system. Each editor adopts his own no-system, and, in the mass, confusion necessarily results. It is worse than the simple absence of a Canon—it is an ever-present conflict and discord.

For a century and a half, from Rowe to the Cambridge Editors, Shakespeare's plays remained without a convenient

*Since Mr. Adee read this Paper, the N. Y. Shakespeare Society has issued three volumes of the Bankside Edition, with the annotation first suggested by him in this Paper.

scheme of reference numeration. The primitive citation of act and scene was alone available. The labor of finding a hurriedly sought-for line or word in a scene of six or seven hundred lines in length, such as 1 *Henry IV.*, II., iv. (602 lines), or *Hamlet*, II., ii. (634 lines), is appalling, and in the good old days of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance, before Schmidt or the Globe were, the provocation was often strong to relinquish the search. There were, to be sure, some few editions of separate plays with numbered lines, but they were either school-editions, often expurgated, or Continental reproductions, and no two texts of the same play by different editors would agree. It was not until Clark and Wright, after numbering the line of the Cambridge edition for convenience of collating the foot-notes, conceived the happy thought of numbering the lines of the Globe edition also, that a popular reference Shakespeare lay at hand. Of course, the Globe and Cambridge texts do not agree —the difference in the length of the type-lines and the varying spacing break up the arrangement of all parts where prose is used (as is seen in *Hamlet* II., ii., which counts 581 lines in the Cambridge edition and 634 in the Globe). But the convenience of the natty little single volume of the Globe, with its creamy paper, its singularly clear-faced type, and its cheapness, joined to the natural craving of the human mind for some sort of a canon of uniformity, caused the Shakespearian world to seize upon the Globe as a standard of reference; and the scholar, the professor, and the casual critic have accepted, by a sort of *lex non scripta*, the citation of act, scene, and line of the Globe, even where it is wrong.* And yet, in spite of the alacrity with which the Globe edition was admitted as the line-numbered standard, and the practical universality of its use, not a single modern edition follows throughout the numeration of the Globe. Take, for example, Hamlet's "dull and muddy-mettled rascal," which, according to the Globe: is II., ii., 594—we run it to earth in a few other editions professing to be numbered for

* "The line-numbers are those of the Globe edition, even where they are wrong, as they once or twice are." F. J. Furnivall. Forewords to Grigg's fac-simile Quarto 1, Love's Labor's Lost, 1598, p. xv.

"convenience of reference" and find that its number is: in the Cambridge edition and in Furness's Variorum (which follows the Cambridge), 541; Leopold, 575; Rolfe's, 552; Clark and Wright's Clarendon Press series, 548; Richard Grant White's Riverside edition, 535; and Tschischwitz's, 593. Is there not a touch of satire upon the critical faculty of the professional critic, to find that, in three editions by the same editor, W. G. Clark, the same line has three different line numbers? It will probably soon have *four*, for I learn that the Macmillans are about to issue a "Jubilee edition" in *three* volumes, "substantially following the text of the Globe."

Having ascertained the line-number of a particular phrase, according to the Globe standard, this is merely a guide to its approximate position in some other edition, if the latter happen to be line-numbered too. But it is not even a guide to the neighborhood, if the editor mounts some pet hobby and adopts a notation of his own, like Karl Elze, who numbers his *Hamlet* by paragraphs of from 12 to 20 lines continuously throughout the play, which makes our dull and muddy-mettled rascal "peak" in paragraph No. 100. Elze says of this system, "The division into paragraphs . . . is transferable to all editions without any the least difficulty, so that in time a uniform mode of reference may be adopted by the students of Shakespeare in all parts of the habitable globe. It is true that numbering by paragraphs does not enable the student or reader to refer to a particular line, yet the average length of the paragraphs (numbering between twelve and twenty lines) is so convenient that the eye will catch in an instant the passage or word referred to." Leo's earlier *Coriolanus* is divided into 255 sections coincident with the natural pauses or transitions of the dialogue.* Elze's later Hamlet has 241 paragraphs.† Craik has broken up *Julius Cæsar* much more generously, having allotted 795 paragraphs to it, on the general plan of numbering each speech, whether of a single word or of many lines.‡

* F. A. Leo. Coriolanus, London, 1864. (Gives a photo-lith. of Fi.)
† Karl Elze. Hamlet, London, 1882.
‡ Craik. The English of Shakespeare, London, 1878.

All paragraphical divisions of the Plays seem to proceed on the assumption that it is practicable to divide a mingling of rapid dialogue and soliloquy into verses, as the Bible was first paragraphed by Robert Stephens in 1551. If it were possible to devise a natural separation into short verses of tolerably uniform length, like the Bible-verses, the scheme would be applicable to all texts and in all languages. But Leo's and Elze's divisions are too long, and those of Craik too irregular, to suggest much hope of an acceptable paragraph-division.

Turning to the Folios and Quartos, we find no canon of notation, and indeed, none is possible which depends on the act, scene, and line division of modern editions.

Of the Quartos published prior to the date of the 1623 Folio, but one has a vestige of act and scene division, and in that one, the Othello of 1622, the only divisions are Act II., sc. i.; Act IV., and Act V.

In the First Folio, only six plays are divided into acts and scenes in the same way that the Globe arrange them. Examining the volume, we find of the 36 plays :

I. Six not divided at all,

2 Henry VI. *3 Henry VI.* *Troilus and Cressida.* *Romeo and Juliet.* *Timon of Athens.* *Antony and Cleopatra.*

These all begin bravely with "*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*" and there an end.

II. Eleven divided into acts only,

Comedy of Errors. *Much Ado.* *Love's Labor's Lost.* *Midsummer Night's Dream.* *Merchant of Venice.* *All's Well.* *Henry V.* *Coriolanus.* *Titus Andronicus.* *Julius Cæsar.* *Taming of the Shrew.*

III. One partly divided into acts and scenes :

Hamlet,

which has Act I. divided into 3 scenes, and Act II. into 2 scenes, but the last of these (which begins correspondingly to Act II. sc. ii. of the Globe) runs through the rest of the play.

IV. Twelve are divided into acts and scenes, but these do not agree throughout with the Globe division :

Measure for Measure. King John. Richard II.* 1 *Henry IV.* 2 *Henry IV.* 1 *Henry VI. Richard III. Henry VIII. Macbeth. King Lear. Othello. Cymbeline.

V. Six are divided into acts and scenes which agree throughout with the Globe division :

Tempest. Two Gentlemen. Merry Wives. As You Like It. Twelfth Night. Winter's Tale.

Thus, only one play in six of the First Folio, and not one of the early Quartos, can be implicitly depended upon for the location of a reference to act and scene—which is all that the student has to work upon when he goes to the old texts from Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's Concordance or from any modern edition of the Plays. Even when Schmidt's Lexikon refers him to the Line number, it is but a vague indication of the locality, unless the scene be a short one. There is nothing to be done but to guess about where the passage is that is sought, and then hunt till it is found—*if it is there.*

It is not always there. Many of the modern texts are made up with the addition of passages from the Quartos which are not found in the Folio, and in few editions is the insertion noted. Singer, Richard Grant White, Charles Knight, and some others follow the convenient method, as old as the time of Johnson and Malone, of bracketing the words or phrases imported into the Folio text, but the editions commonly furnished to the student for purposes of study, such as Rolfe's and the other School texts, and the popular reading editions—such as the Globe, the Handy Volume, the Leopold, and the rest—give no sign in the body of the text that whole passages like the important "dram of eale" speech in *Hamlet*, or the exquisite scene in *Lear*, IV., iii., where "a Gentleman" describes to Kent Cordelia's "demonstration of grief" on hearing of her father's expulsion by the Pelican daughters, Regan and Gonorill, "i' th' storm, i' th'-night," are not found in the Folio.

But the labor of lighting upon a passage with which the eye of the searcher is familiarized by a fresh perusal of the context —so that in turning over the Folio or Quarto pages mnemonic guide-posts and mile-stones start up, as it were, to point and

measure the path—is slight compared to that involved in the most common and wearisome employment of the old texts: the hunting down of parallel locutions and similar uses of unusual words, which may serve to interpret the meaning of a doubtful passage. As emendation often brings into apparent relation phrases which have no visible connection in the older authorities, the consultation of the Folios and Quartos is, for this work, indispensable.

I may be permitted to illustrate, by a practical "demonstration," the interminable circumlocution of such a search, even where the number of instances of supposed parallelism is limited.

Let us assume that I am not entirely satisfied with the accepted reading of Edmund's phrase in Lear:

> "Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
> And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
> Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
> Now, gods, stand up for bastards."

All the critical editions at command tell me that "top the legitimate" is altered from "to th' legitimate" of the Old texts, and inform me that "top" means *over-top*. I have some passing doubts about this, and being unwilling to accept an emendation of the authoritative text of the concurring Folios and Quartos without first excluding every interpretation whereby a plausible meaning may be forced out of the old form, it occurs to me that alteration may after all be really needless —that the words "I grow; I prosper:" may perhaps stand for "aye grow, aye prosper," and that the uncommendably economical printers of the old texts set up *I* for *aye*, as they generally did for *ay*. But, before I can attach any plausibility to my inchoate theory, it behoves me to ascertain whether there is in the old copies any instance of "aye" (meaning *ever*, *forever*, *always*) being phonetically and typographically equal to *I* long, instead of being sounded like *a* long, as we employ it, and as there is every reason to suppose the Elizabethan English did.

To begin my unpromising task systematically, I first consult

the Cambridge or Furness's Variorum, to make sure that I have not been anticipated. I find that while "*lop* the legitimate" is Capell's generally accepted reading, Pope would have it "*be* th' legitimate," Hanmer wanted to "*toe* th' legitimate," Jennens wished to see Edmund *out* or *rout* his better-born brother, and Mason conjectured "*foe* the legitimate." Not much help there!

Schmidt, in his version of Act I. of *Lear*, would read (*cit.* Furness) "Ay, grow; ay, prosper:"—but *ay* here has the significance of *yea verily*, and is not satisfactory.

I next ascertain by the Globe that the line in question is *Lear*, I., ii., 21. I locate it in Booth's or Staunton's 1623 reprint without trouble, for the Globe division of the first act of *Lear* is found to follow the Folio, and there it reads:

"Shall to' th' Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:"

Then turning to Prætorius' Quarto fac-similes of the Pide Bull and N. Butter texts of 1608, I find the phrase printed as prose, thus:

". . . Edmund the ase shall tooth' legitimate: I grow, I prosper, now Gods stand vp for Bastards."

The Folio reference may be noted, for convenience, as "p. 286, col. 1, line 3," the Quarto references are, for the Pide Bull, "Q_1, sig. C, lines 12 and 11 from bottom," and for the N. Butter copy, "Q_2, sig. B_2, lines 4 and 3 from bottom."

On opening Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's Concordance, I find 16 cases of "aye," one of which is a compound and is known to be a conjectural reading for the "ayre-remaining" of the Folio. Five examples are of "aye" by itself, the other ten read "for aye." Turning to Dr. Schmidt's Lexikon, I find that he gives all the examples, which he by no means does in every case, for his book is not a concordance, but a dictionary. The 16 instances occur in *Tro. and Cres.* and *Timon* (which are not divided), *Mid. Night's Dream* (which is divided into acts only), *Hamlet* (which while purporting to be divided into acts and scenes is practically undivided), *Macbeth*, *Rich. II.*, *Lear*, and *Cymbeline* (which are divided, but not as in the Globe), *Tempest* (which is the only one of the sixteen agreeing with the

Globe division), and *Pericles*, which is not in the Folio of 1623.

Next, to familiarize the eye with the context, each reference must be located, seriatim, in the Globe edition by the help of Schmidt's Lexikon. The first two in *Troilus and Cressida* are very near the end of the play, and so are found without difficulty in both Folio and Quarto. *Macbeth*, IV., i., 134, is found in a moment, by the context. *Lear* V., ii., 235, is near the end, and for that reason soon lighted upon (in the Pide Bull it is spelt "ay"). *Cymbeline*, IV., iv., 27, is hit upon without trouble, for the scene number here agrees. *Tempest*, II., i., 285, occurs in a long scene and is most easily looked for by noting that it falls in Antonio's longest speech therein. *Tempest*, IV., 218, is found by running the eye up and down two or three columns. *Hamlet*, III., ii., 210, requires a little search, but we observe that it lies about the middle of the player-king's longest speech, and in turn look for this until it is found, there being no divisions to guide the eye after the 2d Act. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I., i., 71 and 90, are both in speeches of Theseus, and are located by the context (in the second instance it is spelt "aie" in the Folio, but not so in the Roberts and Fisher Quartos). *Mid. N. D.*, III., ii., 387, falls in a terribly long scene of 464 lines, and the Folio is divided into acts only, so that it must be hunted for by the aid of a tolerable acquaintance with the context and after a little thumbing, it being remembered that the line sought is the last in one of Puck's speeches. (In the marginal act-scene-and-line notation of the Furnivall-Ebsworth-Griggs Quartos, the line-number is found to be 400, and not the 387 of the Globe.) *Richard II.*, V., ii, 40, is identified by lying at the end of York's long speech. *Troilus and Cressida*, III., ii., 167, involves quite a long hunt, being about the middle of an undivided play, and is picked out after reading all of Troilus's longer speeches in that neighborhood. It is more readily located in the 1609 Quarto reprint, for Mr. Griggs has line-numbered his text in conformity with the Globe notation; it is there misprinted "age." *Timon*, V., i., 55, and V., iv., 78, have to be run to earth, because the play is not divided. *Pericles*, V., iii., 94, is distinguished in the Quartos by being in Gower's epilogue.

All this is tedious to rehearse, and much more tedious to do. By actual count, 65 minutes were consumed in this collation of only 16 texts; the barren result being to establish that the word is spelt once "aie," once "ay," once misprinted "age," and for the rest uniformly "aye." So the conjecture is reluctantly laid on the shelf for the present, in the faint hope that, sometime, examples may be stumbled upon of "aye" being pronounced in rhyme like "I," or of the printed "I," where commonly taken to mean the pronoun or the affirmative, admitting also equivalence with "aye"—ever.

The Globe numbering, because of its convenience, took hold almost immediately upon the appearance of the volume. It filled an evident want. Had any of the four reprints of the First Folio, or of the many reprints of the Quartos, been intelligently line-numbered at the start, they would have promptly become standards of reference, in the same way as the Globe.

A good many of the Quarto reprints are line-numbered—but how? By following the act-scene-and-line notation of the Globe. Most of the Griggs Prætorius fac-similes do this. Some of them have special notation, as the 1603 *Hamlet* (with which the series began)—which, in addition to the Globe notation, is divided into consecutive scenes, 18 in all, but without act-division, each scene being independently line-numbered. So, also, with the *Merry Wives*, 1602, *The Taming of a Shrew*, 1594, and the two *Henry V.* Quartos, 1600 and 1608.

In some cases a composite notation is adopted. In Mr. P. A. Daniel's parallel texts of *Romeo and Juliet* (New Shakspere Society, 1874), the marginal division of the fuller Quarto 2 is into acts and scenes, and each scene is line-numbered, not however to correspond with the Globe standard but serially as the lines run in the Quarto imprint; while the shorter Quarto 1 of 1597 is arbitrarily numbered to match the other. Dr Brinsley Nicholson's parallel volume of the first Quarto and the Folio of *Henry V.* (New Shakspere Society, 1877) has both texts numbered by act, scene, and old-text scene-line, so that the line-numbers of the two pages do not agree and the parallelism is only apparent

to the eye. Examples of variant numeration might be indefinitely prolonged.

The simple fact is that what little approach is visible toward a uniform system of notation for critical reprints of the old Folio and Quarto texts springs from the attempt to refer the old text to the act-scene-and-line numbering of the Globe edition. This is unquestionably a convenience. I think that no reprint of an old Shakespearian text, making any claim to critical accuracy, should henceforth appear which does not, on one of its margins, indicate the Globe reference numbers, which, apparently, have "come to stay." The other margin should have an independent numeration peculiar to the particular old copy which is reproduced, so as to attach to it a common standard of reference, apart from the Globe standard.

If we pick up a modern critical edition of almost any classical or archaic text, we find that it has a system of reference-notation which enables a phrase to be readily indicated and at once singled out. Prose writings are mostly paragraph- or section-numbered, poems line-numbered. The continental classical epics or metrical romances, such as the Livre d'Alexandre, the Poema del Cid, the Poema de Alfonso Oncena, the Nibelungen, the Gedichte of Walther von der Vogelweide, are all line-numbered. So too are our Chaucer and Spenser. This convenient system comes to an abrupt halt at the threshold of the drama, where it is most needed—for of all awkward schemes of notation, the act-and-scene division is the clumsiest for instant reference.

I claim that a standard archaic text, which has become a daily resort for precise reference, as the 1623 Folio and the early Quartos of Shakespeare's plays have become, should be continuously line-numbered, following the typographical lines of the original copy from the first to the last, and including *every word of the author's composition*—stage-directions as well as text—so that a single reference-number will locate a line once for all, whether in the original or in a critical fac-simile reprint.

It has been the custom, heretofore, in all schemes of refer-

ence numeration, to pass over the stage-directions and to number only the printed metrical or prose lines of the dialogue. Yet the stage-directions are often, for the purposes of critical examination, of equal value with the spoken text. Archaic words or uses of words occur in the stage-business even more frequently than in the speeches. What the author briefly tells the actor to do, or tells the reader that the actor is doing, is often one of those firm, comprehensive touches that go to the making up of a masterpiece. From every point of view, critical, historical, histrionical, or philological, the stage directions deserve to be included in a systematic notation. It is especially so in the case of the Shakespeare Folios and Quartos, where moot questions of priority of composition and of publication, the identity of transcription, whether the play has been set up from a legitimate manuscript or from short-hand notes surreptitiously taken during public representation and read aloud to the compositor, and the like problems, may be as much elucidated by the unspoken directions as by the dialogue.

For instance, in the comparison of the old Quarto text of the First Part of the Contention, 1594, with the revised whole Contention, 1619, and with the Folio copy of 2 *Henry VI.*, the stage business plays an important part, for it is found, time and again, to be identical in the three, thus bridging over the gap of twenty-nine years which is unspanned by the conspicuously amended texts of the successive issues.

Take this direction as a sample:

> "Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him."
> (2 *Henry VI.*, Fo. 129[a], top.)

So the Folio. The 1619 and 1594 texts agree, with the single exception that the peculiar participial form of the Folio, *drunke*, appears in the more primitive shape, *drunken*, in the earlier texts. The Folio also marks the then growing tendency to capitalize substantives in the newly fashionable continental

way, and to needlessly double the consonants, as in "Drumme" for the "drum" of the Quarto. Passing by the grammatical aspects, an interesting thing about this passage is its view of manners and customs. The deadly sand-bag is therein mentioned twice, and for the only times in all the Plays, so far as I know, for the word is nowhere found in the dialogue text from which concordances and glossaries are made. The picture which is conjured up of the drunken Armorer, and his antagonist, each with a drum—and armed with a sand-bag attached, in flail-fashion, to a cudgel—ready for the combat which is so soon to result fatally to the traitor, is graphic to the life. It is as integrally a part of the play as the dialogue descriptive of the fight, which follows it. But the concordances and the lexicons, and the line-numbers of all the editions, skip it. If I wished to make a precise reference to it, I would be puzzled to indicate its location concisely by any systematic notation. It seems barbarous to have to say that it is to be found "between lines 58 and 59 of 2 *Hen. VI.*, II., iii., Globe ed.:" or as at the "top of col. 1 of p. 129 of the Histories in Fo. 1:" or as being "sig. D verso, lines 18–21, of The Whole Contention, Prætorius's facsimile, pt. 1:" or as "p. 28, lines 27–31, Halliwell's reprint of The Contention, 1594, First Sketch of 2 *Hen. VI.*, Old Sh. Soc'y, 1843."

The valuable stage-directions of the old texts count by hundreds. They narrate a good part of the history found in the English series, and, by describing actions which are mentioned by the Chroniclers, but which are not referred to in the dialogue, they form an additional indication of the closeness with which the old historians were followed in the plays. What would *Henry VIII.* be without them?* The description of the royal procession and entrance which prefaces the Trial scene,

* "Many of the stage directions in this play are very remarkable, and are evidently written with great care. The modern editors have for the most part retained their substance, and *in some cases* their words. We shall more closely follow the original, with such slight changes as are absolutely necessary *to make the scene intelligible.*" (Knight, Pict. Sh. Histories, v. II., p. 841.)

Act II., sc. iv., is as serviceable a reproduction of the sightly spectacle as a painting by Veronese; but gorgeous as it is, it is eclipsed by the Order of the Coronation, Act IV., sc. i., which takes up 31 unnumbered lines of the Globe. The Procession is in substantial agreement with the accounts of Holinshed and Cavendish, and the Coronation is condensed with great exactness from Hall.

Moreover, the stage directions furnish the student with instructive examples of archaic words and uses of words not found elsewhere in the plays, and as much *hapax legomenon* as any once-used word of the dialogue. Again, they illustrate the conditions of early stage representation, often primitive to a degree difficult to realize nowadays, as in *Cymbeline*, p. 376, col. 1, line 4 from bottom, Fo. 1—"*Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.*" Here, as in Heywood's *A Woman Kild with Kindness* (Pearson's reprint, v. 2, p. 154)—"*Enter Mistris Frankeford in her bed,*" and as in Brome's *A Mad Couple Well Match'd* (Pearson's reprint, Act IV., sc. iii., p. 73)—"*The Bed put forth, Alicia in it*"—there being no change of scene possible, a bed, with the personage upon it, asleep, was actually thrust forth upon the stage. But of the vivid trait thus presented, there is not a suggestion in the editions prepared for the "common reader." Even Richard Grant White, who stood up as a doughty champion for the authority and comparative purity of the Folio text, and who could not admit so much as a single word from the Quartos without enclosing it in denunciatory brackets, hewed and hacked the stage-directions mercilessly, as every editor from Rowe's time has done. Rowe's direction here is elaborate enough, but White's is more so, and the reader is to behold, in his mind's eye"—IMOGEN'S *Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.* IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*" It is so throughout the plays—the stage-directions, instead of being offered to our view "cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued the," are "maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them:" in the most injurious and stealthy of all forms

of imposition upon the credulous reader—that of silent emendation at the mere whim of the editor.

The stage-directions of the old copies, and especially of the First Folio, which is in most cases the only canon to which we may appeal with any show of authority, should be held as sacred as the text itself, and not departed from, or added to, without critical cause and due announcement.

For this reason, the stage business, even to the single word "*Exit*" when it stands as a line by itself, should be scrupulously numbered in the reference canon. The same, too, of the line of type, whenever it occurs, denoting act and scene; for this is only found in half the plays in the Folio, and where it exists it is as much a part of the record as any other phrase.

If the Folio and Quartos were numbered as suggested, every line of type (except the head-lines and the catch-words, which belong to the printer and not to the stage copy) being consecutively noted, from "*Actus Primus. Scena Prima*" *to* "*Finis,*" reference to every jot and tittle of the original text would be simplicity itself. How much easier to say "*Tempest*, F_1, 2936" or "·, Q_2, 3153," *Hamlet* than to give a reference to act, scene, and line (which, as we have seen, helps little or not at all in the old copies), or to devise such barbarous constructions as these—in the effort to be precise:

"Com. of Err. Fo. 1623, p. 88 (misprint for 86) col. 1, l. 24."
"Tro. & Cres. Fo. 1, sig. ¶ ¶ 2 verso, col. 1, l. 14 from bottom."
"Rich. III., Qo. 1597, sig. H, 8th page, line 3 from bottom."

"What, will the Line stretch out to' th' cracke of Doome."

Besides the line-numbers, every reprint of an old text (except of course page-for-page fac-similes) should denote on one margin the beginning of each page and column of the Folios or signature-leaf of the Quarto. For the Folio, it suffices to print the brief indication in full-faced (Clarendon) type behind a single bracket, thus, [218a. by common consent signifies the first column of page 218. To fix the signature-leaf of the Quartos requires a somewhat more conventional treatment, for the last leaf of each signature is generally unsigned. I observe among

authorities a want of uniformity as to this class of references which will be found briefly mentioned in a foot-note. In the New Shakspere Society's reprints, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson denotes the eight pages of a signature thus: B — B v —B 2 — B 2 v — B 3 — B 3 v — B 4 — B 4 v — (or at least, in his *Henry V.*, Q_1 and F_1. texts, he should do so, but by error the last leaf repeats "B 3" and "B 3 v," which is confusing), and he marks the *end* of the old page, not the beginning as is most natural and usual. Mr. Furnivall has a way of his own—as he has in most things, and a pretty good way it is apt to be—and he marks the signature pagination, at the beginning of each page, through the four leaves, thus: sig. B—sig. B, back—sig. B 2—sig. B 2, back—sig. B 3—sig. B 3, back—leaf B 4—leaf B 4, back. But, on the whole, I prefer the simpler notation of Dr. Nicholson, when set in the right place at the head of the page and not at the tail.

It seems to me, as I hope it will seem to you, that the critical reader, however humble the sphere of his criticism, has a right to a simple but uniform and immutable reference-standard. He needs, in the first place, a Canon, and in the second, the means of readily consulting it by means of a uniform system of line-notation covering the whole of the authoritative text. He needs, it is undeniable, a great deal else—and Time may eventually produce from the well-stored wallet at his back reprints of all the Folios, line-numbered as herein suggested, and produced with all the perfection of the new photozincographic processes to which we owe the delicate reproductions of pen-drawings which have supplanted engravings in the pages of *Puck* and *Life*. There is, or should be, no excuse nowadays for blurred and misty reprints of old texts. The marvellous accuracy of reproduction which can give us the 799 pages of Skeat's Etymological Dictionary in a perfectly clear reduced form, and spread before us with microscopic perfection the eight column blanket-sheet of a daily newspaper in the compass of $4\frac{1}{2}$x6 inches, is certainly capable of doing better work than the blotchy and

slovenly impressions that come to us between the covers of the Griggs-Prætorius Quarto fac-similes.*

The chief merit of the suggestion now put forth is, however, that it is not necessary to wait for some new Lionel Booth or Howard Staunton to give us a reference reprint that will command our following. It would suffice for the inauguration of a lasting reform if the leading Shakespeare Societies of England, Germany, and America should, through a conference of delegates or otherwise, agree upon a canon and a systematic notation, so that henceforth the texts published under the sanction of each Society should conform to the adopted standard, which should follow the text of the Third Period Grenville copy in the British Museum.

Our own Society is in a position to set the ball in motion, by incorporating the new notation in its now issuing Bankside Edition of the parallel texts of all the plays found in Quarto form anterior to the First Folio, which is certainly the first and most complete comprehensive series of critical parallel texts as yet attempted. And the main object of this paper is to draw from our members an expression of their views on the subject, in order that the individual editors of the several volumes of the Bankside Shakespeare may, under the direction of the Society, as a whole, pursue their labors in perfect accord, and with acceptable results.

A. A. ADEE.

A STUDY IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

MUCH *Ado About Nothing* was the first of a series of brilliant comedies. It was printed originally in 1600 in the form of a quarto, by V. S. (Valentine Sims) for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. It is entered in the Register of the Stationer's Company on the 23d of August in that year. A previous reference to it, and the first we have

* "Any subscriber willing to undertake the hanging or burning of a photo-lithographer or two—to encourage the others—should apply to F. J. FURNIVALL." (Corrections to Praetorius's Hen. V., Q_1, 1600.)

of the play, is in the same Register under date of 4th August, 1600, when it is "to be staied."

There are two facts which enable us to form a very accurate opinion as to the *date* of the play. As it was published in Aug., 1600, and had, as the title-page informs us, "been sundrie times publikely acted," it must have been written previous to that time.

The other fact is — Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia,"* printed in Sept., 1598, a book that contains the most complete and accurate account of Shakespeare's writings up to that time, makes mention of twelve of the plays as being well known. In this list *Much Ado About Nothing* is not mentioned. To be sure, this is only negative evidence, but Meres has proven himself so exact and well informed a bibliographer, that it is not likely he would have omitted this play if it had been in print. I think, therefore, we can assign as the date of the play sometime before Sept., 1598, and Aug., 1600. Of the earlier editors whose opinion on this subject is of value, Steevens and Malone both thought the play was written in 1600. The later editors generally accept that year. Mr. H. P. Stokes thinks "1599 or in the succeeding year."†

The Text.

None of the plays have come down to us in a more perfect condition than *Much Ado About Nothing.* In the Quarto we have it almost exactly as it came from the author's own hand, printed doubtless from the original manuscript in the possession of, and belonging to, the Globe Theatre Company. In the Folio we have it as it was acted in his own theatre, under his own supervision, and with the revisions as to stage directions, distribution of speeches, etc., which would be suggested by his experience both as an actor and as a stage manager.

The connection between dramatic writers and the theatre at that time was so intimate that most all dramatists were actors as well. We know that Shakespeare, Marlowe, Lodge,

* Cf. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, "Outlines, etc," 2d edition, pp. 503–506. Ingleby, "Centurie of Prayse," pp. 21–28.

† "Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays," p. 75.

Wilson, Munday, and many others both wrote and played, and this certainly appears to have been the rule.

"From the time that Shakespeare had the superintendence of a play-house, that is, from the year 1603," as Henslowe's Diary abundantly and everywhere proves, "the play itself was the property of the company, and exposed to any alterations and 'additions,' which, while they 'made' it on the stage, might 'mar' it . . . for all future ages."

The *variations* between the *text* of the Quarto and that of the Folio are not many or of great importance. The number of lines in each proves this, the Quarto having 2556, the Folio 2679. The lines of the former are longer, contain more words than those of the latter. This accounts for most of the difference. The Folio has no material addition to the text as found in the Quarto. The only two variations worthy of consideration consist of the omission of two passages, which are found in the Quarto, and which were unquestionably in Shakespeare's MS. The first of these is: ". . . or, in the shape of two counties at once, as a Germaine from the waste downward, all Slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no dublet."* Malone encloses this passage in brackets and makes this comment: "Or, 'in the shape,' etc., to 'no dublet' were omitted in the Folio, probably to avoid giving any offence to the Spaniards, with whom James became a friend in 1604." Halliwell-Phillipps quotes this and then adds: "Capell ingeniously suggests that the passage was omitted because the Spanish match was on foot in 1623, but there is no doubt the First Folio was in type before that year."†

Richard Grant White differs from Malone. "That part of the allusion to the aping of foreign fashions that time out of mind has been characteristic of the English race . . . is found only in the Quarto. It seems not to have been stricken

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* Lines 1165–1167 inclusive. Reference is to Bankside Edit. of this play. The English of that day took their fashions in dress from the Continental nations. Cf. Bishop Hall's "Quo Vadis, or a Censure of Travel," Vol. XII., Sec. 23.

† Halliwell-Phillipps Edition, Vol. 4, p. 119.

out by the author; for without it, Benedick's 'foolery' would be somewhat incomplete."

Some lines of the Quarto are omitted in the Folio unintentionally, doubtless owing to the carelessness of the printers,* but the omission of this particular passage is accounted for by the fact that King James wished a marriage between his son and the Infanta of Spain, and for that purpose began a prolonged negotiation with the Spanish Court. He would therefore be careful to avoid giving the Spaniards any offence and instruct the proper officers to take out of any plays proposed for public representation anything which might bear an unpleasant construction. (The other passage to which I alluded is, lines 1919–1922, Quarto, an examination of which will follow later.) In everything relating to what is technically known as stage business the Folio is more correct. The Quarto is not divided into acts or scenes. The Folio has five acts and Act I. has *Scena Prima:* says Halliwell-Phillipps.† "The arrangement of the First Folio in respect to the acts is that which is still generally adopted, and was, in all probability, the same that was in vogue in the author's own time."

The Folio has five more Exits than the Quarto.‡ The distribution of speeches in the Folio is more accurate. The punctuation, orthography, use of capital letters, in the Folio, is an improvement on the Quarto. In these points, and these alone, s the Folio superior to the Quarto. There is not the slightest evidence that Heminge and Condell did any editorial work. They printed, not from the original MSS., but from a copy of the Quarto; and, there is every reason to think, from the copy which had been in use in the theatre. In Quarto, line 805, the text is: "*Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, Musicke,*" and in line 812, "*Enter Balthaser with Musicke.*" The corresponding line in Folio (866) is: "*Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson.*"

Jacke Wilson was undoubtedly the actor who assumed the

* For instance, lines 269, 270, 1584.

† See his edition of Much Ado About Nothing, p. 305.

‡ Folio, lines 1041, 1149, 1326, 1652, 2410.

character of Balthaser, and in the copy of the Quarto in the library of the theatre, and used as the prompter's book, a memorandum to this effect was probably made, which was followed by the printer of the Folio.

The same is true in the case of the Constables, Quarto, 1902 seq. Here, instead of the characters, are printed the names of the actors, Cowley, Andrew, and Kemp. In this instance, also, the Folio is only a reprint of the Quarto.

I give preference to the text of the Quarto, believing that it was printed directly from the original MSS. The Folio differs very little from that, and those differences in most cases are not the result of careful, editorial revision, but are transcripts of alterations or revisions made in the theatre copy of the Quarto, and which were necessary for putting the play on the stage. As to this Halliwell-Phillipps says:

"If it be supposed that in the case of *Much Ado About Nothing*, for instance, the printed copy supplied, after the year 1600, the place of the original manuscript, a rational explanation is afforded of the singular circumstance that, whereas the Folio is proved to have been printed from the Quarto by the substitution of the names of Kemp (in both misprinted, in one instance, Keeper) and Cowley, for those of *Dogberry* and *Verges*, the former has another theatrical allusion, one to Jack Wilson, which is not found in the Quarto. Mr. Knight's conclusion, therefore, that the text of this play in the Folio 'was printed from the play-house copy,' appears to me to be incontrovertible; and the circumstances above mentioned seem to prove satisfactorily that that play-house copy was the printed edition, containing certain manuscript corrections and additional memoranda."* And the Cambridge editors remark: † "The First Folio Edition of this play (*M. A. About N.*) was obviously printed from a copy of the Quarto belonging to the library of the theatre and corrected for the purposes of the stage. Some stage directions of interest occur first in the Folio, but as regards the text, where the Folio differs from the Quarto it differs almost

* Edition, Vol I., pp. 287, 288.

† Edition 1863, Vol II., Pref., p. vii.

CHILDREN IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

[redacted] great poet loves to play with children, to watch their pretty antics, and laugh at their innocent and searching wit; to weep over them in their summer beauty, when Death has despoiled it with his grim [illegible]. He jokes gayly with the prattling child, whose open eyes [illegible] wondering astonishment at the wickedness of the world, and laughingly satisfies all eager questions. He reasons gravely with the older boy who has more worldly knowledge, who constantly talks of the place he expects to win, and of the battle he will fight on the world's great arena.

His little friends are all wise with childlike wisdom; which, perhaps, is best of all, since they are fresh fresh from the hands of God. They are gentle, tender, and loving; often sad; again gay and sporting with youthful lightness of heart. Sometimes they are cruel in their unconsciousness, innocently wounding friends; at other times they are careless of the wounds they inflict upon their enemies. Some are rather pert and precocious; withal manly, upright, honorable little fellows, courageous and truthful as only pure-souled children can be.

The two young princes in *Richard the Third*, though brothers, are entirely different. The elder prince is a wholesome inquisitive, and diplomatic boy. He has an instinctive dread of his uncle; yet the thoughtful and cautious little statesman knows well how to conceal it. He can show quiet independence, and courage too; as when, to Richard's hypocritical prayer: "God keep you from your uncles and such false friends," he firmly answers: "God keep me from false friends! but they were none." With a half presentiment of coming grief overshadowing his spirit, always rather disposed to melancholy, he wakes

from a solemn-eyed, old-fashioned youth to a bright, courageous young soldier, when he vows with a touch of boyish boastfulness, "An if I live to be a man, I'll win back our ancient right in France." He is uneasy about his mother, and wants more uncles there to welcome him; but, like the little prince and gentleman that he is, replies gently and with quiet dignity to the false welcomes and wishes of Glocester. Gentle, wise, firm, manly, courageous, and dignified, he gave great promise of autumn fruit; but "so wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long." Well may he go to the Tower with a heavy heart thinking on these things.

York—"ay. there's a colt indeed," cunning and so young withal; a witty, sharp-tongued fellow, who shoots his arrows right and left, caring not whose tender skin they wound or what wrath they arouse. The gloomy, ugly, satirical Richard does not in the least frighten this precocious infant, who chaffs and aptly taunts him, until the quiet prince is obliged to make excuses: "My lord of York will still be cross in talk, uncle; your Grace knows how to bear with him." He is evidently the spoiled youngest son, the pet of his grandam, who openly encourages him to give his "Uncle's Grace a flout" with his "sharp-provided" wit. Though so youthful, so indulged and petted, there is very little that is childlike about York, except when he asks for the dagger; but he soon sharpens his tongue again, when Richard refuses: "Ah, there I see, you part with but light gifts." Of course, one must rejoice in seeing Glocester well mocked at; but the goodwives would love little York much better, if he were to display more wholesome awe of his elders; and, after listening with a disapproving shake of the head to gibes, mocks, and scornings, would fain exclaim with Elisabeth: "A parlous boy. Go to! you are too shrewd."

Grumbling, he wends his way to the Tower, prating all the time of his Uncle Clarence, whom, his grandam had said, they murdered there; truly a pleasant subject to soothe Richard!

Though York may be "bold, quick, ingenious, forward and capable," it is the thoughtful, child-hearted Prince whom we love with all our hearts, until every thought is melted into

tenderness and compassion, as we weep over the "death's sad story" of these innocent babes.

Arthur has all of the Prince's gentleness, with a good share of York's quickness, tempered by a naturally sweet and amiable disposition. He is an affectionate, mild, yet high-spirited boy, who now shows the innocence and playfulness of a child, and again a man's courage, eloquence, and wit. Invited by his mother, he braves his uncle's wrath, while he is either indifferent, through ignorance, to the power and greatness of the throne, or he is too young in heart to care for aught save boyish dreams and pretty little princesses who wrought him handkerchiefs. There is always a sadness about Arthur's spirit, even when at liberty. He only asks for peace and quiet, and, when his wrongs might well have roused a gentle bosom, answers Constance's wild passions with: "I pray you, madame, be content." When in prison, he thinks that no one should be sad but he; yet, with all his heaviness of heart, he can ask tenderly after the health of his rough jailer: "Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day." He merely indulges in mild wonder, that his crafty uncle can fear a little prince with only a great title, who would be merry as the day is long, so he were out of prison and kept sheep on any hill. Yet, in prison, sad and longing for freedom, he would like to sit all night and watch with the very men who kept him there. He could well say to Hubert: "I warrant I love you more than you do me." We hardly know what a high-spirited, eloquent little pleader he can be, until—with all the art of artlessness—he begs for his eyes "that never did so much as frown." He brings love, shame, gratitude, helplessness, all to bear on Hubert's resolution; he reminds the stern jailer how, at midnight, he had held his aching brow, when many a poor man's son would have lain still; then, with a reasoning child-like, yet persuasive and wise, he adds: "Nay, you may think my love was crafty and call it cunning; do so an you will." With such pleading, cruelty itself could not resist him; and when the pitiful reasoner declares, like any naughty child: "I will stand stock still;" and then, wild with terror and fright, breaks into the agonized cry: "O, Hubert, spare me, spare me!" Hubert

gives way and vows: "Pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure, That Hubert for all the wealth o' the world, will not offend thee." Once more the boy cries out to us, as he makes a last, desperate venture for blessed freedom: "Ah me, my uncle's spirit is in these stones!" Well might those stone walls echo that cry, since it was "by John's damned hands, that Arthur's jewel of life was robbed and ta'en away."

Mamillius is an embryo dandy and a great chatterer, too. He is not old enough to have much book-lore, but he is full of quaint, childish learning about ghosts and sprites and old tales that crones tell in firelight. He is so solemn and owl-like, as he whispers softly of churchyards, that it is well we have seen him only a moment ago, like any healthy, every-day boy, trouble his mother, till he is "past endurance." My gracious lord does not mind any rebuff, however, and, aping the dandy, answers the court ladies. Not one whit abashed by all their attentions, he gayly chatters away. In a lordly manner he rejects one of them: "I'll have none of you. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if I were a baby still." He soon proves, by his wonderful lecture on female eyebrows, that he does not deserve a baby's treatment. He is a severe critic. He likes not a lady with a blue nose; he is really alarming us by his learning that he got out of women's faces, when he suddenly becomes a child again. He nestles up to Hermione and, peeping wisely from under her sheltering arms, offers, as all real children do, to tell a tale of goblins and sprites. It begins in the style of good, old-fashioned stories: "There was a man." Mamillius whispers low—for the wonderful man dwelt where churchyards yawn; he sharply looks to see whether we shiver; but Leontes entering stops forever the story. It was to have been a sad one: "A sad tale's best for winter," he says; and on this childish cue the dramatist has called his own drama, "*The Winter's Tale.*

Mamillius startles with his knowledge and amuses with his prattle; though he has so much of the baby about him, he has enough of York's spirit, that, were he opposed to an uncle's harshness, he would undoubtedly make that unfortunate man

long for the tomb. Indeed, one often wonders whether Leontes did not feel the sting of the child's plain-spoken wit when Mamillius discovered Hermione's fate. Yet, with all the sharpness and bluntness that made the court-ladies wince, our little man is a loving fellow, who cheers his mother's weary hours, and loves her with the warmth of his heart, a heart not the less tender because he chatters at the wrong time. During the long years of her exile Hermione must have often yearned to open her arms to the merry boy, and shout: "Come now, I'm for you again."

Macduff's son, even in his tragic death, does not awaken our sympathy and love as do our other little friends. He is truly a brave child to call a cruel ruffian a "shag-haired villain;" but then he is too sage and long-headed. What might he have become if fate had spared him? He has so much knowledge now. Why, young as he is, he knows all about traps set for rich men, traitors, liars, and swearers. He makes a few innocent and childlike remarks about living as birds do; but such a wiseacre would not possibly have lived in that unworldly style, as he hints he would probably have looked out for a new father. In his death, however, he shows his loving heart, as he cries to his mother to save herself from the fate that has overtaken him.

All these children, in different ways, are attractive. This worldly-wise little man, merry, happy, winsôme Mamillius; even the gibing York; and, above all, the children of an older growth, the wise Arthur and the gentle Prince; all are bright with the heavenly colors, in which the creations of the master-poet are painted.

HELEN MAR BRIDGES.

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL was born in Chelsea, in London, in 1820. His first appearance in literature was "A Brief Account of the Life, Writings, and Invention of Sir Samuel Moreland, Master of Mechanics to Charles the Second," a modest little

8vo, published in Cambridge in 1838, its author being, it seems, already, at the age of eighteen, immersed in the archæological studies, which he never relinquished until death, at the ripe age of sixty-eight, overtook him in the midst of his great collections, his pen in hand and his treasured associates around him. This modest work was followed the next year by an edition of the works of Sir John Mandeville, which first attracted attention to his abilities and began the reputation which was to be added to so constantly that in 1881 the Librarian of Harvard College was able to contribute to the bibliographical collections of that institution a list of two hundred and sixty-two works edited or composed by him—inclusive of his immortal folio Shakespeare in twenty volumes. In 1840 Mr. Halliwell was appointed examiner of manuscripts in the Chetham Library of Manchester, which institution was founded by Sir Thomas Chetham, merchant, of that town, a contemporary of William Shakespeare (1580–1653), and which still preserves his quaint collection of volumes which made the nucleus of the present library which bears his name.

Mr. Halliwell soon became attracted to the Elizabethan branch of his chosen field of Archæology, and to the foremost figure of that era; and in 1840 he—in conjunction with Payne Collier; the secretary, Mr. F. G. Tomlins; the treasurer, Mr. Dilke, grandfather of the present Sir Charles Dilke; Rev. William Harness, Charles Knight, Campbell, the poet; Macready, Alexander Dyce, Douglas Jerrold, Sergeant Talfourd, Thomas Wright, and Young the tragedian; and shortly afterward Bolton Corney, Charles Dickens, Henry Hallam, J. R. Planché, and Peter Cunningham, Mr. Dilke, Boyle Bernard, Knight Bruce, John Forster, Rev. H. H. Milman, and Sir George Rose—founded the Shakespeare Society, which came to an untimely end through the discovery of the Collier forgeries of 1865.

Owing to the change in name, by which James Orchard Halliwell became J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, a change which is said to have been a condition to the acceptance of a fortune bequeathed to him, two distinct epochs appear in his life. He used his wealth always and exclusively to further his re-

searches. Some of his publications appealed to so narrow a circle of readers that very small editions were printed, the cost of books dear to the bibliophile being to some extent offset by the value they attained owing to their rarity. But there is not a volume under his name which has not the largest value for his disciples, and those who follow in the studies that were so near and dear to him.

Of the three classes of people with whom the name Halliwell has been for the last forty years one to conjure by—students of English, because of the sterling value of his "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," now about to be superseded by the New Dictionary founded on the Philological Society's materials (third edition of 1855); students of English life, manners, and customs in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and the great army of Shakespearians—the last have reaped the greatest benefit from Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's labors, for since 1843, when he published an account of the only known manuscript of Shakespeare's plays, and 1851, when he edited "A Neat Boke about Shakespeare," down to his most recent researches in the garrets of old houses of Stratford-on-Avon, he has been true to his passion.

The folio edition of Shakespeare will remain the largest record of this antiquary in the very long list of his publications. It was issued by subscription, was to have been in 20 volumes, and cost $210. In 1855, when five had been issued, the price was advanced to $315, but as it was promised that only 150 copies should be printed, the subscribers were, doubtless, willing enough. This magnificent edition of Shakespeare, in fifteen folio volumes, was then in course of publication, five volumes having appeared. This is his *magnum opus*, as editor. It presents a thorough collation of the early editions of the poet's works, all the original novels and tales on which the plays are founded, copious archæological illustrations to each play, and a life of the poet. As the edition was limited to 150 copies, it is now hard to obtain. When a copy comes into the market, by the sale of a private library, it commands a high price. A copy was sold in Philadelphia, a few years ago, for $1200.

It would be impossible to say which of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's vast list comes next to this in importance. He so assiduously, incessantly, and minutely hunted for every scrap of information, so ransacked the great book-rooms, muniment and manuscript rooms of every ancient building in England, and so faithfully reported the results in pamphlet or diagram, that no comparative estimate can be made where all are unique and invaluable. But by some his name is better known to a less limited field than by others. Such monumental works as "Morte d'Arthur from the Lincoln Manuscripts," "Two Essays on Numerical Calculation," "Collection of Pieces in the Dialect of Zummerzet" (1843), "Early History of Freemasonry in England" (1844), "Grosteste's Castle of Love," quarto, "Illustrations of the History of Prices," "Jokes of the Cambridge Coffee-Houses in the Seventeenth Century," "The Voiage and Travaile" of Sir John Mandeville, "The Connexion of Wales with the Early Science of England," "The Harrowing of Hell" (1840), and "Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales" (1849), most readily occur to us.

In consequence of Mr. Halliwell's devotion to themes dear to antiquaries and his taste for publishing books that require learning and leisure to edit, whenever book collectors see his name on a title-page they are sure to covet the volume. He was foremost in securing Shakespeare's home mansion at New Place, at Stratford-on-Avon, for the town corporation, and all must give him honor for his indefatigable zeal, continued long after he had passed his sixtieth year. Other men, having passed thirty or forty years working and publishing, and having received long past middle age a large fortune, would be apt to rest and leave the field to younger aspirants. But Mr. Halliwell-Phillips kept on producing long beyond the ordinary term of literary productiveness for the great majority of men. But Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's most memorable work—even greater than the great folio edition—is his "OUTLINES." In 1881 he printed at Brighton, "for presents only," "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," on the title-page of which is a motto from the thirtieth Sonnet:

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought.

The next year (1882), a second edition was published in London, by Longmans, Green & Co. Since then, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh editions have been published, the last in two large volumes. It is not likely that any scraps of knowledge will be added to what is contained in these volumes.

Under the title "The Story of a Great Biography," SHAKESPEARIANA printed on page 1 of Volume III. an adequate account of this immense work, of which Mr. Grant White said: "It is safe to say that, without consulting it, no one will hereafter undertake to write on a Shakespearian theme." Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, however, was not satisfied with the above results. He had in mind for the thirty years last past the preparation of a final work, and he was constantly collecting material for a "History of the English Stage." He had but little hope, years ago, that his life would be sufficiently prolonged for him to write this work, after finishing his Shakespearian researches. The material is so well arranged, every little scrap of knowledge having its place, that the future historian of the English stage can make easy use of it, and there is probably in his will (a copy of which has not, as we write this, reached the United States) minute directions as to who shall complete it. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps a few years ago retired to Hollinbury Copse—one of the quaintest of houses, and of which our readers will find detailed description in SHAKESPEARIANA *—on the Sussex Downs, and no American Shakespearian will ever forget the hospitality, pressed down and running over, of this noble gentleman. It is safe to say that he leaves in England no successor. He leaves his library to his nephew, his invaluable collection of rarities to be sold at $50,000, unless the Birmingham Library will pay $35,000 for it, and his immense collection of electrotypes, cuts, and blocks, used in the printing of the 266 works above mentioned as well

* Volume I., page 226.

as in the several editions of the "OUTLINES," to the Shakespeare Society of New York, thus adding to the great art treasures which are accumulating in the city of New York, which already possesses in its Astor, Lenox, and Columbia Libraries the larger portion of the existing Shakespeare Quartos and Folios.*

H. H. F.

* Wm. H. Fleming. See SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. V., p. 101.

Editorial.

APROPOS of the rumor that Mr. Browning himself was not entirely unconnected with the suggestion of a proposal at a late session of the London Browning Society, "that the Society be dissolved," comes the very pertinent suggestion that gentlemen who are fond of inquiring what William Shakespeare would have said could he have heard some of the interpretations his worshippers supply to his words, interview Mr. Browning. Doubtless Shakespeare did not mean and could not have meant all the esoteric Buddhism, Rosicrucianism, eschatological, mystical "stuff" that is read out of him and from between his lines. Yet at least Shakespeare is dead, and cannot contradict his interpreters. But Mr. Browning is alive, and can not only tell how Shakespeare would feel were he still amongst us; but, what is more to the purpose, can set us all right if he has a mind. The question is sometimes asked, Will the study of Browning cast out the study of Shakespeare? Is not Shakespeare yielding to his nineteenth century antetype? From this standpoint we should incline to doubt it. The limitations of Browning study alone forbid it. How can we debate the meaning of a phrase, the tendency of a thought, the trend of a story, the morals of an episode, night after night, week after week, overhauling libraries for the least hint or suggestion so as to help us in our search, when the rare old poet himself is alive, and a postage-stamp will settle our quandary from the very pen of the poet himself? Here are no "drams of eale," no "Runaways eyes," no "mother was her painting." But grand Mr. Browning himself for a corrector and an elucidator.

Three hundred years from now, our progeny may study the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century. But, as Shakespeare's contemporaries were not obliged to found a Shakespeare Society for his study, so, living in the same days, and under the same skies, and in the midst of the same civilization as Browning himself, doubtless the days of the Browning

Club are as limited as the investigation. Still less will the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century drive out and dispel his master and ours, while SHAKESPERIANA'S present generation of readers occupy themselves with its pages.

Miscellany.

THE history of Shakespearian commentary and criticism is the history of what one may dignify as "disputes," or smile at as "squabbles"—entirely as he happens to be in charitable or complaisant mood. Shakespeariana is a free field into which anybody, who can write grammatically, and who has access to a library, can write himself to his heart's content. Or, if he do not happen to have access to a library, he has simply to take the last thing written on the subject and contradict it. If the last thing written, for example, maintains that Hamlet was fat, let him demonstrate that Hamlet was lean; if it holds that Desdemona was a brunette, let him point out that she must have been a blonde to have attracted a copper-colored Othello—unless, indeed, Othello was a white man, which there is abundant text that can be twisted to prove, etc., etc., just as Sheridan's character wrote tragedies by simply reversing other people's comedies. There is absolutely nobody to interfere with him, and no data, one way or the other, to confront him with. Shakespeare himself has said something about everything (barring only perhaps tobacco), so the range of subjects is infinite, and, except the law, no topic of human interest has so religiously preserved its literature as has the exhaustless topic of Shakespeare. In other words, just as anybody can be a poet, so anybody can be a Shakespearian commentator. The recipe for either appears to be a quire of paper, a pen, and a bottle of ink.—*The Church Review.*

SIX thousand five hundred and ninety-eight new books and new editions were issued last year in England. The number of new books and new editions published in 1887 was 5688, so that

the increase over the previous year is 903, a large proportion of which consisted of books of fiction. The increase in 1887 over 1886 was 476, only a little more than half as much as the gain last year. It would probably be well within the mark to say that an average edition of 1500 of each of the 6591 books published in England last year was circulated. This estimate would make the total number of copies issued and circulated 9,886,500, and the readers of these volumes could fairly be numbered at between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000, though, owing to the number and popularity of circulating libraries in Great Britain, the actual figures, could they be obtained, would doubtless be found even greater.

There were published in the United States, in 1887, 4437 books, new issues, and new editions. The figures for 1888 are not likely to be much, if any, in excess of this total. In 1886 high-water mark in the publishing trade was touched, with 4676 new books, the following year showing a falling off of 239.

In the United States, the six most popular magazines have an aggregate monthly circulation of 600,000, the total number of copies distributed yearly amounting thus to over 7,000,000. Allowing eight readers for each monthly number, the total body of magazine readers is not far from 5,000,000. No class of literature in this country exerts so great an influence, and upon no class of literature is so much money spent annually by publishers. Of the above, 262 volumes in England and the United States (1887-1888) were devoted to Shakespearian (including Baconian) matters. America contributes the only magazine in the world devoted exclusively to Shakespeare—SHAKESPEARIANA—now prosperously beginning its sixth year, unless we count the *Jahrbuch*, which is an annual and comes from Germany.

DON QUIXOTE AND SHAKESPEARE.—The First Part of Don Quixote was licensed for the Press, December, 1604, and *The History of Sir John Oldcastle*, which is generally assigned to Munday, Drayton, Houghton, and Wilson, appeared for the

first time in 1600, and the scene in which Clun presents the heretical books condemned to the stake by the Bishop of Rochester, reads:

> "Away with them, to the fire,
> Burn them, burn them quickly,"

is reproduced four years later by Cervantes, in his account of the library of Don Quixote, whose romances of chivalry are condemned by the curate, thus: "Pegarlos fuego," "Vaya ei fuego:" "dellas en las del fuego," etc. The identical words of the English drama are translated literally into Spanish.

As You Like It was written in or about 1599. The second part of Don Quixote was printed in 1615, and in Chapter XII., Don Quixote explains to Sancho how players and the stage represent the occurrences of human life, thus: "No has visto tu representar alguna comedia adonde se introducen reyes, emperadores y pontifices, cabaleros, damos y otros diversos personajes?" Sancho replies: "Brava comparacion! aunque no tan nueva que yo no la haya oide muchas y diversas veces," sixteen years before Jacques had said to the duke: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." *Macbeth*, in or about 1605 (II., 2), says: "Sleep no more . . . sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, The death of each day's life, great Nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast." In 1615, Sancho repeats the first line almost letter for letter: "Y bien haya el que invente *capa que cubre todos los humanos pensamientos*, manjar que quita la hambre, agua que ahuyenta la sed, fuego que calienta el frio, frio que templa el ardor, y finalmente moneda general con que todas las cosas se compran, balenza y peso que iguala al pastor con el rey, y al simple con el discreto" (Part II., ch. 68). To this Don Quixote responded that he had never heard Sancho express himself so elegantly.—*The Athenæum.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From the New York Shakespeare Society, New York.

THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE. Vol. III., *Romeo and Juliet.* With Introduction by William Reynolds, A.M., LL.B. One volume, 8vo.

PAPERS OF THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, I.–VIII., Including the *Digesta Shakespeariana.* Two volumes, 32mo.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE PENTAMERON. Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare—Minor Prose Pieces—Criticisms. By Walter Savage Landor. One volume, 12mo.

From Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London.

PEN AND INK. Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance. By Brander Matthews. One volume, 12mo.

From Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

THE HUMAN MYSTERY IN HAMLET. An Attempt to Say an Unsaid Word. By Martin W. Cooke, A.M. One volume. 12mo.

Shakespeariana

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*THE SONNETS.**

WHAT we really know about the *Sonnets* from external evidence can be stated in a few sentences. They are first mentioned by Francis Meres in his often-quoted tribute to Shakespeare, published in 1598. He compares the poet to Ovid, and adds: "Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, etc." The next year (1599) we find two of the Sonnets (138 and 144) printed by the piratical Jaggard in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, together with Longaville's sonnet in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye," etc. We do not know that any of the others were printed until 1609, when the entire series was brought out by one Thomas Thorpe, who tells us on his title-page that the poems were "never before imprinted." No second edition of the volume seems to have been called for; and no complete reprint of the Sonnets appeared until 1709, just a hundred years later, when they were included in Lintott's collected edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*. All but eight of them, however, had been printed in 1640 (twenty-four years after Shakespeare's death), in a volume entitled "*Poems: Written by Wil. Shakespeare*," which also contains the pieces in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, *A Lover's Complaint*, and sundry poems that are evidently spurious, like the majority of those in the *Passionate Pilgrim*. The Sonnets are here re-arranged under various titles, with the other poems sandwiched between the groups.

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* Read before the New York Shakespeare Society, Feb. 25, 1887.

So much for facts about which there is no dispute; and now for a few of the most important questions concerning these poems over which editors, commentators, and critics have wrangled, and over some of which they will doubtless continue to wrangle to the last syllable of recorded time.

Was the edition of 1609 authorized or supervised by Shakespeare? So far as we know, the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* are the only works that he himself ever published or saw through the press. They both contain formal dedications signed with his name, are carefully printed for that day, and the *Lucrece* at least, as the variations in different copies of the first edition clearly prove, was corrected by the author while on the press. The volume of *Sonnets* contains a dedication, but it is signed by the publisher, not the author, and the book abounds in errors of the type, most of which Shakespeare could not have failed to detect if he had supervised the printing. He was pretty certainly in London in 1609, and if he allowed these "sugred Sonnets" to be printed at all, he would surely have seen that they were printed well.

To my thinking, the question is settled by one little peculiarity in the printing of the 126th Sonnet, if sonnet it may be called. It has only twelve lines, and our friend Thorpe, assuming that a couplet had been lost, completed the normal fourteen lines by *two blank ones* enclosed in marks of parenthesis. Shakespeare could not have done this, and Thorpe would not have done it if he had been in communication with Shakespeare. In that case, he would have asked the poet for the couplet he supposed to be missing, and William would probably have told him that nothing was missing. The piece is not an imperfect sonnet of Shakespeare's pattern, but is made of six rhymed couplets, and the sense is apparently complete. No critic, so far as I am aware, has noted the significance of this little typographical fact, and it did not occur to me until I was preparing to write this paper.

Now, if Shakespeare had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the publication of the Sonnets by Thorpe, the fact has some important bearings, as we shall see further on.

To whom is the *Dedication* addressed, and what does it mean? It reads thus:

TO · THE · ONLIE · BEGETTER · OF ·
THESE · INSVING · SONNETS ·
Mr. W. H. ALL · HAPPINESSE ·
AND · THAT · ETERNITIE ·
PROMISED ·
BY ·
OVR · EVER-LIVING · POET ·
WISHETH ·
THE · WELL-WISHING ·
ADVENTVRER · IN ·
SETTING ·
FORTH ·

T. T.

If Shakespeare had nothing to do with Thorpe's venture, the dedication is Thorpe's own, as it purports to be. But in what sense was "Mr. W. H.," whoever he may have been, "the onlie begetter" of the Sonnets? *Begetter* may mean either the person to whom the Sonnets owed their birth, or the one who got them together for publication—the person to whom they were originally addressed, or the one who collected and arranged them for Thorpe. The majority of critics take the word in the former and more familiar sense, while the minority cite examples of the other meaning from writers of the time, and argue plausibly for its adoption here. Both explanations have their difficulties, and it is not easy to decide between them. When I was editing the Sonnets, I was inclined to the second—taking *begetter* as equivalent to collector—but further study has led me to favor the other and simpler interpretation. The change does not in the slightest degree affect the opinions I have expressed as to the origin, the order, or the significance of the Sonnets. Who Mr. W. H. was, we shall probably never know; but if he was not

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the editor of the Sonnets, they *had* an editor about whom we know neither more nor less than about Mr. W. H.—not even less by the initials of his name, for whether the letters W. H. are the initials of a real name is a disputed point; there be those who think them a misprint for W. S., or a transposition of H. W., or letters taken at random as a mere "blind."

The vital question concerning this unknown editor is whether he was in the confidence of either the writer of the Sonnets or the person or persons to or for whom they were written. If he was not, his arrangement of the Sonnets is not an authoritative one; and that he was not is evident from the fact that he did not, and presumably could not, ask either the author or the addressee of the 126th Sonnet for that supposed lost couplet. His leaving that poem incomplete, as he believed it to be, simply confirms the opinion I expressed in my edition of the Sonnets, that he collected the Sonnets, and arranged them for the press as well as he could from what he knew of their history and from a study of the poems themselves. As I have said in my preface, "He seems to have known enough of their origin and their meaning to enable him to get them *nearly* in their proper order; but I suspect that if Shakespeare had read the proof-sheets, he might have made some transpositions." But before looking critically at the arrangement of the Sonnets, let us briefly consider the question whether they are autobiographical or not, *the* question to which all others relating to them are secondary and subordinate.

For myself, I firmly believe that the great majority of the Sonnets, to quote what Wordsworth says, "express Shakespeare's own feelings in his own person." I had often read and heartily loved the poems before I came to this conclusion; indeed, it was not until I carefully *studied* them with a view to editing them that I was fully converted to this view. It never occurred to me until now to reckon up the authorities on the two sides of the question. I had an impression that the majority favored the "personal" theory; but I am surprised to find it an overwhelming majority. Among the *poets* on this side are Words-

worth, Coleridge, Sir Henry Taylor, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Victor Hugo. To these should be added Shelley, if I read aright a reference to the Sonnets in one of his poems, and Tennyson, if I may depend on what one of his friends has told me. On the other side I know of no poets but Browning (who, quoting Wordsworth's sonnet on the Sonnet, "with this same key Shakespeare unlock'd his heart," adds "Did Shakespeare? If so. the less Shakespeare he!") and our own Stoddard. Of editors and critics, the chief who are on the "personal" side are Malone, Farmer, Tyrwhitt, Steevens, Drake, Hallam, Boaden, Armitage Brown, Knight, Collier, Furnivall, Trench, Dowden (the last last two both critics and poets), Palgrave, and Minto (who, however, excepts the Sonnets after the 126th); and to these are opposed only Staunton, Bolton Corney, Halliwell-Phillipps, Grant White, and Hudson. Among the Germans on the one side are Ulrici, Gervinus, Kreyssig, Hermann Isaac, and Sievers; and on the other Delius and Karl Elze. In this enumeration I do not include writers who, like Gerald Massey, hold certain mixed or muddled views, nor the out-and-out "cranks," like the German Barnstorff, who takes W. H. to be "William Himself," and tells us that the poet in the Sonnets appeals from his mortal to his immortal part, and all that, or those who believe that he addresses the Spirit of Beauty or the Divine Logos, or Queen Elizabeth, or his own son—but not by Anne Hathaway—or who think that his dark mistress is "Dramatic Art, or the Catholic Church, or the Bride of the Canticles, black but comely." In a brief paper like this, one must not give much space to "the pranks of Puck among the critics," as Dowden calls them, laughable though they may be.

If the Sonnets are not of this personal character, are they mere exercises of the fancy, "the free outcome of a poetic imagination," as Delius phrases it? This theory is easy and specious at first, but lands us at last among worse perplexities than it evades. That Shakespeare, for example, should write seventeen sonnets urging a young man to marry and perpetuate his family is strange enough, but that he should select such a

theme as a fictitious basis for seventeen sonnets is stranger yet, and the same may be said of the story or stories underlying other of the poems. Some critics, indeed, who take them to be thus artificially inspired, have been compelled to regard them as *satirical*—intended to ridicule the sonneteers of the time, especially Drayton and Sir John Davies of Hereford. Others, like Professor Minto, who believe the first 126 to be personal and serious, regard the rest as "exercises of skill undertaken in a spirit of wanton defiance and derision of commonplace;" but only a critic hard pushed by his theory could detect irony where it had passed unsuspected from Shakespeare's time to ours. No unbiassed and fair-minded reader could see anything of the sort. "The poems," to quote Dowden again, "are in the taste of the time; less extravagant and less full of conceits than many other Elizabethan collections, more distinguished by exquisite imagination and all that betokens genuine feeling; they are, as far as manner goes, such sonnets as Daniel might have chosen to write if he had had the imagination and the heart of Shakespeare. All that is quaint or contorted or 'conceited' in them can be paralleled from passages of early plays of Shakspere, such as *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where assuredly no satirical intention is discoverable."

If the Sonnets had been mere poetical exercises, it is passing strange that Shakespeare should not have published them ten years before they were brought out by the pirate Thorpe. He must have written them for publication if that was their character, and the extraordinary popularity of his earlier poems would have insured them a favorable reception with the public. It was, indeed, the success of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—the 4th edition of the former being issued in 1599, and the second of the latter in 1598—which prompted Jaggard to compile the *Passionate Pilgrim* in 1799. It is a significant fact that he was able to rake together only ten poems which can possibly be Shakespeare's, and three of these were from *Love's Labour's Lost*. To these ten pieces he added ten* others, which he im-

* Eleven, as ordinarily printed in editions of Shakespeare; but the two little pieces beginning "Good-night, good rest," and "Lord, how

pudently called Shakespeare's, though we know that most of them were stolen, and can trace some of them to their authors.

Some sensitive souls are no doubt led to regard the Sonnets as impersonal, because they are not willing to believe that Shakespeare, with a wife and family at Stratford, could have been involved in an intrigue with a married woman in London. His admirers, as Furnivall remarks, "are so anxious to remove every stain from him that they contend for a non-natural interpretation of his poems. . . . They forget Shakespeare's impulsive nature and his long absence from home. They will not face the probabilities of the case, or recollect that David was still God's friend, though Bathsheba lived. The Sonnets are in one sense Shakespeare's Psalms. Spiritual struggles underlie both poets' work."

For myself, I could as soon believe the Penitential Psalms of David to be purely rhetorical and fictitious as the 129th Sonnet, than which no more remorseful utterance was ever wrung from a soul that had tasted the ashes to which the Sodom apples of illicit love are turned in the end :

> The expense of spirit in a waste of shame,
> Is lust in action ; and till action lust
> Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
> Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
> Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
> Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
> Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
> On purpose laid to make the taker mad ;
> Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
> Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
> Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream.
> All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
> To shun the heaven that leads unto this hell.

Have we here nothing but the "admirable fooling" of the actor masquerading in the garb of the penitent, or the satirist

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mine eyes throw gazes to the East!" are parts of one and the same poem. Dowden (introduction to the Griggs fac-simile of the 1799 ed. of the *Passionate Pilgrim*) was the first to suspect this ; and I have proved it beyond a doubt (see my ed. of *Venus and Adonis*, etc., as *revised*) by certain peculiarities in the typography of the 1599 edition.

mimicking the conceits and affectations of the rhymers of the time? If you take this to be the counterfeit of feeling, I can only exclaim with Leonato in *Much Ado:* "O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion!"

I yield to no one in my exalted estimate of Shakespeare as a man—but he *was* a *man*, with all the frailties and infirmities of our poor human nature. He was not of the type of men described in the 94th Sonnet,

> "Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
> Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow."

But if, like David, he sinned, and sinned greatly—and yet not so darkly as that royal poet of old—like him he repented in dust and ashes; and all that we know of his after life proves that he was wiser, stronger, better for that discipline of sin and suffering and repentance. I see evidence of this in the plays as clearly as in the Sonnets. Shakespeare may be the most impersonal of dramatists, but even as a dramatist "the man" is to be seen in "the book," and it is the same man that we see in the Sonnets.

I wanted to refer somewhat in detail to these indications of "Shakespeare the man" that we have in the Sonnets as in the plays—the high ideal of friendship, for instance—only what we might expect of the creator of Antonio and Bassanio, Brutus and Cassius, Hamlet and Horatio — delineations of manly friendship, perhaps unsurpassed by any that he has given us of the love of man and woman; but I must leave the reader to follow out this line of thought for himself.

I have said that I regard the great majority of the Sonnets as personal. And why not agree with those who suppose the first 126 to be all addressed to the same person, and that person a man? Because this is unlikely on the face of it, as well as from the circumstances of their collection and publication. The last two Sonnets are evidently mere poetical exercises, and probably belong to the period of the composition of *Venus and Adonis*, as their subject suggests. The editor of 1609 put them at the end because he could not find any other good place for

them; and I strongly suspect it was for a similar reason that he put the Sonnets following the 126th where he did. He knew that Shakespeare had addressed many of his sonnets to his friend, Mr. W. H., and he included in the group ending with the 126th all that he could possibly force into it. At a time when one man could write verses to another in a strain such as now he would use only in writing to a woman with whom he is in love, it was easy to confound poems addressed to a wife or mistress with those addressed to a male friend. May not the early editor have done this, as many editors and critics have followed him in doing?

For myself, I am inclined to agree with those, including our own White and Hudson, who believe that certain of the Sonnets were addressed to Ann Hathaway [97–99, 111, etc.]. There are others among the first 126 which may or may not belong in the series; there is really no internal evidence to settle the question either way. Our editor gave them the benefit of the doubt, and counted them in; he had no better *authority* for doing so than any of his successors.

Is it probable on the face of it that all these 154 Sonnets (or all but two) are either addressed to one person or connected with the poet's relations to that person and one other—the woman with whom they both were entangled? Is it not probable that a poet who "unlocked his heart" to such an extent in this form of verse would occasionally, if not often, have employed it in expressing his feelings towards other friends or with reference to other experiences? Is it likely that the Sonnet in *Love's Labour's Lost* is his one effort in this line outside of this great series? I, for one, cannot believe it.

But I must hurry on to a very brief consideration of one or two more questions concerning the Sonnets. When were they written? We have seen that Meres refers to them in 1598 in a manner which implies that though unpublished they were well known among the poet's private friends (and this, by the by, would suggest that they were addressed to more than one or two of those friends), and in 1599 two of them were printed by the pirate Jaggard.

Note that one of these, the 144th, is not only one of the last in the series as arranged in 1609, but it has been called the *key* of the series, and helps us fix the date of all the Sonnets connected with the loves of the poet and his friend for the dark lady. It is a summary of that painful story in fourteen lines, and proves that the story ends by 1599, or when Shakespeare was thirty-five years old—just when the chronology of the plays, if we are to see the man in them, would indicate—the time of the transition from the joyous and sunny comedies (*As You Like It*, *Much Ado*, and *Twelfth Night*) to those that show a growing bitterness of spirit (*All's Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida*). The sin and abasement of Angelo, the wantonness and infidelity of Cressida, might not have been held up to the scorn and pity of the ages if Shakespeare had never known that "woman coloured ill" who became for a season his "worser spirit."

All the Sonnets must, of course, have been written before 1609, and if we assume them to be all connected with a single friendship and a single intrigue, all or nearly all must have been written before 1599. As I have said, some of them are not thus connected, and the date of these we have no sure means of fixing.

I may remark incidentally here that critics in their theories of the Sonnets have more than once stultified themselves by not attending to this matter of the dates. We cannot waste much time on these fooleries, but I may mention that some have labored to prove that Mr. W. H. was the poet's nephew, William Hart, who was not born until the year after the sonnets in the *Passionate Pilgrim* were printed, and was only nine years old when the whole collection was published. Again, the theory—otherwise, perhaps, the most plausible, where none is at all satisfactory—that W. H. was William Herbert, is vitiated by the fact that if the Sonnets are in the proper order, and the first seventeen were written first, this earnest and long-drawn appeal to the youth to marry must have been addressed to him when he was at most eighteen years old.

This question of the *order* of the Sonnets, to which casual al-

lusion has already been made, deserves fuller and more formal consideration than I can attempt to give it here. Some of those who, like Furnivall and Dowden, believe that either the first 126 or the entire 154 are arranged in the proper order, are extremely ingenious in explaining the sequence; but the more I study their elaborate schemes, the more I find myself compelled to distrust them. As I said in the early part of this paper, I give the editor of 1609 credit for arranging his material as well as a person could be expected to do who was not in the confidence of the author. He had, perhaps, seen some of the "sugred Sonnets" among the poet's friends, and had taken a fancy to make a collection of them. In the course of the ten years or more previous to 1609, he had gathered in the 154, which he sorted and arranged for publication as best he could. Those urging a friend to marry were easily picked out, and this group of seventeen, as the largest—or, possibly, as that in which the interconnection would be most obvious to the average reader—he placed first. As to the arrangement of the other groups he had made, he doubtless had his own little theory, based, we may suppose, on facts better known or more accessible then than now; but he had not *all* the information he needed for doing the work with thorough accuracy. After arranging the first 126, or all that he regarded as addressed to Mr. W. H. or the poet's male friend, he appended those written to the dark lady—perhaps, as I have said above, without any attempt at regular order—and, having added the two Cupid sonnets, handed over the whole to Thorpe for printing.

If I had more time I might call attention to some cases in which this editor of 1609 was almost certainly wrong in his arrangement. I will give only one as a sample. The 70th Sonnet is unquestionably out of place if it is addressed to the same person as the 34th, 35th, 40th, 41st, and 42d. All those refer to the sin and shame of his friend, and it is very clear what the sin was; but the 70th says:

> For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
> And thou present'st *a pure unstained prime.*
> Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,
> *Either not assail'd or victor being charg'd.*

Further on, in the 92d–96th Sonnets, we have the vice and shame of his friend again referred to, and these sonnets seem to belong to the same group with the earlier ones (34th, etc.) that I have named. The 70th, if it is addressed to the same person, ought to precede this group, instead of being between the two halves of it. Both Furnivall and Dowden fail to explain this 70th Sonnet satisfactorily, and I defy any defender of the present arrangement to clear up the difficulty.

Lest I be suspected of being unfair to Furnivall and Dowden, let us see just what they have to say upon this 70th Sonnet. Furnivall's comment, in his analysis of Sonnets 66–70, is this: "Will has mixed with bad company; but Shakespeare is sure he is pure, and excuses him." At this stage of the friendship, then, Shakespeare is *sure* that his young friend is *pure;* but in the analysis of Sonnets 33–35 we read: "Will's sensual fault, blamed, repented. and forgiven;" and this "fault," as the context explains, is taking away Shakespeare's mistress. What shall we say of critical analysis like this? Yet no other exegesis is possible than this which Furnivall thus concisely summarizes. As I have said, there can be no doubt as to the fact and the nature of the sin mourned and condemned in the earlier Sonnets; nor can there be any question that the later Sonnet congratulates the youth to whom it is addressed, not on having repented after yielding to temptation, but on having either escaped or resisted temptation. If this young man and the other young man are one and the same, as Furnivall assumes, the Sonnets cannot be in chronological order.

Dowden, in like manner, infers from the earlier Sonnets that Will has been "false to friendship," and that the only excuse Shakespeare can offer for him is that "he is but a boy whom a woman has beguiled;" but in 70 the poet says the charges of loose living brought against his friend "must be slanders." Dowden cannot mean that this Sonnet is a friendly attempt to apologize for Will's disgrace after the poet has forgiven the wrong done to himself. We have that sort of thing in Sonnets 35, 36, 40, 41, and 42, where Elizabethan conceits are racked to the uttermost to excuse both his friend and his mistress for

playing him false; but the language and tone of 70 are direct and unmistakable. His friend is pure, though he cannot escape the attacks of slander: he is "unstained," though envy would fain besmirch him.

One broken link spoils the chain; and if this one sonnet can be proved to be out of place, the chronological theory falls to the ground. It would be easy to cite other instances of the same kind, but my limits permit me to give only one, and one is enough.

Assuming, however, for the sake of argument, that the Sonnets are in their right order, we encounter difficulties of another sort, but no less serious. Sonnets 138 and 144 were printed in 1599. The first 144, then, must have been written before 1599' when Shakespeare was thirty-five. Sonnet 104 implies that the preceding ones were written at least three years earlier, or when he was only thirty-two. How then are we to explain a Sonnet like 73, in which he speaks of himself as long past the prime of manhood? I am aware that this question has been more than once raised in connection with the 138th Sonnet, published in 1599, when Shakespeare was thirty-five, but in which he speaks of himself as "old" and his days "past the best." I know, too, how the question has been answered. We are told that here, as in some of the earlier Sonnets, he is contrasting himself, as a mature and experienced man, with a green youth perhaps not more than twenty. In the 2d Sonnet, writing to this same youth, he tells him that at "forty" he will be old, with "deep trenches" furrowed in his brow and his blood "cold" with age. But forty is not thirty-five, and thirty-five is not thirty-two, when, according to the chronology of the commentators who believe the Sonnets to be both personal and in the right order, this 73d was written. And this sonnet, be it noted, is in no respect a contrast of his own age with that of his young friend, but a long-drawn and apparently heartfelt lament that his life has fallen into the sear and yellow leaf:

> That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
  As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
  Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
  That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
  Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Can we imagine a man of thirty-two writing thus of himself in all seriousness? Could this have been written by Shakespeare even at thirty-five? Does it not smack of 1609 rather than of 1599? It is one of a group of singularly despondent Sonnets, which it is hard to think of as belonging to the same period with the sunniest of the comedies, *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado*, and *As You Like It*. In Sonnet 66 he is tired of life, and "cries for restful death;" in 71 and 72 he looks forward to death, and bids his friend not to mourn for him: and all this at the age of thirty-two or thirty-five, we are told. His despondency cannot be due to his relations with his friend, for there is positive evidence to the contrary in the poems themselves; and that 70th Sonnet, which expresses such absolute confidence in the purity of the young man, is set in the very midst of this group of despairful utterances.

As to the *authenticity* of the Sonnets, with possibly the exception of the 145th (which is in octosyllabic measure, and has no clear Shakespearian mark upon it) there can be no doubt. I have already said that "Shakespeare the Man" as seen in these poems is the same Shakespeare of whom we get glimpses, if no more, in the plays; and all the evidence of metre and style points in the same direction. Some of the more "cranky" interpreters (God save the mark!) have suggested that certain of the Sonnets were written by Southampton, or whoever "Mr. W. H." may have been; and two at least of the Baconian heretics, on opposite sides of the planet—one Caldwell in Australia in 1877, and Mr. W. D. O'Connor lately in this country—have ascribed them all to Sir Walter Raleigh.

The notion that the Sonnets could have been written by any other man than the author of the plays and other poems ascribed to Shakespeare, is hardly worthy of serious consideration. I may, however, refer briefly to a few out of many allusions, figures, peculiar uses of words, etc., which are identical in the Sonnets and in these other works, and which cannot be merely accidental coincidences.

Legal allusions, for instance, abound in the Sonnets as in the plays and other poems. See Sonnets 13, 30, 46 (where we have legal phraseology throughout), 74, 87, 107, 126, 134, 137, 142, etc. A glance at the notes of my edition of the *Sonnets* will show how closely the passages are paralleled in the poet's other compositions. It would take too much space to illustrate this in detail here.

We recognize also the same *love of music* in the two classes of works. Compare Sonnet 8 (perhaps the most exquisite tribute to music that Shakespeare ever wrote) with the familiar passages in the *Merchant* (v. 1. 54–88) and *Twelfth Night* (i. 1. 1 fol.). See also the pretty and playful Sonnet 128.

The poet's antipathy to *false hair* and *painting* in women appears in the Sonnets as in the plays, and in curiously similar forms. Read Sonnet 68 :

> Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
> When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
> Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
> Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
> Before the *golden tresses of the dead*,
> *The right of sepulchres*, were shorn away,
> To live a second life on *second head*;
> Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay:
> In him those holy antique hours are seen,
> Without all ornament, itself and true,
> Making no summer of another's green,
> Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
> And him as for a map doth Nature store,
> To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

Compare this with the *Merchant*, iii. 2. 92 :

> So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a *second head,*
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

In *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 144, we find the same suggestion that it may be a dead woman's hair with which the living one tricks herself out:

Thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of *the dead.*

Again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 258, Biron says:

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that *painting* and *usurping hair*
Should ravish doters with a false aspect.

In Sonnet 20, the poet's "master-mistress" has "a woman's face *with Nature's own hand painted.*" In *Twelfth Night* (i. 5. 254 fol.) the disguised Viola says to the veiled Olivia, "Let me see your face;" and the Countess replies, "We will draw the curtain and show you the picture." Then follows this dialogue:

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.
Olivia. 'Tis in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.
Viola. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

It was a fancy of Shakespeare's that the peculiar charm of the rose was its fragrance rather than its beauty, and that its ideal destiny was to have this fragrance distilled and preserved after the beauty was gone. This is exquisitely set forth in Sonnet 54:

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but *fairer we it deem*
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;

But, for their virtue only is their show,
  They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. *Sweet roses do not so ;*
  Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth.

Compare Sonnet 5. 5 fol.:

For never-resting time leads summer on
  To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
  Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness everywhere:
Then, *were not summer's distillation left,*
  A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
  Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:
But *flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,*
Leese but their show ; their substance still lives sweet.

Note the singularly close parallel to these passages in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i. 1. 76 fol.:

But *earthlier happy is the rose distill'd*
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

And for the contemptuous reference to the "canker-blooms," or wild roses, compare *Much Ado*, i. 3. 28: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace;" and 1 *Henry IV.* i. 3. 76:

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke.

The allusions to the encroachments of the sea on the land in Sonnet 64 and 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 1. 45 fol. are strikingly similar. The former reads thus:

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
  Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
  Increasing store with loss and loss with store—
When I have seen such interchange of state,
  Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
  That Time will come and take my love away.

King Henry exclaims:

> O God! that one might read the book of fate,
> And see the revolution of the times
> Make mountains level, and the continent,
> Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
> Into the sea! and, other times, to see
> The beachy girdle of the ocean
> Too wide for Neptune's hips.

Critics have wondered that Shakespeare should know anything of these phenomena, and we do not find allusions to them in other poets of the time.

Of peculiar uses of words in the Sonnets and the plays scores of examples might be cited; but a few must serve here as samples. We find *expiate* with the anomalous sense of "bring to an end" in the only two instances in which Shakespeare uses it—in Sonnet 22. 4: "Then look I death my days should expiate;" and *Richard III.*, iii. 2. 23: "Make haste; the hour of death is expiate." *Dateless* means "endless, eternal" in the four passages in which it occurs—two in the plays (*Richard II.* i. 3. 151, *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 115) and two in the Sonnets (30. 6 and 153. 6). The novel use of *sympathized* (described sympathetically, or with true appreciation) in Sonnet 82.11 is matched by that in *Lucrece*, 1113. The unusual expression "advised respects" (deliberate consideration) occurs in Sonnet 49. 4 and *King John*, iv. 2. 214; and the compound adjective "world-without-end" (apparently Shakespeare's coinage) in Sonnet 57.5 and *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 799.

But we must not go on with these "parallelisms." On the whole, if Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the Sonnets, I do not see how we can allow Bacon the credit of the plays.

If the limits of this paper allowed, it would be interesting to consider the Sonnets as *poems*—to note the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of their verse, not unmixed with more sonorous music, and what Coleridge has aptly called their "boundless fertility and labored condensation of thought;" but as it is, I can only close with a summing up of what I have attempted to prove:

1st. That the Sonnets were not edited by Shakespeare, but by some anonymous collector who did not, and presumably could not, ask the poet or the persons to whom they were addressed for aid in settling a textual question.

2d. That the arrangement of the Sonnets in the edition of 1609 was therefore not authoritative, but simply the best conjectural one that the collector could make from a study of the poems and what he knew of their history; and there is, moreover, internal evidence that the order is not strictly chronological.

3d. That the great majority of the Sonnets are personal or autobiographical, and were not intended for publication; but it is not probable that the first 126 (or such of these as are personal) are all addressed to one man, and the rest to one woman, with whom Shakespeare and that man were both entangled.

4th. That, in whatever sense "Mr. W. H." may have been the "begetter" of the Sonnets, all the attempts to identify him have been unsuccessful, and some of them ridiculous.

5th. That, while the majority of the Sonnets were probably written before 1599, some of them may be of later date, especially those in which the poet refers to himself as old and tired of life.

Finally, that while some of the more important questions concerning the Sonnets may be settled, others are likely to remain among the insoluble problems of literature.

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

"THE TITUS ANDRONICUS:" WAS IT SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PLAY? HOW WAS IT MOUNTED ON THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE? DID IT MEET WITH FAVOR FROM THEATREGOERS?

(*Continued from January number.*)

THE three kinds of popular shows—the Miracle Play, the Mystery, the Morality—each marks a step in the intellectual developement of the mediæval populace. The first was pure realism, the next symbolical, the third didactic. But, by the time mediæval audiences were ready for the didactic, they were sufficiently able to realize that they did not care as much for the Biblical episodes the priests were trying to teach them as they did for the Devil and the Vice, Clown and Pantaloon, who pummelled each other with laths or clubs, and made sport quite of the kind they best enjoyed. The audiences still came to gape at the moralities, but the intervals or interludes, in which the Devil and the Vice had the stage to themselves, were the parts they most preferred. So it was not long again before the actors saw where they could earn pence by cutting lose from clerical employment, and going around playing these same Devil and Vice parts; which, from the prevailing poverty of nomenclature, soon became known as "Interludes"—and meant anything. Dumb show, pantomime, songs, dances, boxing, sparring, or whatever came handiest, horse-play mostly, but for a long time, merely dumb show with improvised ejaculation or dialogue. A step further, and the horse-play was sketched, sufficient dialogue for its development written out, and the improvisitation regulated by such stage directions as "Here they all talke," "Here they talke and rayle what they list," and the like. As they strolled from village to village, these actors put up their stages in barns now and then. But they were mostly made welcome in the Inn Yards, on two sides of which the way-side hostelries were built, the other two being enclosed with walls.

Habit survives necessity. The first settlers of North America, with unlimited areas to build in, and sunlight free, still followed the models with which they were familiar, and so built their houses with overhanging stories and small and clustering windows like the houses in the crowded city streets they had left. Just so these actors, having played so long in Inn Yards, built their permanent theatres to resemble as nearly as possible an Inn Yard. They had erected their stage with its rear to the entrance; there was nothing specific about this stage itself, any raised platform answered. When the Miracle Plays, Mysteries, and Moralities had been exhibited in the public places and cities, the platform had been as high as the heads of the audience, and a vallence of curtains falling from around it had made the attiring, or 'tiring, room for the actors. For the Interludes this was not repeated, the actors as a rule wearing their ordinary costume, not needing one, or, if they did, they robed and unrobed in the stables or anywhere among the audience. The common run of spectators passed in and around this stage and stood in front of it. The better class looked on from the Inn windows, offices, or gallery. This was repeated in the pit. For the rest—the Inn offices suggested the parterre, and the Inn galleries the best seats. (To-day, we have actually added nothing to this arrangement, except to repeat the galleries one above another, and to add Foyers and Lobbies). And so it was but natural that the actor should retain, and retain for many years, the dumb show which had stood him and his in such good stead for Miracles, Mysteries, and Moralities not only, but for the Interludes from which in his strolling days, his livelihood had come. The performance of the Inn Yard had taken place by daylight, so by daylight still did the actor perform in his fixed theatres. The Inn Yard had no roof, so the theatre must only have a rim of thatch over the galleries. The band of musicians was then perched on a scaffolding ("scaffoldage" Shakespeare calls it in *Troilus and Cressida*) which brought them to about where the second right-hand proscenium box would come in a modern theatre—and the play-house was complete. The strolling companies had been few in numbers,

for the law was brutal in its ignorance, and three men together could be legally construed into "a Riot" by any hostile beadle or bum-bailiff. So necessity speedily instructed the actors, who had travelled in small groups, in the device of "doubling" their parts. This again was kept up in permanent city theatres. (The twenty-seven or more characters called for by the old tragedy of *Cambises* were done by seven men and a boy; and in *Henry V.* fifteen men and four boys represented the forty-five speaking parts perfectly well.) Instead of employing call-boys, great placards of pasteboard were hung on the prompter's side of the house, on the walls of the attiring-room; ruled into rectangular spaces, each representing a scene, and in these rectangles the names of all the actors required by the particular scene were written. These placards were called "Plots" or "Plats" (it is uncertain which), and were about 20 by 16 inches, written very coarsely, so as to be easily read; opposite each rectangle was any such stage direction, as "music," "tucket," "alarum," etc. The stage directions in written plays were for a long time very inartistic, and were suggested by the speeches. Thus, in the Quarto of *Love's Labour's Lost*, where Berowne, on hearing the news of the King's death, says: "Worthies retire"—the stage direction reads: *Exeunt wortheys!* as in another where the character says: "Go to the devil!" the stage direction reads: *They go.*

The very early introduction of trap-doors has been noticed. They can be traced in stage directions certainly to thirty-two years before the *Macbeth*, with its stage direction, "*the cauldron rises.*" But the days when, to represent changes of scene, placards, with "Africa," "Vienna," "Paris," "Padua," etc., written upon them, were displayed, must have been about over when Shakespeare began his career. The realism which began to wheel in a four-post bedstead to make a bedroom scene; a draped chair to make a throne-room or imperial or regal court; a table with tankards and bottles to represent an Inn; though not far removed from Mr. Crummle's pump and washtub, certainly would have demanded the retirement of these placards.

My own impression from reading the Shakespearian plays is that this information was left to be gathered from the actors' lips. For instance, a stage direction in Greene's *Looking Glass for London* (1594) directs that "the magi with their rods *beat the ground and from under the same arises a brave arbour:*" the "brave arbour"—since this was even before Inigo Jones began to devise this sort of thing for the court masques—must have had some speech from the stage to assist it, even if the audience were not asked to wholly concede it. Between the trap-door and 'tiring-room (that is a green room under the stage which served for a general dressing-room for all the actors) we can imagine the constant demand for ditches, caves, caverns, etc., made by the stage directions of the period as satisfied. Any precision of *exits*, *entrances*, and *withouts* was of course the result of improvements in Theatre building, rather than in mere stage expedients.

By far the most useful thing in the Elizabethan and early Jacobean stage was the overhanging gallery, to which one and sometimes two ladders led from the floor of the stage, with curtains falling from its floor to the floor of the stage. This curtain was invaluable for a tent (which always suggested a battlefield), an inner room, a back street or alley-way, a closet or hiding-place, etc. But most important and invaluable of all was the gallery itself. It was not only Juliet's balcony, and Brabantio's and Shylock's and Montague's and Capulet's house, but it was in turn the turrets, towers, and walls from which the actors in Shakespeare's histories were continually speaking. It was used for the deck of a ship in *Cæsar and Pompey* (1591) and in Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass* it represented two windows to adjoining houses, outside of which two of the characters lean and converse. It supplied the ramparts at Harfleur, which Henry V. stormed, and his address: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends," he probably delivered with one foot on a rung of the ladder which reached this gallery from the stage itself. It was Antony's rostrum, of course, and upon it the mimic interplays in *Hamlet* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* were presented. Rude models of the bodies of horses,

made of canvas stretched over wooden hoops, the legs being of laths and adjustable thereto, were introduced as early as 1597. At least in a MS. play of *Richard II.* of that date, there is the stage direction "*Enter a spruce courtier a-horse-back.*" And in a list of theatrical properties dating from 1599 is entered "*One great horse with his leages;*" and there were cardboard dragons in plenty when wanted. But these horses were not easily managed, and it became a specialty of certain actors to do the horse-mounted parts. (In the MS. of Reading Corporation is an entry "Payed Mr. Maior that he gave to the Princes hoby horse plaiores, ij. s.: vj. d.") In a private letter of about 1605 the writer narrates having seen a play on a stage which had "a false wall faire painted and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about; by reason whereof, and with the help of painted clothes, the stage did vary three times in one tragedy," which date fixes about the first period of the innovation. The list of properties just given, of course, were exclusive of fire-arms as well as of swords and spears, which seem never to have been used except behind or below the stage, to sound "alarums" with (and no doubt cautiously, after one of them set had the Globe Theatre on fire).

In "The Lamentable Tragedie, concerning the Life of Cambises, King of Percia," written about 1561, we find a stage direction: *Here smite him in the neck with a sword to signify death* (evidently not the sword of lath with which the Vice of the old Miracle Play used to belabor the Devil). Nothing, however, not even the appeals of the Chorus in *Henry V.*, can better illustrate the lack of scenic effect than the following stage direction taken from *Selimus, Emperour of the Turks* (1594), "*Suppose the Temple of Mahomet.*" In Greene's *Pinner of Wakefield* (1599) one of the characters strikes one *Jenkin*, who thereupon challenges him to a duel, allowing him to choose the place. The challenged party demands: "Will you come to the town's end?" to which Jenkin replies: "Aye, sir; come," and in the very next line adds: "Now we are at the town's end, what say you now?" A couple of steps across the stage evidently having brought them, repre-

sentatively, to the town's end; which, as we have said, informs us how the several scenes in Act II. of *Titus Andronicus*, all requiring different portions of the forest—the hunting scene, the encounter between Lavinia and Tamora, the burying of the gold, the ravishment of Lavinia, etc.—were managed, simply by stepping to different parts of the stage. Occasionally we have a piece of realism called for in the Quartos which the better experience of the reviser for the Quartos rejected. For example, in the *Troublesome Raine of John, King of England* (which if not Shakespeare's work, he certainly follows scene for scene in his acknowledged *King John*), John says: "Why casts thou up thy eyes to heaven so?" and then we have a stage direction: "*There the five moons appear;*" and Bastard says: "See, my lord, strange apparations," which certainly calls for some sort of scenic contrivance, unless the audience was expected to imagine them from the speaker's continuing:

> "Glancing mine eye to see the diadem
> Place by the bishops on your highness's head
> From forth a gloomie cloud which like a curtain
> Displayed itself, I sodainley espied
> Five moons appearing."

Whereupon the Prophet, Peter of Pomfret, is asked to

> "Decide in cyphering what these five moons
> Portend this clyme," . . .

and Peter tells it off glibly off to mean that the five moons are Spain, Denmarke, Germanie. France, and Albion, the sky being Rome; the roving character of the smallest moon, Albion, betokening that John was to be degraded and dethroned because of his uneasiness at England's submission to the Pope. Of course the stage effect; raising on poles (for there were no bridges from which to suspend) of five discs to represent moons, would be easily enough accomplished. But anything is always easy enough when it once occurs to anybody to do it. The difficulty is to think of it first. Possibly we will be on the safe side if we imagine the stage direction to be a guide rather to the actor who played Bastard to raise his eyes on delivering the

speech above quoted, than to the stage artist. The fact that in the 1623 play all this "business" was left out, and the whole dismissed in Hubert's speech:

> "My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night,"

and the king's exclamation: "Five moons!" may be, perhaps, taken as an attempt at stage, as well as literary, improvement. The five moons may have worked badly, or made what was intended to be an episode of solemn portent into a grotesque spectacle. At any rate, it is the only instance I have met with where an earlier play called for more scenic effect than a later one. But the poverty of stage effect continues: In *Romeo and Juliet*, the Quartos and Folios have a stage direction, "*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuilio, with five or six other maskers, torch-bearers;*" while the very next one reads: "*They march about the stage, and serving-men come forth with napkins.*" Now, of course, this first direction requires a street, while the second implies an apartment in Capulet's house; and the first correctors of the "business" so adjusted it. But nothing of any such change of stage effect is hinted at until modern times. As to ghosts, apparitions, spirits, etc., they were usually managed by recurrence to the old "dumb show," of which we have spoken as a survival from the Miracle Play. Banquo's ghost, however, rose from his place at the banqueting-table, and (unless it was done as Mr. Booth has so effectively rendered it, by addressing empty space and trusting to his audience's imagination for their horror) it is hard to find how the stage-setter contrived it. Of course, Hamlet's father's ghost was a man in armor, and Cæsar's a man in cerements; but, later on, death could be represented effectively. At least we find stage directions in *The Duchess of Malfi* (1623): "*Here is discovered behind a traverse, the artificial figures of Antonio and his children appearing as if they were dead.*"

In the oldest plays there is a confusion of text and stage directions, the latter sometimes directing or hinting at the speech the actor should make. In the Quarto *Loves Labour's Lost* we have an example of this. The last line is spoken by Armado:

"The voice of Mercury is harsh after the songs of Apollo." But the Folio makes him add: "You this way, I that way," probably an aside to an actor who had mistaken his exit. Some of these are very curious. In *The Troublesome Raine* we have: "*Enter the nobles and crowne King John, and then crie, God Save the King.*" And sometimes the stage direction gives the actors a hint only as to what they shall say, as (*Troublesome Raine*): "*Enter Philip leading a Frier, charging him to show where the Abbot's gold lay.*" In the blackletter Quarto of 1598 of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court," the stage descriptions are of the crudest. We have: *Speaks to himself*, and, half a page further on: *She goes aside and speakes as followeth*, instead of *aside*. *He goith*, instead of *exit* (in one instance). *He weeps*, instead of *weeps*. *The king dieth*, instead of *dies*. *Enter knights raunging*. *He delivereth a ton of tennis balls*. *She beateth him*. "*Strike, Drummer*. *The Frenchmen crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis, Mount Foy, S. Dennis*. *The Battell*. *Enter King of England and His Lords*." "*Enters Dericke roming*. *After him a Frenchman and takes him prisoner*." "*Here the Frenchman laies down his sword, and the clowne takes it vp and hurles him downe*." "*Here, while he turnes his backe, the Frenchman runnes his wayes*." "*Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes*." "*Enters Iohn Cobbler roning, with a packe full of apparell.*"

So far, at least, we are able to conjecture what would have been the properties used to play *Titus Andronicus*, and can imagine how large a part the action of a smite on the neck with a sword, "to signify death," must have been of the whole. But some of these stage directions require a little further light. We have "*Enter Lavinia ravished*" in Act II., and possibly might conclude that the actor was content to satisfy this business with a generally dishevelled appearance and make-up, were it not that flowing and dishevelled hair was stage language for virginity at that period. But the audiences at this date were not apt to be squeamish, and stood realism quite as stoutly as

it has ever been clamored for since. The priests who engineered the Miracle plays had stopped at nothing in their conviction that Bible scenes might be given to the people in the most realistic doses. The libretto and stage directions of at least one of these Coventry mysteries, *The Woman Taken in Adultery*, would scarcely be admitted to these pages. One of the least offensive of these directions may perhaps be quoted, but it is best to quote it in its original dog-Latin. It runs: "*Hic juvenis quidam extra currit in diploide, caligis non ligatis et braccas in manu tenens, et dicit accusator.*" And in the Mystery or Morality of *Mary Magdalene* (one of the Digby Mysteries), in order to emphasize the blissfulness of her later state, the priestly authors considered it necessary to delineate the young lady's original lapse from the path of exact moral rectitude, in a scene which, judging from the stage directions, was certainly not the least spirited and realistic of the piece. (But this was certainly no worse than what the modern stage has done in the last realistic renaissance. In Paris in 1873 there was played a piece called *Susanna and the Elders*, concerning which a morning newspaper gravely announced: "*Ce soir, si la police ne prenient pas, Suzanne ne fira point d'opposition a l'acte de seduction;*" and there was nothing in a certain scene in Sardou's *La Tosca* lacking to bring it up, if not to the level of a Miracle play, at least to the ravishment act in *Titus Andronicus*. And if priests had paused at nothing less than reality, why should profane players have been contented with mere verisimilitude? A ballad written to lampoon Marlowe recites that

> "He had also a player been,
> Upon the *Curtain* stage,
> But broke his leg in one lewd scene
> When in his early age."

From which we need not hesitate to conclude that the ravishment scene between Chiron, Demetrius, and Lavinia, in the play we are considering, was done without overmuch delicacy or prudery. For the rest of the play, at any rate, Lavinia's lost hands and tongue could have been done not so very repulsively by a bandage or two and a little carmine. The burial scene in

the first act, the hiding of the gold, and the pit into which Titus's sons are tumbled, were, of course, effected by using the trap. As to the business which accompanied, the passage V., ii., 180:

> "This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
> Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
> The basin that receives your guilty blood,"

the stage direction, *run around* or *struggle*, must be implied, as, doubtless the attempt to act two able-bodied young men standing up in a row to have their throats cut by a one-armed old man, while a girl holds up a basin under the chin of each during the operation (which is precisely the action the text calls for), would have been hooted off the stage by the extremely particular, even if not especially orderly, audiences we are soon to get a glimpse of. Equally we must presume a little dumb show or pantomime, not hinted at in either text or stage directions, for the pie that was made of the ground-up bones of Chiron and Demetrius. Perhaps a basin covered with canvas was borne in by Titus Andronicus "dressed as a cook," with his one hand and stump (which stump later on does not seem to have troubled him, when he came to the stage directions, fifteen lines apart: "*Killing Lavinia*," "*killing Tamora.*") I suppose the business, two lines further down, which directs Saturnius to kill Titus, or, at the space of two lines more, Lucius to kill Saturnius, to assume that everybody in this play carried a sword, and the direction: "*A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. Marcus, Lucius, and their partisans go up into the balcony,*" to signify that this "pavilion" scene required the full depth of the stage, so that the balcony above described could be used, and the curtains be rolled up. In Scene ii. of Act. V., line 9, we have "*Titus opens his study door,*" having first read: "*Rome before Titus's house.*" In Scene i. of Act IV. is a realistic piece of acting which well merits attention. (It could not have been better done to-day.) Titus, Marcus, and young Lucius have entered; and Lavinia, tongueless and handless, rushes in after them. She tries in dumb show to aid them in conjecturing who has assaulted and mutilated her. Young Lucius, it seems, on enter-

ing, has a parcel of books under his arm, out of which he has been pursuing his studies in Roman literature. He drops these books and cries to Titus for help, fearing that his aunt Lavinia means him some evil. But Titus tells him that she loves him too well to do him harm. Meanwhile Lavinia turns over the books and lifts them one by one between her stumps. This Marcus says he thinks "means that there was more than one confederate in the act." Lavinia, satisfied with this interpretation of her pantomime, drops all but one book, which she tosses up and down. Titus asks Lucius what book this is, and Lucius says: "Grandsire, it is Ovid's Metamorphoses." Lavinia then stops tossing the book and begins turning the leaves with her stumps and finds:

> "The tragic tale of Philomel
> Which treats of Tereus' treason and his rape."

Of course, all now understand that Lavinia would tell of the assault upon her, whereupon Marcus (we quote stage directions) "*writes his name*" (in the dust) "*with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth,*" saying: "I have writ my name without the help of any hand at all." Lavinia thereupon is quick to see the point, and, on being handed the staff, "*takes*" it "*in her mouth and guides it with her stumps and writes:*" "Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius;" and so the painful story, which has already been partly acted and partly told in Scene iii. of Act II. with such horrible minuteness under the repulsive supervision of Tamora, is revealed to Lavinia's father, brother, and nephew. That Titus should, after all, kill Lavinia is, of course, a touch of Virginius, and Titus so states the precedent on accomplishing the act.

In Scene ii. ("*a forest. Horns and cry of hounds heard. Horns wind a peal*"), of course, the pit in which Aaron hides his gold, and into which he leads Quintus and Martius, is the trap of which we have spoken. When Titus goes mad and shoots off arrows, with letters tied to them, at his enemies, one of which contains the singularly inapposite quotation from Horace: "*Integer vitæ*," etc.; when (V., i., 51) a ladder is brought in and held for Aaron (with a black baby in his arms)

to ascend in order to be hung (though the text seems to forget all about it, and Aaron lives to be buried alive in the last scene); and when (IV., iv., 75) a clown brings in two pigeons in a basket (IV., ii., 20); when (III., i., 232) "*Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand*" (that is, carrying these members), as well as when Titus with his one hand cuts the throats of Chiron and Demetrius (who do not appear to resist the operation, but obey Titus's order to "prepare their throats" with acquiesence not to say alacrity, while Lavinia catches the blood in her basin), we may well imagine that the acting of young Shakespeare's first dramatic effort (in view of the general massacre and carnage, it does not seem a mixing of metaphor to call it "fleshing his maiden sword") made a considerable draft upon the property man of the theatre.

APPLETON MORGAN.

(*To be concluded.*)

A STUDY IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

II.

THE STATUTE OF JAMES.

THE Folio editors have in some instances altered passages in which occur the name of God; * in others they have omitted them altogether.† One of the latter occurs in this play, Bankside lines, 1919–1922, Quarto.

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* "One reformation indeed there seems to have been made, and that very laudable: I mean the substitution of more general terms for a name too often unnecessarily invoked on the stage; . . . and their caution against profaneness is, in my opinion, the only thing for which we are indebted to the judgment of the Folio editors."—Steevens.

"I doubt whether we are so much indebted to the *judgment* of the editors of the Folio edition for their caution against profaneness as to the Statute 3 Jac. I., c. 21, which prohibits, under severe penalties, the use of the sacred name in any plays or interludes. This occasioned the playhouse copies to be altered, and they printed from the playhouse copies."—Blackstone, quoted by Malone. Edition 1821, Vol. I., p. 112.

† Confer Walker's "Examination of the Text of Shakespeare," Vol. I., pp. 213–218; Cambridge Edition, 1863, Vol. I., pref., p. xx.

"*Both.* Yea, sir, we hope.

"*Kem.* Write downe, that they hope they serve God: and write God first, for God defend but God shoulde goe before such villaines."

Referring to these lines, Blackstone writes:

"The omission of this passage since the Edition of 1600 may be accounted for from the Stat. 3 James I., c. 21, the sacred name being jestingly used four times in one line." *

The statute referred to by the great jurist is important, not only for its immediate effect on the drama; but also, as indicating the nature of the struggle then being waged for the suppression of the theatre. It is as follows:

CHAP. XXI.

"AN ACT to restrain the abuses of players."

"The penalty of players on the stage, etc., prophanely abusing the Name of God.

"For the preventing and Avoiding of the great Abuse of the Holy Name of God in Stage-plays, Enterludes, May games, Shews, and such like; Be it enacted by our Sovereign Lord the King's Majesty, and by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the Same, That if at any Time or Times, after the End of this present Session of Parliament, any Person or Persons do or shall in any Stage-play, Enterlude, Shew, May-game, or Pageant, jestingly or profanely speak or use the Holy Name of God, or of Christ Jesus, or of the Holy Ghost, or of the Trinity, which are not to be spoken but with Fear and Reverence, shall forfeit for every such offence by him or them committed Ten Pounds: the One Moiety thereof to the King's Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, the other Moiety thereof to him or them that will Sue for the same in any Court of Record at Westminster, wherein no Essoin, Protection, or Wager of Law shall be allowed." †

Malone quotes the opinion of Blackstone approvingly.‡ From

* Blackstone was fond of annotating Shakespeare. Vide "Corrections of Shakespeare's Text by Sir Wm. Blackstone, etc."—Shakespeare Society Papers, 1844, Art. xxii., p. 96, seq.

† "The Statutes at Large, Vol. III., 1604–1698, 1 James I., to 10 William III." Official Copy in Astor Library. (*Cited as* 3 *Jac. I. cap.* 21.)

‡ Edition 1821, Vol. VII., p. 123.

it no one, I think, will dissent. While it is undoubtedly correct, there is one fact which, so far as I know, has not heretofore been noted. *The name of God, Lord, as referring to the Deity,* occurs in the Quarto sixty-six times. The Folio follows the Quarto exactly in sixty-two places. It omits the sacred name in but* FOUR *instances, and these all occur in the passage under consideration.* The statute of James would apply equally to the use of the name in any of the sixty-two places where it appears in the Folio. In them, as much as in this passage, is the name of God "jestingly or profanely" spoken. Why, then, should it be omitted in these four cases, in order to avoid a violation of this statute, and printed in sixty-two places where the statute would be equally transgressed?

This statute was passed at the instigation of the Puritans. Their opposition to the theatre was, at this time, relentless and powerful. James, although he favored the theatre and hated the Puritans, thought it advisable to yield somewhat to them. Hence this law. But it was not strictly enforced. The Master of the Revels, probably by his direction, certainly with his approval, did not insist on a rigid compliance with it.†

Shakespeare's company at this time had a license from the king empowering them to act in any part of the kingdom. In this they were denominated "our servants." They thus became, and were afterwards known as, "The King's Players." His Majesty, therefore, would be likely to guard them against adverse legislation.

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* The name occurs three times when not referring to the Deity:

Quarto 1068. "O God of Love."
" 1206. "My Lord & brother."
" 2330. "The God of love."

† "They (players) were relieved from some of the vexatious control they had experienced, and subjected only to the gentle sway of the Master of the Revels. It was his duty to revise all dramatic works before they were represented, to exclude profane and unbecoming language, and specially to take care that there should be no interference with matters of state. The former of these functions must have been rather laxly exercised; but there are instances in which a license was refused on account of very recent history beingtouched on in a play."—Hallam, Literature of Europe, Vol. III., p. 557. John Murray.

In addition, Shakespeare was on intimate terms with some of the most powerful men at court. The authorities, in whose hands lay the power to execute this law, were probably friends of the Globe Theatre Company. While, therefore, the Master of the Revels did not enforce this law strictly and expurgate the name of God every time it appeared in the play, he could not, out of regard to the Puritan opposition, entirely ignore it.* Hence, he omitted the name of God but four times out of sixty-six. Thus, like the "juggling fiends" in *Macbeth*, he "paltered" with the Puritans, keeping the letter of the law, although to a very limited extent, but violating its spirit.

This suggests the important subject of *the Puritan opposition to the theatre*, to a critical study of which the remainder of this introduction will be devoted.

III.

THE PURITAN OPPOSITION TO THE THEATRE.

The first Act of Parliament for the control and regulation of the stage was passed in 1543. It was 34 and 35 Henry VIII., C. 1. It orders that no person shall "play in interludes, sing, or rhyme any matter" contrary to the doctrines of the Church of Rome. A proviso was added in favor of "songs, plays, and interludes," which have for their object "the rebuking and reproaching of vices, and the setting forth of virtue, and . . . meddle not with the interpretations of Scripture."†

This was not against theatrical performances in general. It simply aimed to protect the national religion, at that time the Roman Catholic, from assault. This was so evident that it awakened alarm among the Puritans. Their feelings were voiced by Edward Stalbridge, who printed a letter (not pub-

* Prynne, referring to the Statute of James, writes: " . . . which is seldome or never put in execution, because few else but such who delight in blasphemy, and therefore are unlikely to prove informers against it, resort to stage-playes."—"Histrio-Mastix," Part I., p. 109.

† Confer Collier's "Annals of the Stage," Vol. I., p. 128 seq. Fitzgerald's "History of the English Stage," Vol. I., p. 34 seq.

lished in England, as that would have been dangerous), dated Basle, entitled, "The Epistle Exhortatory of an English Christian to his dearly beloved Country."

Referring to this statute, he writes, "So long as they played lyes, and sange baudy songes, blasphemed God, and corrupted men's consciences, ye never blamed them. . . . But sens they persuaded the people to worship theyr Lorde God aryght, according to hys holie lawes, and not yours seq," you have enacted this law.

The Corporation of London about the same time began their efforts to suppress the theatre. They objected to it, however, on different grounds. They believed it caused disturbances, corrupted manners, and was inimical to the good of the people. Previous to April, 1543, they adopted regulations for its total suppression within the City of London. Certain players belonging to the Lord Warden ignored this, and as a consequence were imprisoned, as the following record will show:

"St. James, 10th April, 1543.

"Certayn Players belonging to the Lord Warden, for playing contrarye to an order taken by the Mayor on that behalf, were committed to the Counter."

From this time till the theatres were closed in 1647, there was, almost without cessation, a conflict on this subject between the Government on the one hand, and the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London on the other. The latter made persistent efforts to keep plays and players out of the city. The former protected and encouraged them by every means in their power.

The Statute of Henry was repealed by 1 Edward VI., C. 12., and a proclamation was issued in the 3d year of Edward VI., (1549) forbidding

"any kynde of Interlude, Plaie, Dialogue, or other matter set furthe in forme of Plaie in any place publique or private within this realme seq."

The reason given in the proclamation for its issuance is that these Interludes, Plaies, etc., "contain matter tendyng to sedi-

cion and contempnyng of sundery good orders and lawes seq." *

The legislation up to this time had applied only to those players who were not attached to the households of special noblemen. Many of the nobility had their own players, to whom they gave their personal patronage and protection. In June, 1551, the Privy Council issued an order prohibiting all such to act without a special permit. These restrictions were shortly after very much relaxed. As a consequeuce, the natural reaction came, and greater license, both on the part of players, and printers of plays, followed. This caused a proclamation to be issued in April, 1552, "for the reformation of vagabondes, tellers of newes, sowers of sedicious rumours, players, and printers without license," forbidding any one to play, or to print a play, without special permit from the Privy Council, under heavy punishment.† The cause of this action was not religious, but purely political.

Mary ascended the throne in July, 1553, and the following month issued "A Proclamation for reformation of busy medlers in matters of Religion, and for redresse of Prechars, Pryntars, and players." This stopped all public exhibition of plays, for two years. Up to this time and during these two years servants in households, and players attached to great noblemen, acted privately. The Star Chamber, Easter Term, 1556, issued strict orders to justices in every shire to repress even these plays.

The Privy Council, this same year, commanded Lord Rich to put "a stop to a certain stage-play about to be played in Essex." It also ordered the servants of Sir Thomas Leek to be arrested and prevented from playing.‡

WM. H. FLEMING.

(To be continued.)

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* Vide "Collection of suche proclamacions as have been sette furthe by the Kynge's Majestie." Printed by Richard Grafton, 1550.

† "We find an order from the Privy Council for the release of a poet, 'which is in the Tower for making plays.'"—Fitzgerald's "History, etc.," Vol. I., p. 35.

‡ Confer Fitzgerald's "History, etc.," Vol. I., p. 36.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSIC.

I HAVE perused with much interest the articles in the October and December numbers of SHAKESPEARIANA on dramatic music to Shakespeare, etc. I venture to suggest the following additions to the lists there given :

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Kaffka's opera, *Antoine et Cleopatre*, was produced at Berlin, in 1780, not at Breslau, 1781.

ADDITIONS.

Kleopatra, opera in four acts, by Wilhelm Freudenberg, produced at Magdeburg in 1882.

Antonius und Kleopatra, grand opera, by Fürsten von Wittgenstein, produced at Graz, 1883.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Tausch, incidental music to *As You Like It*, was produced at Düsseldorf in 1859.

ADDITIONS.

Viola, opera, by Richard Heuberger.

Cesario, opera, by Steinkühler, Düsseldorf, 1848.

Cesario, opera, by Taubert, ———, 1874.

CORIOLANUS.

Coriolano, opera, by Cavalli, produced at Wien in 1717, not at Parma in 1660.

Coriolano, opera, by Niccolini, produced at Mailand in 1809, not in 1810.

Coriolanus, overture by Beethoven, produced at Wien in 1807.

ADDITIONS.

Coriolan, incidental music by F. L. Seidel, produced at Berlin, 1811.

Coriolano, opera, by Graun, Berlin, 1749.

Coriolano, opera, by Lavigna, Parma, 1806.

HAMLET.

Stadtfeldt's *Hamlet*, produced at Brussel, 1857, not at Darmstadt.

ADDITIONS.

Music to *Hamlet*, by Mangold, Darmstadt.
Music to *Hamlet*, by Miltitz.
Music to *Hamlet*, by Hirschbach.
Overture to *Hamlet*, by Bischoff.
Overture to *Hamlet*, by Joachim.
Overture to *Hamlet*, by Emanuel Bach.
Hamlet, Symphonic Poem, by Liszt.
Hamlet, March and Chorus, by Berlioz.
Hamlet, opera, by Mareczek, Brünn, 1841 (not 1843).

HENRY VIII.

Henry VIII., opera, with Ballet, by Saint-Saens.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Schumann's Overture, Düsseldorf, 1852.
Music to *Julius Cæsar*, by Henning, Berlin, 1830.
Overture to *Julius Cæsar*, by Hirschbach.
Overture to *Julius Cæsar*, by Falchi.
Julius Cæsar, by Keiser.
Guilio Casare, opera, by Händel, London, 1724.
Guilio Casare, by Perez, etc., is correct.
Julius Cæsar, opera, by Carlo (*pseud.*).

KING JOHN.

Music to *King John*, by Schneider, Berlin, 1823.
Overture to *King John*, by Radecke, Berlin, 1859.

KING LEAR.

Music to *King Lear*, by André, Berlin, 1778 (not 1780).
Music to *King Lear*, by Blumenthal, Wien, 1829.
Overture to *King Lear*, by Leidgebel, Berlin, 1851.
Overture to *King Lear*, by Balakirew, Dessau, 1865.

MACBETH.

Music to *Macbeth*, by André, Berlin, 1778 (not 1780).
Music to *Macbeth*. by Reichardt, Berlin, 1787.

Music to *Macbeth*, by Seidel, Berlin, 1809.
Music to *Macbeth*, by Weyse.
Music to *Macbeth*, by Mangold, Darmstadt, 1830.
Music to *Macbeth*, by Rastrelli, Dresden, 1836.
Music to *Macbeth*, by Heinefetter, Dessau, 1870.
Overture to *Macbeth*, by Eberwein, Rudolstadt, 1828.
Overture to *Macbeth*, by Pearsall (composed in 1836).
Overture to *Macbeth*, by Skeletti.
Overture to *Macbeth*, by Raff (MSS.)
Macbeth, Symphonic Poem, by Pierson, supposed to have been composed in 1870.
Macbeth, opera, by Chélard, Paris, 1827.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Music to *Merchant of Venice*, by Mangold.
Music to *Merchant of Venice*, by Mühldorfer.
Overture to *Merchant of Venice*, by Titl, Amsterdam.
Merchant of Venice, opera, by Piusuti, Bologna, 1873.
Music to *Merchant of Venice*, by Sullivan, Manchester, 1873.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Overture to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, by Titl.
Overture to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, by Damcke, Potsdam, 1841.
Merry Wives of Windsor, opera, by Ritter, Mannheim, 1794.
Merry Wives of Windsor, comic opera, by Dittersdorf.

There is a manuscript Overture to *Henry IV.*, by Joachim. (Grove, 2 : 35.)

My authority for the preceding corrections and additions is, for the most part, A. Schaefer's Historisches und systematisches Verzeichnis sämtlicher Tonwerke zu den Dramen Schillers, Goethes, Shakespeares, Kleists und Körners. Leipzig: Karl Merseburger, 1886. WILLIAM MACDONALD.

The Open Court.

Circular Letter.

FROM MRS. HENRY POTT, 81 CORNWALL GARDENS, QUEEN'S GATE, S. W.

SIR: Permit me to draw your attention to some facts which have recently come under my notice with regard to the original edition of the collected "Shakespeare" plays, known as the First Folio of 1623. In the spring of 1888, when Mr. Donnelly was in this country, he received from Mr. James Cary, of New York, some papers explanatory of a discovery claimed to have been made by that gentleman of certain wheel-ciphers in the original folio of "Shakespeare." These ciphers are various, but one chief system depends upon certain marks and dots which Mr. Cary indicated, as being placed over, or under, or between certain letters and figures, or before the names of the characters. These peculiar and suspicious markings the cryptographer had been led to observe whilst endeavoring to find the desired clue *to the arrangement of words* in the great cryptogram. Mr. Donnelly compared Mr. Cary's descriptions with his own "Staunton" *fac-simile*, but he could not find such marks as Mr. Cary pointed out, consequently he could make nothing of the wheel-ciphers submitted to him, and this he reported to Mr. Cary. It so happened that I had to a great extent tabulated the so-called "printer's errors," and "accidents," and "misprints" of the First Folio, as shown in the reduced *fac-simile;* and for which the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps wrote a preface. When, therefore, Mr. Donnelly showed me Mr. Cary's work, I recognized many of the indications given, and we saw at once that with regard to certain particulars, there were undoubted discrepancies between this Halliwell-Phillipps *fac-simile* and many of the original copies of the 1623 folio, to be found in the great libraries of England and America. At that time Mr. Donnelly was disinclined to enter into a totally new line of research, and one which required almost microscopic

minuteness of investigation. Thus the correspondence with Mr. Cary passed into my hands. I soon found that the Halliwell-Phillipps *fac-similes* from which Mr. Cary and I were working differed in a vast number of particulars from other "fine" original folios which I have examined. *The differences were in all cases additions.* In other words, there were in the original folio from which our *fac-similes* were taken, a quantity of marks, neatly and distinctly made, and *some figures turned hind-side before,* which do not exist in ordinary folio copies. Since it is manifestly impossible that the photograph could represent more particulars than were contained in the thing photographed, two alternatives only suggested themselves. Either these extra marks were printed after the rest of the work (in which case there would have been two editions of 1623), or, more probably, these significant markings must have been put in with a pen, by some member of the secret society for whose information the cipher narrative was contrived.

It became necessary, then, to ascertain if these peculiarities had been noted by bookworms and close students of "Shakespeare" texts, and also, from what copy the "reduced *fac-simile*" was photographed. I wrote to the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps describing some of the marks in question, and asking, 1. Had he any reason to doubt that all the copies of the First Folio which had passed through his hands were absolutely and invariably identical? 2. From which copy in what library was his reduced *fac-simile* taken? In a long and courteous letter written shortly before his death, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps replied to the first of these questions, that he had never observed any differences; to the second, that he did not know: he had never seen the copy from which the "reduced *fac-simile*" was taken.

I then wrote to the publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus, from whom I learnt that the *fac-simile* in question was copied by a photographic process, from an original folio bought by them of Mr. Hayes, bookseller, of Manchester, and that they believed the original to be now in the private library of Mr. Robert Roberts, of Boston, Lincolnshire. Correspondence with this

gentleman has served to establish the singular but lamentable fact that many at least of the marks plainly photographed in the *fac-simile* have since disappeared. It appears that in order satisfactorily to photograph a book it must be completely unbound, and the photographs taken sheet by sheet. For the sake of improving the appearance of the volume, the binders frequently clean or "wash" the sheets with chemicals which do not affect the printing, but which obliterate marks of writing ink. Mr. Roberts thinks it probable that some of the leaves in his copy have been thus washed. The result is as curious as disappointing, and presents us with this paradox. *The reduced fac-simile of the original, is now, in the true sense, the original copy, whilst the original copy is no longer absolutely like its own fac-simile.*

By the pernicious operation described, this precious folio has been deprived of many of the very marks which are of priceless value, interesting beyond description to the cryptographer.

It is in the hope of saving from a similar fate other marked copies of "Shakespeare," and also all marked or scribbled volumes of merit whatsoever, published during the 16th and 17th centuries, that I write this letter, the contents of which I request you to be so good as to impart to any of your friends who possess valuable old books, or who are in any way connected with the care of libraries, or with the arts or trades relating to books. I shall be greatly obliged if any one who can give accurate information concerning marked copies, their owners, or their history, will communicate with me. It is in the highest degree improbable that the folio in question, hit upon by mere chance, and without any thought of ciphers or secret societies, should be the only marked and unwashed copy extant. We may fairly hope to discover others, especially in old private libraries, where books, even if they suffer from the damp or the weevils, escape a worse fate at the hands of restorers. It seems at present undesirable to publish a detailed account of the signs by which the ciphers have been worked, lest dishonest or unscrupulous persons should be tempted to tamper with other copies. Let us hope that public interest may soon be

sufficiently aroused to encourage the industrious experts who are quietly working at this subject, to publish their results, and to secure intelligent and ungrudging help in this newly revived branch of science.

Meanwhile I am glad of this opportunity for imparting to friends in distant countries this unexpected confirmation of Mr. Donnelly's statements. This fresh evidence is documentary, and admits of ocular demonstration, making assurance doubly sure as to the existence of a great and wonderful cipher system, running through the whole of the "Shakespeare Folio of 1623," and, I believe, through a still larger group of works of the 16th and 17th centuries.

I am sir, faithfully yours,

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

Jan'y 30, 1889.

The editors of SHAKESPEARIANA print this extraordinary circular simply out of personal respect and esteem for Mrs. Pott. They are perfectly aware—as are most of SHAKESPEARIANA's readers—that there is no "Cipher" in the First Folio Shakespeare, nor in any copy or impression thereof. But if Mrs. Pott will have it that there is—well, then, let there be a cipher there. Only, if Mrs. Pott will read her own "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies," she will learn that, whatever ciphers may exist in First Folio Shakespeares, the Donnelly "cipher narrative" is not one of them. Indeed, those two books, "The Promus" and "The Great Cryptogram," cannot exist side by side. One or the other of them must be a monstrous lie.

Reviews.

(1) The BACON-SHAKESPEARE QUESTION ANSWERED. By C. Stopes. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. London: Trübner & Co. pp. 268, cloth.

(2) A REFUTATION OF THE HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY'S GREAT CRYPTOGRAM. By the Rev. A. Nicholson, LL.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin. pp. 64, paper.

(3) BACON, SHAKESPEARE, AND THE ROSICRUCIANS. By W. F. C. Wigston, Author of "A New Study of Shakespeare;" two plates. London: George Redway. pp. 284, cloth.

(4) THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE. Vol. III. Romeo and Juliet. With Introduction by William Reynolds, A.M., LL.D. New York: The Shakespeare Society of New York. boards, pp. 205.

(5) PAPERS OF THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY. I.—VIII. Including the Digesta Shakespeariana. paper.

(6) THE PENTAMERON. Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare—Minor Prose Pieces—Criticisms. cloth, pp. 419.

(7) PEN AND INK. Papers on subjects of more or less importance. By Brander Matthews. pp. 228, cloth.

(8) THE HUMAN MYSTERY IN HAMLET. An attempt to say an unsaid word. By Martin W. Cooke, A.M. pp. 135, cloth.

(9) SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY THE FIFTH. With an Introduction and Notes. By K. Deighton, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. pp. 233. cloth.

(10) SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD THE THIRD. With an Introduction and Notes. By C. H. Tawney, A.M. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. pp. 255. cloth.

(11) STRAY LEAVES OF LITERATURE. By Frederick Saunders. New York: Whittaker & Co. pp. 200. cloth.

(12) SHAKESPEARIANA. Vol. V. New York: The Leonard Scott Publication Co. pp. 581, cloth.

(13) ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH. A preparation for the study of English Literature. By M. W. Smith A.M., Teacher of English Literature in Hughes High School, Cincinnati. Cincinnati: Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. cloth.

(1) We are charmed with the concentration of this volume. Of course the fields are well worn, but much that is worn in usage may be lightened and freshened by so deft a handling. The scope of the work is best indicated by the terse preface to the First Edition: "The great Shakespearean scholars have considered it beneath their dignity to answer the assertions of the Baconians. 'Silence may be golden' in regard to the character of the living, but in defence of the dead, I should think speech is golden when it answers speech, and proof when it contests proof." And accordingly the author believes that the volume here presented "may help to turn the balance in some wavering minds, or to aid Shakespeareans too busy to go to work on their own account to give a reason for the faith that is in them." A seriatim and categorical answer to the Baconians, that cannot but be of great value to collectors of Baco-Shakespearean literature. Mrs. Stopes' especial care, and it has never been set out so rigidly and vividly, is that, whereas Shakespeare treated

men and motives from the purely psychological. Bacon considered them from the absolutely scientific, point of view: one painted from a palette, the other graved with a steel point; one used color, the other produced only line drawings. Mrs. Stopes in this opposed treatment is absolutely studious and careful—as exact as Bacon himself. A very pointed observation, but only akin to hundreds of others, is the difference in the way each of her subjects would handle the matter of intoxicants. The one moralized over their effect upon the moral sense, the actions, the deeds of men; the other wrote of the processes by which they were manufactured and the best methods of concentrating or mitigating their attributes. Mrs. Stopes is a Scotch woman, who seems to be quite as alert as her English countrywoman, Mrs. Pott, in detecting root matters in the habitudes and personalities of these two men.

(2) The Rev. Dr. Nicholson also has been at pains to refute Mr. Donnelly once more by an array of figures quite equal to the great Cryptogram itself. Meanwhile Mr. Donnelly himself announces that the failure of his cipher is not due to its examination, but to the railway companies of the United States, who employed a certain railroad attorney (whom he specifies by name) to bribe the press of England and America. This would seem to throw the whole cipher business into the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission to inquire by what right the railway companies proceeded so *ultra vires* of their charters, unless indeed a commission *de lunatico* should take prior jurisdiction in the premises.

(3) *Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians* is a most remarkable book. Like its predecessor, "A New Study of Shakespeare," one cannot open it without learning something. True, this something he learns is not always important. It may only be that the shape of Francis Bacon's tomb had a mystical connection with the name of Shakespeare; that Christopher Sly was the real type of the alleged bard of Avon; that Hermia and Helena were a dual unity; that the central myth of Eleusis is incorporated in *The Winter's Tale*; that there was a lodge of Freemasons at St. Albans, etc., etc. But all the same the book is a curiosity and no Shakespeare-Bacon library should be without it. A certain John Heydon, who rewrote Bacon's "New Atlantis," under the title "Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians," is largely particularized, and his plagiarism used as proof that Bacon was a Rosicrucian. *Well*, he was almost everything else, and probably was that also. But it will not do to ask what any one item of Mr. Wigston's information has to do with any other. It is much less laborious to simply admit that it all tends to prove Bacon to have written Shakespeare.

(4) When the New York Shakespeare Society announced, in 1885, that it had determined to commence the publication of an edition of Shakespeare in twenty volumes, which should devote to the text of the great work a loving and minute care such as it had never received before—which should parallel its very earliest and very latest form, reproducing all the antique and pedantic ornaments of the Quartos and Folios, should number consecutively every line, whether speech, stage direction, exit or entrance; which should exactly copy every typographical slip, misplaced punctuation, error in orthography, or inverted letter in both texts (in order that readers might judge for themselves as to the value of conjectural readings or corrections based upon these inaccuracies)—when we say the Society resolved upon this work, it first of all determined that the work was not worth attempting unless it could be done with absolute accuracy—that anything less would make the edition merely one more

added to the hundreds of excellent reading editions, but not specific enough to engage the resources of the Society in lieu of less absorbing but still valuable labor. We think subscribers to *The Bankside Shakespeare* are satisfied so far with the Society's performance of its unique, laborious, and ambitious project. Any temptation to relax editorial industry, and to expect the sumptuous simplicity of the typography which the Riverside Press has lavished on this edition to commend it to favor, certainly has not prevailed. It is proposed that nothing in this edition should fall short of the purpose of the membership of a society which prints in every volume issued under its seal the statement that "In order that the papers printed by this Society may always be of the highest character, and of value from all standpoints, the Society does not stand pledged as responsible except in so far as it certifies by its imprimatur that it considers them as original contributions to Shakespearean study." As for typography, nothing purer or more richly elaborate has ever appeared from an American press than these Banksides, with their rubricated titles, laid paper, clear-cut letter-press, and brilliant ink. Certainly, no such loving care has ever been bestowed upon Shakespeare before. Every line, or exit, entrance or stage direction of less than a line, is numbered twice, and at intervals three times, that the reader's eye may at once identify each word and phrase in either edition, as well as trace the manipulations or variations given it by their author. That a work like the Bankside edition should have emanated from American scholars, and its critical and careful typography from an American press, are matters to be proud of. But, while the texts here thrice collated—twice by consecutive notation, and once tabulated (each Bankside line being referred to a Quarto "signature" (the quartos being unpaged) and to the Folio line, column and page)—the Introductions are intended to be the results of the personal and special (if they so elect) study of each play, and for which each member is particularly and personally responsible, the responsibility of the Society as a unit extending only to the scrupulous accuracy of the reproduced texts. Accordingly, in Volume I. Mr. Morgan confined himself to his theory that the 1623 text of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was the result of the twenty-one years' growth of the play by interpolations, "gags," and variants introduced by the various actors who in a generation of stage life had pronounced it. In Volume II. Mr. Frey devoted himself to a re-examination of Capell's old claim that *The Taming of a Shrew* and *The Taming of the Shrew* had an identical authorship; and in Volume III. *The Merchant of Venice*, now before us, Mr. Reynolds has not feared—even in the face of the childish claims of the cipherists—to grapple boldly with the Baconian Theory, and (as we think) to considerably worst it. In conclusion we have only to say that this immense work has met with nothing but encomium, and there is nothing to interfere with its splendid success: there is not an original Folio or Quarto not accessible to its editors. Its proof-reading is entrusted not only to its editors finally, but to a corps of the best professional proof-readers in the world, on the staff of the great Riverside Press, and the work will be to their credit as well as to the credit of the New York Shakespeare Society, as well as in perpetual memory of the fidelity and patience of all concerned.

(5) The first eight numbers of the publications of the New York Shakespeare Society reasonably group themselves into two volumes. Numbers 4 and 7, being the *Digesta Shakespeariana*, of course should be bound as Volume II. (and it would be convenient, we should think, to bind them in-

terleaved for augmentation), while the others would make Volume I. With No. 9 the Society has changed the size of its publications from 16mo to small square folio, which is an improvement both in convenience and in appearance, a considerably larger type is employed, which is also in the line of betterment. These publications are intended to be exclusive of criticism *per se*, and to include only matter of preservative value as for purposes of reference.

(6) Messrs. Roberts Bros. have put into its most accessible and reasonable form this English classic, and gentlemen who write cipher narratives to embalm in Seventeenth Century literature—by studying Mr. Landor's exquisite reproduction of the English of that age—can add largely to the verisimilitude of their performances.

(7) *Pen and Ink.*—Mr. Matthews is a gentleman who writes with ease and at leisure. That he has no characteristic nothing which would enable us to say of a book of his if printed anonymously: "That's Matthews; that sounds like Matthews" and that he is careful never to tread on anybody's corns—is nothing against this pleasant little book, which quite repays a reading. Mr. Matthews in writing of poker alludes to a belief that the great American game had a genesis in the Primero which Falstaff regretted having ceased to play when he left the court, as he says in the *Merry Wives*. We suspect that the reason why Sir John ceased to play was because he had no coin of the realm, and his friends declined longer to take his IOU's or, perhaps, like his tailor, declined to accept Bardolph as security. And as there is nobody living who ever played, or knows how to play *Primero*, Mr. Matthews certainly is not laying himself open to any risk of contradiction by making the assertion:

(8) The "unsaid word" which Mr. Cooke attempts to "say," is not after all, so unfamiliar. We cannot agree with critics who sail in the clouds or among the stars, in attempting to hunt up Shakespeare's motives in writing *Hamlet*. Why not tread the soil of this poor planet? It was the planet upon which Shakespeare lived and died, and where he earned his money, wrote his plays, built his theatres, brought his suits, had his frolics, lived, loved, married, died, as the rest of us. To our thinking Mr. Cooke's chapter on "Suggestive Parallelisms:" coincidences between *Hamlet* and some classical works," constitutes the chief value of his book.

(9) (10) Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are publishing a Series of Selections from the Works of the English Classics, with Introductions and Notes, specially written for the Use of Native Students preparing for the Examinations of the Universities of Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and the Punjab, and announce that they "have succeeded insecuring the co-operation of Professors in the several Presidency Colleges, and of other scholars whose names are well known in India, who bring to the elucidation of English texts the important qualification of familiarity with the special difficulties which present themselves to Indian students." We confess to have opened the two volumes already issued in this series with considerable curiosity, and that our curiosity has yielded to delight. Indeed there are many besides Indian pupils who may profit by such text-books as these! Listen to this: "In regard to æsthetic and psychological criticism, the danger is not in giving too little help, but too much. To an Indian student nothing is so tempting as to commit to memory whole pages of criticism, the meaning of which, in the majority of cases, is but dimly understood by him. * * * In this matter, therefore, our object is to give a plain, lucid outline of the action of the play as it affects the principal characters, avoiding anything like an exhaustive analysis of their

motives and significance of their conduct." We cannot too highly commend a series that thus, at the outset, announces its determination to study facts, and let the "sign-post" critics fight it out among themselves.

(11) Octogenarian as he is Mr. Frederick Saunders, the beloved and honored librarian of the Astor Library, cannot cease to roam and cull among its treasures for his greater clientage outside. But nothing in Mr. Saunders' dainty little books—which begin to have a welcome periodicity of their own—is more apparent than the ever young and ever warm heart of their compiler.

(12) The value of these bound volumes of SHAKESPEARIANA increases as time goes by. The record of the last five years here preserved covers a very active period in Shakespearian matters Among the more important papers included in the present volume is the very last memorandum the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips ever wrote—the brief and modest sketch of his own life-work—and the admirable paper of Dr. Nathaniel Holmes, in which, while adhering to the Bacon theory, he completely ignores the possibility of a sane suspension of judgment in favor of a Donnelly or other "cipher." By the way, if there still remains a doubter who doubts that the first folio was set up from the quartos when procurable, let him examine the *Troilus and Cressida* and see (in Bankside folio line 3265) where the compositor exactly copied a typographical error from the 1609 Quarto: *i.e.*, in the word *enrapt* the quarto has (Bankside Quarto line 3061) ENTAPT, and the folio exactly follows it.

(13) Mr. Smith has devised a plan of teaching the rudiments of the English Literature and Structure based on the composite character of the language. He says: "A great deal of the work done with the English sentence in grammar and rhetoric has been to discover errors; the teaching of correct English has been therefore negative in character. Mr. Smith has attempted to reverse the process. The study of English must be fascinating when pursued with such a handbook as this. Not the least conspicuous feature of this manual is a glossary of English words in use before the year 1300 which still retain their significances.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. announce "A History of English Bookselling," by W. Roberts, editor of the *Bookworm*. Mr. Roberts has been engaged for many years upon the subject, and his work promises to supplement Curwen's in many important particulars, and, indeed, to a large extent going over untouched ground. There will be twelve chapters, dealing with Bookselling before Printing; The Dawn of English Bookselling; Bookselling in the Time of Shakespeare; Bookselling in the 17th Century; Bookselling on London Bridge; in Little Britain; in Paternoster Row, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Westminster Hall. There will also be biographical sketches of Jacob Tonson, Bernard Lintot, Edmund Curll, John Dunton, and Thomas Guy.

MESSRS. WILLIAM H. WARD & CO. of New York, London, and Belfast have just manufactured a stationery cabinet which they call the "*Shakspere House*" Cabinet, as it is an exact representation in colors of the birth-house at Stratford-on-Avon. The cabinet is $9\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, and the roof opens to disclose an interior, being the familiar "birth-room" (so called) The box filled with choice "V.R." parchment, or Royal Irish linen paper makes a beautiful souvenir.

Shakespeariana

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DID BEN JONSON WRITE BACON'S WORKS? *

BEN JONSON was born in Westminster early in the year 1574, and was educated at Westminster school under Camden, who, says Gifford, was not slow in discovering nor negligent in cultivating the wonderful talents of his pupil. When he was sixteen Jonson went to Cambridge, and was statutably admitted to St. John's College. How long he remained there is unknown; not very long, as, according to all his biographers, the lack of pecuniary means forced him to assist his stepfather in the humble occupation of a bricklayer. Soon afterwards Jonson, dissatisfied with the nature of his employment, enlisted as a soldier and went off to fight the Spaniards in the Netherlands. After a short but not inglorious campaign he returned to London and sought work in a playhouse, "The Green Curtain," which, Anthony Wood says, was about Shoreditch or Clerkenwell. It was while here that he had the misfortune to be a principal in a duel in which he slew his adversary. At that time the Government was determined to repress the unchristian practice of duelling; Jonson was thrown into prison, charged with murder, and, as he himself states, "brought near the gallows." Though his biographers have told the story of the homicide, not one of them has been able to tell us by what means he escaped the penalty.

While languishing in jail he was frequently visited by a Catholic priest, and became a papist. Some one, whose name

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* Read before the New York Shakespeare Society, January 24, 1889.

had magic in it, bade the jailer warn Jonson—as he told Drummond of Hawthornden—that "spies were set to catch him;" but he did not tell Drummond to whom he was indebted for this kindness, or who finally rescued him.

> "Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe
> All that I am in arts, all that I know."

Camden doubtless heard of his misfortune, and as surely sought assistance, but from whom? Necessarily from some one who had influence in the highest quarters. Now, about this time Bacon became acquainted with Jonson; and we know that Bacon, son of the late Lord-keeper, nephew of the great statesman who then guided the destinies of England, Member of Parliament for Middlesex, and Queen's Counsel extraordinary, had precisely that kind of influence which could open the prison doors and set the captive free. We also know that soon after this time Jonson was in Bacon's service more or less continuously till the latter's death in 1626. Jonson seems always to have preserved a strict silence upon the subject of his narrow escape. Perhaps the pain, the ignominy of a felon's doom had been too near for him to wish to speak of it to any one. Perhaps he had other reasons, such as were suspected by some of his friends and many of his enemies, to whose allusions there will be occasion to refer more than once; at all events, this date saw the commencement of a singular friendship—singular because of the exalted family, the honorable position, the brilliant hopes of the one; the humble surroundings, the detested religion, the miserable occupation of the other. Jonson, however, though often in want of the means to furnish his daily subsistence, was even then courting philosophy:

> "Indeed, if you will look on Poesie,
> As she appears in many, poor and lame,
> Patch'd up in remnants and old worn-out rags,
> Half starv'd for want of her peculiar food,
> Sacred Invention; then I must confirm
> Both your conceit and censure of her merit.
> But view her in her glorious ornaments,
> Attired in the majesty of art,

Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought;
Oh then how proud a presence doth she bear!
Then is she like herself; fit to be seen
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes!"

"These lines," says Gifford (Memoirs, p. 8), "which were probably written before he had attained his twenty-second year, do not discredit him."

It is very significant, too, that Jonson returned from Cambridge exactly as Bacon is said to have done, deploring the influence of Aristotle in the schools, for already

> ". . . time and the truth had waked his judgment,
> And reason taught him better to distinguish
> The vain from the useful learnings."

The future Lord Chancellor hungered for fame; Jonson hungered for bread. What more natural than that each parted with what he could command for that which he could not? that Jonson, deeply grateful to Bacon for aiding him to escape from a shameful death upon the scaffold, agreed to further Bacon's ambition to devote a part of his time to the study of philosophy, and that the philosophical works resulting therefrom should be wholly ascribed to Bacon? It is difficult to see, even now, how Jonson could have helped himself. A man may be excused for saving his life under almost any circumstances, though it is quite possible that Jonson, with his indomitable will, would have hesitated to conclude such an agreement had he realized how persistently Bacon would insist upon his privilege to insert legal phrases which destroyed connection and commonplaces which dislocated sense.

In considering this question we must not forget that in the days of Elizabeth and James a poor player or playwright was a being of the lowest caste; but when that playwright was a papist too he lost caste altogether and became a veritable pariah. This, and worse, was the condition of Jonson when he

was unaccountably released from a felon's cell and escaped from the hangman. Very soon afterwards he began to work for Bacon, and from that moment Bacon began to acquire literary fame. We shall see, later on, how Bacon's vanity was flattered, how it lured him into self-confidence, and how that self-confidence betrayed him; now, however, we should reflect upon the incontrovertible facts that Jonson became Bacon's literary confidant, and that thenceforward a singular intimacy existed between them. That such an intimacy existed at all, in such an age, between men of such widely different social conditions, argues the performance of extraordinary service on the part of Jonson. To show what that service was and why he rendered it is the object of this paper.

Such a bargain as that to which I have referred was most dishonest, and there can be little doubt that Jonson's mind was often saddened and his indignation aroused by the recollection, as he looked upon Bacon's growing fame and his own neglected genius. May it not have been under the influence of such feelings that these remarkable words were penned in the essay "Of Fortune"?

"The folly of one man is the fortune of another; for no man prospers so suddenly as by others' errors. Overt and apparent virtues bring forth praise, but there be secret and hidden virtues that bring forth fortune; *certain deliveries of a man's self, which have no name.*"

From what we know of Bacon's character we may be quite sure that his part in this remarkable essay was confined to the Machiavellian sentence, "and certainly there be not two more fortunate properties than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest."

Thus, too, when the essay "Of Negotiating" was written, about the year 1596, was not Jonson reflecting upon this painful bargain and realizing for what a mess of pottage he had sold his undoubted birthright? The internal evidence strangely favors such a supposition:

"It is better dealing with men in appetite, than with those that are where they would be. . . . If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so

lead him; or his weaknesses and disadvantages, and so awe him."

The Essays were written in a hand *not* Bacon's.*

Bacon was inordinately desirous to shine as a philosopher. He had attempted the rôle and had failed. He had tried to mount to the empyrean, but the wax melted from the artificial wings, and he tumbled ignominiously. He was now thirty-three years of age. He had, not long before, written a philosophical work, and his own opinion of its superexcellence is sufficiently determined by the title which he gave it, "*The Greatest Birth of Time*" (*Temporis Partus Maximus*). But "The Greatest Birth of Time" proved to be a miserable abortion; when men saw the thing and heard its name they laughed themselves into convulsions. It was quickly and effectually buried. The only known trace of it is in a letter written by Bacon to Father Fulgentio. (Spedding, Letters and Life of Bacon, i. 5.) Therefore, if Bacon would parade in the garb of a philosopher, some one else must make the garment, and with but a few natural exclamations of impatience the humble instrument of his fame toiled in the dark unceasingly.

Thus time went on, but the degree of celebrity was less, and what there was of it not so palatable as Bacon had anticipated, yet he dreaded to lose it; the instructions returned to plague the inventor; he grew suspicious, and saw an officer in every bush about to arrest the culprit and expose the deceit. We shall shortly see how anxious he became, and how Jonson played with his fears.

In the year 1592 Bacon is said to have written a Discourse, entitled, "Mr. Bacon in Praise of Knowledge," which, together with another discourse, "In Praise of his Sovereign," is supposed to have been delivered at a Masque or Device presented by the Earl of Essex during that year. These Discourses were, however, unaccountably mislaid, and so completely were they forgotten, even in Bacon's lifetime, that they had no place or mention in the Works of Bacon; and it was not till the year 1734, more than a century after Bacon's death, that these

*Letters and Life of Francis Bacon, vol. iv., p. 346.

writings were found. They were handed to Mr. Stephens by the Earl of Oxford, "among some neglected manuscripts and loose papers, to see whether any of the Lord Bacon's compositions lay concealed there that were fit to be published." These Discourses were written "in a fair Saxon hand, probably contemporary, though there is nothing to fix the date; and I think," says Mr. Spedding, "the hand of a transcriber." It is not even known whether these pieces were ever pronounced in public.

Now it is very remarkable that Bacon was constantly forgetting the contents of the works which he is himself said to have written. Indeed, Mr. Spedding says (Letters and Life of Francis Bacon, iv. 116, v. 29) that Bacon was so careless or *ignorant* of the contents of his writings as to place impossible dates upon them. If he did not write them, this, of course, would not be strange; but if he was the author it would be strange indeed. Thus, these Discourses seem to have been as entirely forgotten, admirable though they are, as if they had never had existence or a name; were concealed among loose papers till a century after their supposed author's death. Yet all this time an abstract of the "Discourse in Praise of Knowledge"—an abstract unequalled for the skill with which the pith of every thought is preserved, was in existence and in print—not indeed among Bacon's Works, but in Jonson's. The reader will find it in the "Discoveries" (Jonson's Works, Routledge, London, 1869, p. 759), and if he will carefully compare it with the "Discourse in Praise of Knowledge" (Letters and Life of Bacon, i. 120) he can have little doubt that the work is the work of Jonson.

About the 16th of April, 1593, Anthony Bacon wrote to his mother asking her consent to sell an estate called Markes, for the benefit of his brother Francis. Lady Bacon, it must be remembered, was a Puritan, strongly imbued with a horror of plays, playhouses, and playwrights, but still more possessed, if that was possible, with a horror of papists and papacy. She was convinced that these were the chosen instruments of Satan, and that those who associated with them were on the high road

to perdition. In her reply to Anthony she bitterly complained of the support and encouragement which Francis Bacon afforded to such characters. She mentions two persons in particular. One was Percy, a servant of Bacon's; the other name, from the illegibility of the manuscript, it was difficult to determine; it looked like "Jones," and is so printed in Spedding's Letters and Life (i. 224); but the editor was so much in doubt about that being the real name that he has placed a note of interrogation after it to indicate the fact of his uncertainty. Now in a poorly written letter Jonson might easily be read "Jones," and when we perceive what Lady Anne says of the owner of the name, and remember the peculiar characteristics of the poet and the reputation which he bore with his contemporaries; and remember, moreover, that there is good reason to believe that the name was purposely disguised, as shall be proved shortly, we have hardly a right to doubt that the Lady Anne wrote "Jonson." The poet, as we have said, was a papist. Lady Anne says:

"For I will not have his cormorant seducers and instruments of Satan to him committing foul sin by his countenance to the displeasing of God and his godly true fear."

She utterly refuses her consent to the sale of the property:

"But seeing he hath nourished most sinful, proud villains wilfully, I know not what other answer to make."

The good lady, of course, could not know why "Jones" should be "nourished" by her son Francis:

"That Jones (?) never loved your brother indeed, but for his own credit living upon your brother, and thankless though bragging."* (Letters and Life, i. 243, 244, 245.)

When all the probabilities point to Jonson; when it is authoritatively known that in his person were combined all the

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* Did Jonson allude to this, a few years later, in *Every Man out of his Humor*, Act v., Sc. i. ?

Puntarvolo. ——But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog; he is no competent attendant for the presence.

Fastidious. Mass, that's true indeed, knight; you must not carry him into the presence.

Puntarvolo. I know it, and I, like a dull beast, forgot to bring one of my *cormorants* to attend me.

peculiarities referred to; when, in addition, it is known that Jonson was for many years in the service of Bacon, there is certainly little reason to question the conclusion that "Jones" was originally written "Jonson," and that Jonson was in Bacon's service in the year 1593.

The first edition of the Essays, comparatively few in number, was issued in 1597, and it is not at all unlikely that their origin was the discovery by Bacon of some thoughts in prose which Jonson had written out for subsequent elaboration in verse. The identity of thought, as we shall have occasion to show in the Parallelisms, of itself suggests this, and when we learn from Jonson that Camden taught him to write out all his thoughts in prose before putting them into a poetical dress, the suspicion instinctively entertained is greatly strengthened; and when we also bear in mind Bacon's utter failure in "The Greatest Birth of Time," and the fact that Jonson wrote "The Discourse in Praise of Knowledge," we have a right to think that he wrote the Essays.

A friendship so strange and so long enduring could not escape notice or fail of comment. Archbishop Tenison refers to the services which Jonson rendered Bacon in an indefinite, though, to us, most expressive way.* Macaulay refers to him as "his friend Ben."† Basil Montagu, Bacon's most ardent admirer, speaks of the poet as "his constant, affectionate friend, Ben Jonson,"‡ while Judge Nathaniel Holmes is eager to enforce the fact that their relations were so peculiar as to justify the positive assertion that there was a secret understanding between them.‖ Most of these writers account for this singular intimacy by saying that Jonson was employed to translate Bacon's works into Latin. But every reader knows that Bacon, with all the prominent lawyers of his time, could write Latin with as much ease as he could write English. It was therefore entirely unnecessary for him to go to the thea-

* General Dictionary, ii., 567, note.
† Essays, Bacon, Tauchnitz ed., p. 134.
‡ Preface to the Essays, xiii.
‖ The Authorship of Shaks., p. 166.

tre to find a translator; moreover, we have been assured again and again by most respectable personages,* that Bacon loathed the thought of his name being in any way associated with plays, players, and playwrights; and it may, very properly, be asked why Jonson was so intimate with him; why was he employed, professedly to translate these works into Latin, if not to furnish a satisfactory excuse for his presence in Bacon's study, where, under the "cover" of a translator, he could uninterruptedly and safely write The Great Instauration.

Jonson's youth, unlike that of Bacon, was indicative of what he would be. "There is no reason," says Bacon's latest and best biographer, "to suppose that Bacon was regarded as a wonderful child. Of the first sixteen years of his life, indeed, nothing is known that distinguishes him from a hundred other clever and well disposed boys." (Letters and Life, i., p. l.) Jonson, on the other hand, was "one picked out of ten thousand." He early attracted the attention of the learned, commanded their respect, and won their sympathy. The anxious solicitude of Camden was, as we have seen, dutifully acknowledged and gratefully remembered. Jonson in his nineteenth year "was rapidly obtaining pre-eminence." (Gifford, Mem.) Before he was twenty-three, says Gifford, he had "mastered the Greek and Roman classics, and was, at the period of which we are now speaking (1605), among the first scholars of the age." His assistance was sought by the most eminent literary men of that brilliant time. The learned Selden to the end of his life consulted that "instructing judgment." Whalley (Life) says of him: "In his studies Jonson was laborious and indefatigable; his reading was copious and extensive; his memory so tenacious and strong that, when turned of forty, he could have repeated all that he ever wrote; his judgment was accurate and solid, and often consulted, by those who knew him well, in branches of very curious learning, and far remote from the flowery paths loved and frequented by the muses." (Gifford, Mem., p. 57.) He aided Raleigh in his History of the World, and the gallant

* Delia Bacon, W. H. Smith, Judge N. Holmes, Ignatius Donnelly.

adventurer inserted what Jonson wrote for him without a note of acknowledgment or a word of explanation. This Jonson revealed to Drummond, and Drummond told it to the world. The multitude of contemporary playwrights could not deny his ability or dispute his acquirements; but they jeered at him as a "translator," and hissed him for being "slow." "It takes him a year or two to write a play," they repeated again and again. We may heartily sympathize with their incredulity as to his special occupation, when we clearly perceive the wonderful extent of his knowledge.* No man possessed of such learning and genius could confine himself to the mere drudgery of the "desk's dull wood," if he knew the measure of his abilities, and Jonson was serenely conscious of it. Nor can we believe that this term "translator" was only applied to him because of his tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," the characters in which were necessarily distinguished Romans, whose stories had been told repeatedly, and who must be represented with historical accuracy, and whose speeches must be the natural reflection of their deeds.

Jonson winced under these accusations, and at last, annoyed beyond endurance by the buzzing nuisances, endeavored to silence them. He wrote "The Fox" in five weeks.

"We cannot," says Gifford (Mem., p. 23), "doubt the truth of his assertion, which was openly made on the stage. No human powers, however, could have completed such a work in such a time unless the author's mind had been previously stored with all the treasure of ancient and modern learning, on which he might draw at pleasure."

That Jonson condemned the unreasoning worship of Aristotle,† that he pursued that course of study which was essential for the production of the works purporting to be Bacon's, cannot be disputed; and it may, not unadvisedly, be affirmed that there is scarcely an author quoted or referred to in those alleged

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* "Of all his plays he never gained £200."—Drummond of Hawthornden, Macmillan, 1873, p. 100.

† "Nothing is more ridiculous than to make an author a dictator, as the schools have done Aristotle."—Jonson, Discoveries.

works of Bacon that is not also quoted or referred to in the undoubted works of Jonson. Indeed this is so strikingly manifest in the "Natural History," the uncompleted third part of the "Novum Organum," and the collections regarding medicine and alchemy, that an earnest student of Jonson's works can hardly fail to conclude, from the internal evidence alone, that these papers were originally compiled by Jonson. His own library was exactly the place whence one would expect to procure such material, for at that time, says Gifford, there was hardly a private library in the kingdom so rich in scarce and valuable books. (Gifford, Mem., 43.) A book in Jonson's possession was a book to be read: for, as he said, "Multiplicity of reading maketh a full man." (Disc. 4, Lectio.) He was no mere student of titles or devourer of names; the meat was what he sought, and so eagerly did he feed, that, Gifford questions "whether England ever possessed a better scholar than this extraordinary man." (Mem., 57.)

But, on the other hand, it is a constant source of wonder to Bacon's admirers how Bacon could possibly have found the time to write the works which are ascribed to him, while *his nearest friends* were equally *at a loss to account for the extent of his knowledge.*" "When we consider," says Mr. Spedding, "the delicacy of his constitution, his frequent illnesses, and the number of hours that must have been absorbed by official or professional business which has left no trace, it is wonderful to think how much work he got out of himself. . . . Dr. Rawley, who had the nearest view of him in the studies of his later years, was at such a loss to account for the extent of his knowledge that he ascribed it to a kind of inspiration. 'For, though he was a great reader of books,' says he, 'yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions within himself.'" (Letters and Life, vii., 565.)

Jonson's knowledge was based on grounds more relative than these. "It was not enough for him," says Taine (Eng. Lit., i. 271), "to have stored himself from the best writers, to have their whole works continually in his mind, to scatter his pages, whether he would or not, with recollections of them.

He dug into the orators, critics, grammarians, and compilers of inferior rank; he picked up stray fragments; he took characters, jokes, refinements, from Athenæus, Libanius, Philostratus. He had so well entered into and digested the Greek and Latin ideas, that they were incorporated with his own. They enter into his speech without discord; they spring forth in him as vigorous as at their first birth; he originates even when he remembers. On every subject he had this thirst for knowledge and this gift of mastering knowledge. He knew alchemy when he wrote "The Alchemist." He is as familiar with alembics, retorts, receivers, as if he had passed his life seeking after the philosopher's stone. He explains incineration, calcination, imbibition, rectification, reverberation, as well as Agrippa and Paracelsus. If he speaks of cosmetics, he brings out a shopful of them; one might make out of his plays a dictionary of the oaths and costumes of courtiers; he seems to have a specialty in all branches. A still greater proof of his force is, that his learning in no wise mars his vigor; heavy as is the mass with which he loads himself, he carries it without stooping. This wonderful compound of reasoning and observation suddenly begins to move, and falls like a mountain on the overwhelmed reader. We must hear Sir Epicure Mammon unfold the vision of splendors and debauchery, in which he means to plunge, when he has learned to make gold. The refined and unchecked impurities of the Roman decadence, the splendid obscenities of Heliogabalus, the gigantic fancies of luxury and lewdness: tables of gold spread with foreign dainties, draughts of dissolved pearls, nature devastated to provide a single dish, the crimes committed by sensuality, against nature, reason, and justice, the delight in defying and outraging law—all these images pass before the eyes with the dash of a torrent and the force of a river. Phrase on phrase, event upon event, ideas and facts crowd into the dialogue to paint a situation, to give clearness to a character, produced from this deep memory, directed by this solid logic, launched by this powerful reflection.

"Yes, he had cumbered himself with science, clogged himself with theories, constituted himself theatrical critic and social

censor, filled his soul with unrelenting indignation, fostered a combative and morose disposition; but Heaven's dreams never deserted him. He is the brother of Shakespeare."

Gifford, after carefully examining the drift of Jonson's studies, and what we have of his works, is clearly of the opinion that something should show the use which he made of the knowledge gleaned from the

"Twice twelve years stor'd up humanity."

"It is evident," says the great critic, "that we have but a small part of what was written. Something was probably lost in the confusion which followed his death, *and more in the wreck of his patron's fortune.*" (Memoirs, p. 49.)

ALFRED WAITES.

(*To be continued.*)

THE "TITUS ANDRONICUS": WAS IT SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PLAY?—HOW WAS IT MOUNTED ON THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE?—DID IT MEET WITH FAVOR FROM THEATRE-GOERS?

(*Concluded from January number.*)

I DO not believe that Shakespeare's audiences or the audiences of his time were as horrible purveyors of disorder, riot, and crime as Gosson, Stubbes, and the rest would have us believe. Gosson and Stubbes were Puritans, and the Puritans were terrible persons, who, just then, had nothing but their pens to fight with; they were objectors *per se* (as Macaulay says, they opposed bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator), and, while there were official censors of the stage in plenty, there were no censors of the stage defamers. Bad as these audiences were, I very much doubt if they, or if any audiences anywhere, could possibly be as nasty as some of the pages of Gosson and Stubbes; and it is best to remember in reading their pages that the art of cross-examination was not

in existence in those days, even had their testimony been given in a court of justice instead of in irresponsible print. I am quite aware that the way to write Elizabethan history is not to revise it, and I recall without remorse Mr. Trollope's good natured complaint that "lawyers consider themselves the only adult members of society." But at the same time, if one will trouble himself over a page or two of the State Trials of the date, and see grave judges from the bench put words into the mouths of witnesses, and threaten them with torture if they did not swear strongly enough to railroad prisoners to brutal deaths, he will not, I think, be apt to put overtrust in the literal truth of Elizabethan superlatives.

I am aware that these wicked audiences were noisy, fought and buffeted among themselves, smoked long pipes, ate fruits, cracked nuts, and drank beer, and burned juniper; that they guyed the actors, sometimes even breaking over the palings which separated the pit from the stage, and tossing these actors in blankets; that they even sometimes insisted on the performance being stopped and another being substituted (one author mentioning an occasion upon which the actors were cut short in a performance of *Jugurtha*, made to begin the *Jew of Malta*, then to try *Tamerlane*, and finally forced to finish the day with *The Merry Milkmaides*), to save themselves from being mobbed; or even that courtiers brought their chairs upon the stage itself, sitting or roaming about among the actors, smoking long tobacco pipes, caring more to show off their good clothes (as Marlowe thought) than for the acting; that a pair of stocks was kept upon the stage to be ornamented by any thief caught carrying on his trade in the noisy pit; and that when they surged out at the close "it was a sight to be seen," even if nobody happened to be killed. I know all this. I have no doubt that the manners of the time made mixed assemblages offensive to delicate creatures like the character in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601), who says he prefers going to see the *Boys of Paules*, because there

> "A man shall not be choked with the stench of garlic,
> Nor be pasted to the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer."

I know all this. Yet if Shakespeare's plays achieved a sufficient measure of success upon the stage where they were first performed to lead printers to publish them, and so send them on their road down to us and to immortality, there must have been audiences to, in some measure, appreciate or at least enjoy them. Bad as they were, it was for them that Shakespeare wrote—nay, as I believe, rewrote and remodelled. For as a practical playwright he would not have lost money on giving these audiences anything they did not relish, or empty his houses for the sake (I beg pardon always of the æsthetic critics) of teaching them about "Dual Unity," "The Sympathy and Antipathy of Things Mortal," the "Hermetic Gnosis," or divers cheerful facts about the "Logos," the "Rosicrucians," and the "Myth of Demeter and Persephone"—matters which would have been quite as absorbing as Major-General Stanley's cheerful facts about the Square of the Hypothenuse and much less susceptible of dramatic treatment. I rather incline to believe that Shakespeare was interested enough in his income returns to even study his audiences, to cater to their tastes and keep up with their requirements, and that it was due to his success in so studying them that he ultimately became one of the richest private subjects of Elizabeth and James of whom we have a record. We are, I think, certainly warranted in supposing that he neglected no detail of his business, overlooked none of those lesser items of his craft which brought pence to his purse. We have, I think, a right to believe (for example) that he stood in the wings (or what answered to the wings), and noted the effect upon the spectators of his points and situations. Doubtless he so stood upon the first night of his *Romeo and Juliet*, and watched the lank and starved anatomy of the Apothecary make an instant hit. We see how he worked up the scene in successive nights, by comparing the various editions from quarto to folio, elaborating Romeo's "beggarly account of empty boxes," and like itemized descriptions of that poor devil's stock in trade, to prolong the play to a "run." And, again, the small talk of the ladies who made a morning call on Volumnia, in *Coriolanus*, doubtless was a study from

life, which must have been, to use a modern idiom, "a screaming success" in the hands of the boys who could caricature as well as portray.* Had we an early quarto of the *Coriolanus*, doubtless we could trace the growth of that exquisite piece of "society" in ancient Rome, just as we can follow the workman's hand on the inimitable "business" of the Apothecary of Mantua. Bad as these audiences were—coarse, of vile habits, disgusting to nice ears, eyes, and noses—let us still remember that we owe to them Shakespeare—the Shakespeare who still lives in our libraries and dominates our stage!

Having said so much, let us see if we cannot say a further good word for them. For all they delighted (as what audiences do not to-day) in horse-play, it will perhaps not do to altogether sneer at the power of appreciation of Elizabethan theatre-goers. The love of "burlesque" (that is, the travesty of mimetic composition, to so define the word in its technical sense) is a mark of intelligence and of refinement. For, to appreciate a travesty, one must have an intelligent perception of the thing travestied. And certainly the episode of Bottom

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*And portray, as well, not only women, but women who, like Viola, Portia, and Rosalind, pretended to be boys. Tom Coryat (quoted by W. B. Rye in his "England Seen by Foreigners") says of the playhouse of Venice (*Crudities*, 1611, p. 247): "I was at one of their playhouses, where I saw a comedie acted. The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately playhouses in England. Here I observed certain things that I never saw before, for I saw women acte, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London, and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor." Actresses first appeared in England in 1629, and were hooted and pelted off the stage; none appeared again until the reign of Charles II. In the journal of Captain John Saris, an Englishman who made a voyage to Japan in 1613 (his narrative is reprinted in Purchas, his "Pilgrimes," 1625), is the entry: "The one and twentieth, the old king came aboard againe, and brought with him divers women to be frollicke. These women were actors of comedies which passe here from iland to iland to play, as our players do there from towne to towne, having severall shifts of apparrell for the better grace of the matter acted, which for the most part are of warre, love, and such like."

and his scratch company in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* is broad burlesque. I believe, however, that an Elizabethan audience could appreciate even a finer point than was made in the Bottom episode, and took in the satire of a burlesque upon a familiar point in stage business quite as heartily as do audiences of our own date. In the recently unearthed "Pilgrimage to Parnassus," acted by the students of St. John's College at Cambridge, prior to December, 1597, there occurs the following:

Enter Dromo, drawing a clowne in with a rope.

Clowne. What now? thrust a man into the commonwealth whether hee will or noe? What the devill should I doe here?

Dromo. Why, what an asse art thou? Dost thou not know a playe cannot bee without a clowne? Clownes have been thrust into playes by head and shoulders ever since Kempe could make a scurvey face; and therefore reason thou shouldst be drawne in with a cart rope.

Clowne. But what must I doe nowe?

Dromo. Why, if thou canst but drawe thy mouthe awrye, laye thy legge over thy staffe, sawe a piece of cheese asunder with thy dagger, lappe up drinke on the earthe, I warrent thee theile laugh mightilie.

This travesty on the little necessary to raise a laugh, and on the usage of managers to put something into every play with an eye to the groundlings and their pence, is certainly as pertinent to-day as it was in 1597; and if we find such traces of work written at that date, it is, it seems to me, rather unsafe to predicate abject mental density of the people for whom it was written. It will be urged, however, that this particular play was written not for the rabble, but for the university. But this means only that there were more kinds of audiences than one, which is very likely. It is apparent enough to-day that an audience which assembles itself to witness a Shakespeare play is of a higher intellectual average than one which gathers at a prize-fight or a circus, or to see a man wrestle with a bear. Possibly it was so in Elizabeth's day, and that the throng that crowded to see *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Hamlet*, or *Julius Cæsar*, was of a higher grade than those which flocked to see Sackerson

at Paris Gardens,* or to the Tower to see a miserable pony, with an ape tied to his back, driven in among a pack of dogs, who sprang at his ears, neck, and tail, and clung there by their teeth. The popular taste runs in all ages pretty much in the same grooves. One Henry Farley, in a poetical petition to Parliament, written in 1621, entitled *St. Paule's Church her bill for the Parliament* (in which he prays for repairs to that edifice), describes the popular taste in amusements, which appear, from his description, not to have been so very different from those of our own day :

> "To see a strange out-landish Fowle,
> A quaint Baboon, an Ape, an Owle,
> A dancing Beare, a Gyant's bone,
> A foolish Ingin move alone.
> A Morris-dance, a Puppit-play,
> Mad Tom to sing a Roundelay,
> A woman dancing on a Rope,
> Bull-baiting also at the *Hope* ;
> A Rimer's jests, a Jugler's cheats,
> A Tumbler showing cunning feats,
> Or Players acting on the Stage
> There goes the bounty of our Age ;
> But unto any pious motion,
> There's little coin and less devotion."

If we may indulge the fancy that, among this better class who went to see a Shakespeare play in preference to a bull-baiting or a bear-whipping, there were some who (like Mr. Furnivall to-day) thought the *Titus Andronicus* far too bloody, horrid, and repulsive, possibly a complaint to that effect may have reached Shakespeare's ear. And if it did, with his great good humor, not unmixed with an eye to revenue, he set

* Bear or bull baiting was accomplished by tying the animal to be baited by its hinder parts and then setting dogs upon it ; the upshot was that the dogs were gnashed or gored to death, though the baited animal lost blood and sometimes died by the sport. Another favorite diversion was to blind the bear and then set men to whip him with thongs. Often the bear was fortunate enough to throw the men down, or tear the whips out of their hands and break them to pieces.

to work to see what could be done. Not much indeed could be done with the plot, but then a scene could be introduced which might mitigate the cruelty of the whole, by showing a better side to some one of the sanguinary personages. Of course this is mere guesswork; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that at some time between the second Quarto and the first Folio, a whole scene was interwritten (at present the last of Act III.), in which Titus, Lavinia, and Marcus are seated at dinner, and Marcus kills a fly with his knife and Titus reproves him. Marcus replies that it is nothing but a fly. But Titus reminds him eloquently, that although the particular insect may have suffered a painless death, yet it may have had parents, friends, or relatives to whom its removal might bring pain. Whoever wrote it, this episode is Shakespearian: the red, and-to-be-redder-handed Andronicus in tearful mood over the murder of house-fly! Perhaps, as we have submitted, it may be discovered that instead of abusing Shakespeare's audiences, we are under deep obligations to them; that, had they damned the Shakespeare plays, the Shakespeare plays would then and there have perished; no pirate of a publisher would have stolen them, no member of the Ancient and Honorable Company of Stationers would have given them shelf room, and we of the nineteenth century would have never even heard so much as that there was a poet, playwright, actor, and dramatist named William Shakespeare.

Nobody knew the failings of his audiences and his actors better than Shakespeare himself. The plays are full of confessions and apologies for them both (sometimes with encouragement and compliments, as where the Prologue tells the pit that they are "known to be the first and happiest hearers of the town"). But when he slurs, he always slurs good humoredly, and what he says is edifying reading beside the bestial stuff that Stubbes and Gosson put into their books. And Shakespeare not only knew his audiences but took them into his confidence, pointed out to them his own deficiencies, and asked their kind toleration of his want of properties (such as perhaps, in prophetic vision, he saw us to-day lavishing in blazonry, and

picture and costly machinery, upon his noble lines). "What here you lack, our toil shall strive to mend," says the Prologue to the Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*. And the chorus to *Henry V.* (wherein most of all the playwright must have chafed at his own inability to mount the magnificent opportunities) is constantly asking the spectator to concede, to imagine that they see, the field of Agincourt, the heights of Harfleur, the fleets, the cavalcades, and the great parades. And they were patient audiences too, audiences who were willing, for example, to accept the same stage and the same setting (or no setting), as a church, a forest, a ball-room, a tomb, or a battle-field; to imagine the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Biron, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, overhearing each other in concealment, when actually standing at each other's elbow; or Diomed and Cressida flirting in Calcas' tent, supposing Troilus many miles away in Priam's palace, when there he stood at their side in full view, watching their venialities.

To-day, with the glories of our modern *mise en scène* at hand, when we can supply a part of the dialogue with machinery, another with a vista, another with an arrangement of the furniture, we can drop the curtain on Hamlet's and Othello's and Cleopatra's deaths. But more was necessary then to wind up, and so those parts of the plays which seem to us now rather in the nature of anti-climax are accounted for. Situations then needed more dialogue for their development than to-day. For example, in the latest adaptation of the *Antony and Cleopatra*, the play ends most impressively with the application of the asp and the death of Cleopatra; then immediately enter soldiers who say, "Cæsar hath sent . . ." to which Charmian replies solemnly, "Too slow a messenger!" and the curtain falls. In days when there was no curtain, and a crowded stage to be cleared, the dramatic strain of this moment would be lost, and it seems to me then to have been appropriate to gently remove the remainder of the persons of the drama (as Shakespeare did it) by Charmian's suicide and the entrances of the guard, who find and report all dead, and then the entrance of Cæsar and his train to take possession, and to tell the

spectators that all shall be solemnly concluded with due respect to the lofty caste of the deceased. Precisely this order of aftermath succeeds the deaths of Hamlet, Othello, and various others in the plays. But with our present stage facilities it would entirely dispel the effect upon the audience and eventually kill the play. However Shakespeare worked on the imaginations of his audiences in the heat of the story, it seems very clear to me that he did not entrust them with any liberties as to the due and proper disposition of those his plays left lifeless, or ever neglected to assure them that, even in their enemies' hands, they would receive the sepulture fitting their rank in life. The tendency of Shakespeare "to sort our nobles from our common dead" is everywhere scrupulously maintained; though this, as I have surmised elsewhere, may have been because the Court kept an eye on his theatres, lest in any morsel anywhere, a disbelief in the established order of things were encouraged in the rank and file. Nor can I believe (as I see Mr. Irving thinks)* that no real acting was possible upon the crowded stage, among the courtiers and the pickpockets in the stocks, but that it was probably only declamation or recitation that the audiences were presented with. How long would audiences, for whom the horse-play was perpetuated† from miracle and mystery days, have stood the recitations of Wolsey and Hamlet and Richard, if unaccompanied by action; for we have records to prove that then, as now, certain actors became identified with certain parts, and were widely celebrated for perfection in rendering them—as Lowin in Hamlet, Burbage in Richard III., Tarleton as Dogberry, Kempe in clowns' parts, Jack Wilson in parts with songs, etc., etc.—which seems incompatible with a belief that to act in those days was merely to give mouth to the speech set down for the part. This better class of actors, like Lowin and Burbage, often went to con-

* SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. III., p. 382.

† See Introduction to Vol. I. of the "Bankside Shakespeare," where it is pointed out that the horse-play parts of the earliest Quarto are always retained in later versions.

siderable expense for their wardrobes. In a German work, *Ethniographia Mundi Durch Johannem Olorinum*, 1610–13, *pars.* 4, occurs the following allusion to the magnificence of the dresses worn by English actors in their theatres: "Da müssen die Kragen mit Perlen besetzt werden, und wird eine solche Pracht gesehen, dass sie einher gehen, wie die englishen Comödien Spieler im Theater." And we have the entries in Henslowe's diary constantly to the same effect. And this expense would not have been justified unless a specialty (as we say now, a star part) had been earned by superiority in the special work required, which must have been something more than mere declamation.

And while we are saying good things of Shakespeare's audiences, we may perhaps note that books as well as beer and wines were peddled among them. In the Preface to a volume, *Observations by William Fennor* (1616), the author says: "I suppose this pamphlet will hap into your hands before the play begin, with the unfortunate clamour of 'Buy a booke!' by some needie companion." Possibly some of the thin Shakespeare quartos may have been so peddled, as librettos are peddled now, in the oviform interior of the "plaie-howse on the Banck in the Parishe of Saint Saviour's, called the Globe," with its "fower convenient divisions for gentlemens roomes and other sufficient and convenient divisions for twoe-pennie roomes, with necessary seates placed and sett as well in those roomes as throughеoute all the rest of the galleries of the said howse, with a stadge and tyreinge-howse sett upp within, with a shadowe or cover over the saide stadge, in length fortie and three foote of lawfull assize, and in breadth extending to the middle of the yarde of the saide howse with convenient windowes and lightes glazed to the saide tyreinge-howse." If not among the groundlings, at least among the courtiers in the gentlemen's boxes, or on the stage where stood the stocks. And there must have been a compensation for the crowded stage, too, since where scenery was next to nothing, or not at all, and the costumes of the actors only the ordinary clothing of their caste, the crowded stage must have lent, in itself, a realism to

the action, in scenes of public places, streets, and banqueting halls (the custom would have been rather more awkward in the chamber scenes).

The diary of Samuel Kiechel (circa 1585), who visited England in 1585 (as given by Mr. W. B. Rye), notes that some of the London theatres had three galleries, "one above another." "It may indeed happen," he continues, "that the players take from fifty to sixty dollars (£10 to £12) at a time, particularly if they act anything new, when people have to pay double. And that they perform nearly every day in the week; notwithstanding plays are forbidden on Friday and Saturday, this prohibition is not observed." * The diary of Justus Zinzerling (circa 1610) makes a note of "the theatres in which bears and bulls fight with dogs; also cock fighting." † But neither of these tells any such terrible tales of English audiences as Stubbes and Gosson dilate over, which is itself a rather suspicious circumstance, since foreigners are rather over than under inclined to criticise the social manners of countries other than their own. If the audiences guyed the actors no worse than the Royal party and the lovers in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* guyed Bottom's scratch company (Kit Sly, it will be remembered, went fast asleep over *The Taming of the Shrew*: at least Mr. Daly, in his elegant revival of that play, so disposes of him, thus correcting a difficulty obvious enough in the Quarto and Folio), it was not so great a piece of bad manners.

But while admitting the audiences to a word in their behalf, we must not forget their training. In the passing of what (for want of a better term) we have called the "horse-play" and rough-and-tumble of the interludes into the tragedy (which was only a bloody comedy—a comedy where everybody was killed: this they had come to expect), and with memories of what Kyd and Marlowe had given them, the idea that whatever the number of *dramatis personæ* the play opened with, the end of it must see them about all slain—this was a legitimate enough

* England as Seen by Foreigners in the Days of Elizabeth and James the First. William B. Rye. London, John Russell Smith, 1865, p. 88.

† Id., p. 188.

idea of a play: to close the life histories of the characters so that no further doubts could arise about them—no speculations as to their future, no coming to-morrow, as in a Chinese play, to see the *finale*—what else could audiences be led to expect? It was only in the higher walks of Elizabethan life and society that the intellectual awakening called for philosophical insights, delineation of emotions, motives, or tendencies. Indeed, we must not forget that social lines were being tightly drawn in those days, and that Shakespeare was of the class that filled his pit, rather than of the class that sat on his stage. In our exalted love and worship we are apt to forget this, and in the long perspective of three centuries we couple great names in a single breath. We think of Shakespeare, Southampton, and Elizabeth. But the fact is, that, in those days, it would have occurred to nobody, least of all to Shakespeare himself, to so group those personages. Rigid as may be the line drawn to-day between peer and peasant, courtier and tradesman, it was still more rigidly drawn then. The reverence with which an impecunious scribbler looks upon a man of vested wealth, multiplied by the distance between a proscribed player of interludes and a peer of the realm, would have rather prevented. A rich peer and a poor peer might be bosom friends. A rich peer and a penniless tramp—hardly. The only pretext for the rumor of the Shakespeare-Southampton friendship I have ever been able to discover is the fact that Southampton condescended to accept a couple of dedications; though I think it very likely that when Shakespeare became the manger of a theatre he might have been able to perform services for which Southampton was ready to pay a cash equivalent. However, the fiction of the brotherhood of these two men is a pleasant one, and there is no particular harm in it.

If Southampton admitted Shakespeare to the equality, not of brothers who went arm-in-arm, wrote verses to each other and chronicled each other's love affairs, but to such gracious familiarity as is depicted between the Lord and the players in the *Induction* to *The Taming of the Shrew*, or such courtly and good-natured badinage as Hamlet took and gave with the play-

ers he employed, it may have been that Gosson and Stubbes got wind of it. The muniments of the great family to which Lord Southampton belonged have met no exceptional vicissitudes of time and chance and are reasonably preserved. And there is no record in them, nor anywhere else, of any exceptional friendship or intimacy between the Earl and the playwright, and it is with extreme chagrin that Shakespearian students discover the only service Shakespeare is known to have rendered the nobleman, to have been such as does not bear characterization, and to which the only contemporary allusion extant is in a scandalous book, "*Willobie his Avisa,*" published 3d September, 1594, and now happily of uneasy access. That Shakespeare himself attempted perpetuation of the memory of this service in his Sonnets is a claim his admirers sometimes make, but of the value of which there are divergent opinions. If he did, and if it was in an attempt to write perfunctory verse, that —despite his theme—his inextinguishable *genius* produced some of the most exquisite poetry in any language: and if the poems dedicated to Southampton are Shakespeare's, it is only another phase in the intellectual miracle with which every student of Shakespeare, his theatres, his audiences, and his times must be prepared to grapple for himself. Surely a troupe like that organized by "sixpence a day or nothing" Bottom, must have felt a Shakespeare out of place among them: unless Shakespeare himself was careful not to allow those lofty moral purposes, those deeply religious insights, those philosophical aspirations with which our nineteenth century has supplied him, to be suspected, and so the playhouse emptied and the takings at the door fail to keep the cressets lighted.

So much for the histrionic aspects of our investigation. As for criticism, Mr. Fleay's* ideas of the *Titus Andronicus* are so revolutionary that I transcribe them entire.

"That this play is not by Shakespeare is pretty certain from internal evidence. The Latin quotations, classical allusions,

*A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare, Player, Poet, and Play-maker, by Frederick Gard Fleay. London and New York, 1886, pp. 280–282.

use of *pour* as prefix in IV., i., manner of versification, and above all the introduction of rape as a subject for the stage, would be sufficient to disprove his authorship. . . . Whether this play got into the Folio by some confusion with *Titus and Vespasian* . . . we cannot tell. . . . That it was written by Marlowe I incline to think. What other mind but the author of the *Jew of Malta* could have conceived Aaron the Moor. Mr. Dyce has warned us against attributing too many plays to the short career of Marlowe, but he did not consider that Marlowe probably wrote two plays a year from 1587–1593, and that we have only at present seven acknowledged as his. Those now attributed to him in whole or in part by me will raise the number to a baker's dozen; but in some of these, as the older *John* and I. and II. *Henry VI.*, his share was comparatively slight. Nevertheless, I think the opinion that Kyd wrote the play of *Andronicus* worth the examination; although, with such evidence as has yet been adduced, Marlowe has certainly the better claim. Shakespeare probably never touched this play, unless by inserting iii., 2, which is possible."

There are many schools of Shakespearian study. Mr. Fleay's chosen specialty is a disclaimer of all personal data, or chronicle of the man, and a narrowing down to the history of the Shakespeare theatres, theatrical companies, and the plays therein performed. Here perhaps no living scholiast can approach him, and no demurrer or dissent ought to be submitted to his deductions without the most extreme care and study. But does not Mr. Fleay allow himself to be influenced by his tastes, as Dr. Furnivall confesses himself to be, when, as we have seen, he announces that he will have nothing to do with *Titus Andronicus?* When he declares that "above all, the introduction of rape as a subject for the stage would be alone sufficient to disprove" a Shakespearian authorship? Is there any difference in kind, is it not only a difference in degree, between the ravishment scene in *Titus Andronicus* and the open propositions of the Duke's Deputy to Isabella in *Measure for Measure;* of Boult to Marina in *Pericles*, of Bertram to Diana in *All's Well that Ends Well*, of Bianca to Cassio, or of Falstaff to the unspeakable Mistress Doll? We have seen how the subtle hand that delineated an Iago or a Richard III. at

first chopped Aaron out of a block as wooden and lifeless in his villainy as the figure-head of a lugger. Does Mr. Fleay see anything in these which the 'prentice hand, grown into mastership, would have blinked at? One, on the whole, must ask the question sometimes, How much Shakespeare would be left us if nothing but what could be read aloud in the nursery is to be assigned to the man whom, even Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Fleay admit, was sometimes a delineator of human nature? Certainly it is amusing to find that nothing of the smut in *Pericles* is Shakespeare's, and must go. So that "what remains is the pure and charming romance of Marina, the sea-born child of Pericles, her loss, and the recovery of both child and mother by the afflicted Prince." It is amusing, again, to note that Mr. Fleay—in the very volume (and on the very next page) where he tells us what isn't Shakespeare in *Pericles* because it isn't as clean as it might be—declares that Shakespeare and not Marlowe wrote those very scenes in the *Edward III.* in which occurs the *risque* scene between Edward and the Countess of Salisbury, and includes both of these dramatic pieces in what he calls "The Marlowe Group of Plays," thus ousting Shakespeare in the one for exactly that by which he vests him in possession in the other!

As to Mr. Fleay's assertion that our present *Titus Andronicus* is not the perished play of *Titus and Vespasian*, "played by Lord Strange's men 11th April, 1592, which was, as we may know from a German version extant, written on the same subject and in which Shakespeare may have had some share," there is room for considerable curious speculation, the result of which may possibly qualify the opinion urged in this paper as to the *Titus Andronicus* having been Shakespeare's very earliest attempt at stage work. "A tragedy of *Titus Andronicus* was acted in Germany about the year 1600 by a company of English players. In this tragedy the persons are: *Vespasian, The Roman Kaiser, Titus Andronicus, Andronica, Æthiopissa, Morian, Helicates, Saphonius, Consort of Andronicus, Victoriades, White Guards, Messengers*, etc. The narrative develops correspondingly to the English play,

and is on the whole so nearly the same as to make the inference that this is simply an adaptation of the Shakespeare play conclusive. A stage direction calling for the entrance of the Kaiser, reads: "*Enter the Kaiser who is not yet Kaiser,*" evidently the entry of Sempronius to ask the suffrages of the electors. In changing the Shakespeare play for the German stage, Lavinia is made over into *Andronica*, evidently to express her relation to Andronicus. For the change of Helicates and Saphonius from Chiron and Demetrius there is no apparent reason, any more than why Aaron should be Morian, or Tamora Ætiopissa (since in the stage direction she is directed to be "white and fair"). Possibly, to the exact German mind, black was an improper color for a Kaiser's wife.

The first stage direction of this German play is as follows: "*Enter Vespasian with the Roman crown in his hands; Titus Andronicus with a laurel crown on his head; the Emperor of Rome that was to be; The Queen of Ethiopia lovely and of fair complexion* (welche schön und weiss), *together with her two sons; Morian, the Queen's attendant and paramour, with a plain black mantle over his handsome dress. The four last are captives of Titus Andronicus.*" Here is nothing to indicate that Aaron is black, except that the name Morian may suggest a Moor (Moors were not black, but only of dark complexion). But Helicates and Saphonius are both in love with Andronica, and fight about her. Andronicus separates them and promises to aid them in killing her husband, who has no name except "*Husband of Andronica*" in the stage directions. Here is the forest scene, the wrangle between the Empress and Andronica, the murder of the *husband of Andronica*, and *Helicates* and *Saphonius* according to the directions "*go up to Andronica, attempt to raise her, and carry her off: they carry her off into the forest.*" The action still corresponds. The Empress and Morian have a terse dialogue in ten lines of prose, unfit to quote here, but which is put into poetry in the present II., iii., 10–50. Morian demands Titus's hand; he cuts it off. Then we have another stage direction: "*Enter Helicates and Saphonius, who had gone into the forest with Andronica, upon whom they satis-*

fied their lust. Having also barbarously mutilated her, cut off both her hands, and torn out her tongue, they now bring them." Helicates explains why the mutilation is necessary, in coarse epithet. Then enters *Victoriades.* from whom Andronica *on seeing him runs into the wood.* Then Morian brings in the hand and two heads. After a little, the direction "*Enter Vespasian with a basket of sand and a staff,*" and the pantomime of Lavinia and the staff writing is rapidly indicated. After more dialogue, generally to the effect that Titus has declared war against the Emperor and sold his property to raise an army, a messenger enters upon the Emperor and Empress with a letter, which he tells the Emperor contains a declaration of war from Titus. The Emperor opens it, finds that it contains nothing but *ein blosses Schermesser* ("razor"), and orders the messenger to be taken out and hanged. This is, of course, the clown and pigeon scene: which, if inexplicable before, seems doubly so now. That the Emperor should order a messenger who brought a declaration of battle to be instantly hanged might be imagined—that he should order a messenger who brought him pigeons (which certainly are not symbolical of war) to be instantly hanged, passes explanation. Then follows the scene of the midwife with the black child, with the same action and to the same purpose. The child is saved by Aaron, who kills the midwife, etc., etc., precisely as in the Shakespeare play. Then comes the scene where Tamora and her two sons visit Titus in disguise, her idea—as appears by a previous dialogue between herself and the Emperor—being to leave her two sons with Titus, whom she instructs, the moment she retires, to assassinate him. Next follows the direction: "*They go to the palace and she calls old Titus.*" The Empress tells him that "we are your good friends, and the gods have sent me to you with these men, that I may deliver them both to you. They are appointed by the gods to assist in the war by their good advice, that we may soon conquer the the enemy." She then departs.

Up to this point the German play has been crude, coarse, and rapid compared to the English one. But now it becomes infi-

nitely more probable. The cutting of the throats of Chiron and Demetrius, and the catching of their blood in a basin, is now done with some plausibility. Instead of being done by a one-handed old man and a girl, the victims acquiescing, Titus sends for two soldiers, and the following stage directions explicitly tell how it is accomplished: "*A sharp razor and apron are brought. He puts on the apron and makes preparations to slaughter them. A basin is brought. The eldest brother is first held down; he wishes to speak, but they stop his mouth. Titus half cuts his throat. The blood runs into the basin. After it is all run out they lay him down dead on the floor.*" The other is then attended to. The directions proceed: "*Holds his throat in the same way. He resists violently and wishes to speak, but they stop his mouth. Titus cuts his throat, the blood is collected, after which they lay him down dead.*" Titus then says: "I have now cut their throats, and what I have slaughtered I will cook myself. I will hash up these heads and bake them in pasties. Then I will invite the Emperor and their mother." Titus then sends the dead bodies into the kitchen and despatches a messenger to the Emperor, offering peace and inviting him to a banquet. Enter the *Emperor*, *Empress*, *Andronica*, *Vespasian* and *Victoriades*, and *Titus*, "*still wearing*" (say the stage directions) "*the blood-stained apron*, and with a knife in *his hand*." They sit down; the Emperor asks Titus why he wears the apron, and he replies: "Mighty Emperor, I have become cook myself, and have made pasties for your majesty." The stage directions continue: "*He goes up to the pies, carves them, and places portions of them before the Emperor and the Empress. Vespasian eats nothing. Titus walks sorrowfully up and down.*" The Empress says: "I have never eaten a better pie than this in all my life, but I cannot imagine what they are made of." Titus answers: "Oh, my lovely Empress, pray take some more, as you relish it so much, and I will tell my Empress afterwards what they are made of." He then gives her more pie. The Empress eats it and asks why he, Titus, does not eat. Whereupon Titus says that he is unhappy

on account of the misfortunes of his daughter Andronica. He then draws his knife and calmly murders that lady. In the confusion which results, he manages to kill the Empress, whereupon the Emperor kills Titus. Vespasian then kills the Emperor and proclaims himself his successor.

Now, this play was performed in Germany in 1600. It was called "*Eine sehr klägliche Tragaedia von Tito Andronico und der hoffertigen Kayserin, darinnen denckwürdige actiones zubefinden*," that is, "A most lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus and the haughty Empress, wherein are found memorable events." It is the story, plot, and action of the Shakespeare play, and is performed in Germany by English actors—contemporary with Shakespeare himself. If we are searching for information as to this identical Shakespeare and this identical play, is it a mark of unreason and of deficient common-sense to take such facts as these into account, in preference to verse tests and sentimental criticisms, or even in place of rejecting the whole question as one unworthy to be discussed because the play has "a repulsive subject, and because its blood and horrors speak. as plainly as play can speak, 'I am not Shakespeare's'"? All we are allowed to know about *Titus Andronicus*, according to the æsthetic school, is that the play belongs to the First Period, and to the Lust-or-False Love Group, or to the Unfit-Nature-or-Under-Burden-Falling Group (I really forget which), in the picturesque hyphenation of Furnivall, Donnelly, and the North American Indians. If, however, we are permitted to examine this Germanized version, I think either one of two conclusions would follow, viz.: Either (1) the English actors in Germany—while of course performing precisely the same "business" as they had found acceptable on the London stage—found it unnecessary or possibly injudicious to do more than summarize the Shakespeare text, and revised this business wherever necessary to hit the denser, even if more matter-of-fact, German mind—as in substituting a naked razor for two pigeons as a gage of battle, and two stout soldiers to assist a one-handed old man in place of a girl without any hands at all in cutting the throats

of two stalwart young libertines! or, (2) some of the Shakespeare play was lost—never went into the Quarto at all, and so never was copied into the Folio at all. And I think, possibly, the fact that portions of this play were so lost, may have been known to Heminges and Condell, who may have searched for them, and the in search found the missing scene of the killing of the fly, which they were able to include.

In the absence of the text of this *Titus and Vespasian* and the similarity between the above German version and the dramatic piece young Shakespeare wrote, I do not see at present why (dates not forbidding) we may not conjecture—if we are to conjecture at all—that these English actors in Germany may have had a copy of Shakespeare's plays in their repertoire as well as of the other one: or again, why there may not have been a version of the play with a "Vespasian" in it; or still again, whether Saturninus may not have been once called "Vespasian." The rechristening of Shakespearian characters went on very fluently in those first days. Falstaff was once Oldcastle; Nym was Tom; Bardolph was Harry; Quickly was Ursula; Polonius was Corambis; Don Armado was Braggart, etc. In the play before us, Saturninus is "King," or "Emperor," as it happens, and in *The Famous Victories* many of the personages, now familiarizsd by name, were designated as a "Captain," a "Frenchman," a "Drummer," a "Messenger," etc., etc.

As to whether or no, in the hiatus of ten or a dozen years of William Shakespeare, during which a raw country youth became a plausible scholar, we are to supply a voyage to Germany with a group of actors whose convoy would have furnished an escape from the wrath of a lampooned Lucy, every investigator must judge for himself. Happily his decision will make no difference as to this particular play. Certainly, young Shakespeare must have had a very varied and miscellaneous experience somewhere, not entirely of a vagabond type. Somewhere, in those sixteen years—between his early marriage to a farmer's daughter and Meres' mention of him as the English equivalent of Plautus and Seneca—a great many curious

things must have happened. "The intimate relations," says Mr. W. B. Rye,* "subsisting at this time between England and Wurtemberg, as also with the Elector Palatine, whose wife was an English Princess Royal, must have contributed not a little to attract and encourage the visits of English actors to Germany."

All this may be unimportant, but yet it is in writing plays for his times, his trivialities, and his audiences, and living and moving in this atmosphere, that we must see William Shakespeare, if we are to see him at all. It was for these he studied character and invented parts, borrowing from everywhere and from everybody, but for comic parts drawing only upon himself. There is no such character as Ancient Pistol in all literature, and yet Shakespeare must somewhere have seen a Pistol, as well as the Constable whose "humour he took at Grendon in-Bucks" (according to Aubrey), and made into a Dogberry or an Elbow. It was for these audiences that he did and made himself all that he was. Is it possible that he should have been all immaculate and they all besotted and bestial? If we are to believe authors like Rees and the good Bishop Wordsworth, Shakespeare wrote his plays principally out of the Bible, drew from its pages the majority of his similes, and never framed a character for his stage without consulting its contents. Mr. Rees even goes further than Bishop Wordsworth, and tells us that the identical Bible, out of which Shakespeare made his plays, was presented to Shakespeare as a parting gift by his mother when he left Stratford — by his mother, "whose love added a bright charm to the holy passages she taught him to read and study; to his mother was Shakespeare indebted for early lessons of piety and reverence for a book from whose passages in after-life he wove himself a mantle of undying fame." † We cannot foist Falstaff, Doll Tearsheet, Boult,

* England as seen by Foreigners—temp. Elizabeth and James, p. cix. Of course I have drawn on Albert Cohn's elaborate "Shakespeare in Germany" for the above description of the German play, to which altogether too little attention has been given by the commentators.

† Shakespeare and the Bible. By John Rees. Philadelphia, Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1876.

and the rest of the bad ones, as we can the Kings and Queens, upon History—upon Monstrellet or Holingshed, or upon Shakespeare's classical authorities, according to the general commentator. For the low-caste characters were Shakespeare's own. The smuttiest work that Shakespeare ever did, however, was in the *Pericles*, and it does not surprise us, after reading Stubbes and Gosson, to find that play the oftenest printed in Quarto, as far as we know, of any of the Shakespearian plays. And yet it must be admitted that Shakespeare did not love smut: he Bowlderized some of his own plays between their Quarto and their Folio dates. Instead of the three caskets, he might have adopted another version of the tests with which a lady's hand was won, which would have relegated the *Merchant of Venice* to our libraries forever. He was the first English dramatist to demonstrate that that which is comic need not necessarily be obscene, or that one could be witty or humorous without referring to the relations between the sexes. He put his putrescence on the outside of his plays, as Gothic architects put their dragons and demons on the outside of their cathedrals, while carving only saints and angels within. But yet it will not add one leaf to Shakespeare's crown for his admirers to be dishonest in his praise, and make him what he was not and never pretended to be, "his grandsire cut in alabaster." It is only for such gentlemen as Fleay and Furnivall and Rees and Bishop Wordsworth to conceive that the greatest delineator of human passion did not, for himself, share in the passions of his kind. So that, for example, the *Romeo and Juliet*, with its masterly and magical delineation of the power, pathos, and imperious sweep of the mightiest of human passions, is merely among the very earliest works of a lad who liked the jingle of rhyme! So terrible is the human temptation to find what we look for, from which even a Shakespearian commentator cannot rid himself! I certainly cannot believe myself free from this same temptation, but I am unable to separate myself from the conviction that the increase in stage finish marks Shakespeare's successive steps in playwriting quite as well as a touchstone which will assign the creation of Juliet —the finished humor of Juliet's nurse, the *sang-froid* of

Mercutio, and the garrulities of old Capulet—to a tyro, simply because the dignity of "unstopped endings" and "run on lines" may be wanting to their speeches. Shakespeare improved his art with experience. Even nature betters her own handiwork. Her gigantic saurians were very clumsy creatures; her first effort at making a bird was simply ridiculous: why should not a Shakespeare, to whom, we are told, "the mighty mother did unveil her awful face," have advanced in something else besides scansion? Is it not possible that—between the lad who chopped out an Aaron and the consummate artist who drew an Iago—may possibly have been a workman sensible of improvement in the material exigencies of his craft?

I think, therefore, that all the questions asked in our title must be answered in the affirmative: that the *Titus Andronicus* was Shakespeare's earliest play, that the Elizabethan stage was quite equal to mounting it, and that it was popular with the audiences of its date. Perhaps its success was the foundation of Shakespeare's fortune. That he left his fortune to his heirs and did not, like Alleyn, found a college with it, was, no doubt, because — well, because he was not Edward Alleyn, but William Shakespeare.* William Shakespeare, a man who, from amidst the trivialities and distractions and pitiful makeshifts—the Nick Bottoms and pasteboard horses and brown-paper dragons and the petty economies into which the straitened home of his youth had moulded him—the man who could leave behind him that before which eulogium despairs and language falters and apotheosis pants for breath.

APPLETON MORGAN.

* Since concluding this paper I have read with great pleasure Mr. L. M. Griffiths' "*Vindication of Titus Andronicus*," in volume i. of this magazine (page 200). It is a noble paper, in every way worthy of so reverent, competent, and discriminating a Shakespearian critic as Mr. Griffiths has everywhere shown himself to be. In view of the wide divergence of opinion and point of view with which individuals must always write and speak upon Shakespearian themes, I doubt if, from such differing assumptions, two writers ever came nearer a concordance of opinion upon a mooted objective than Mr. Griffiths and myself over *Titus Andronicus*. That the play is Shakespeare's we both agree, and where we disagree the question is, and always will be, a widely open one.

Editorial.

IT would be difficult to mention five more prominent names in Shakespearian Scholarship than the last four years have added to its Necrology: Henry Norman Hudson, Richard Grant White, Clement Mansfield Ingleby, James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps (to name them in the order of their departures), and now, the name of Dr. Karl Elze is added suddenly to the list. Certainly a remarkable mortality in so limited a branch of letters.

Dr. Elze died suddenly at Stuttgart on the 25th day of January. He was the best known of German Shakespearians not only, but—being an accomplished English scholar—was the only one who, like Halliwell-Phillipps, spent his time, not only over authorities, but in English muniment rooms and old libraries, getting as nearly as possible to the material sources of the data with which he worked. Dr. Elze was a constant contributor to the *Jahrbuch*, the *Athenæum*, and the standard German periodicals. His best known works are his "Essays on Shakespeare," which contain some of the most original labor ever bestowed upon Shakespeare, and his "William Shakespeare, a Biography," which he had but very recently completed. Dr. Elze was member of many learned societies, and co-honorary member of the New York Shakespeare Society with the late Halliwell-Phillipps, whom he survived by so brief an interval.

IN view of the constantly increasing use of the Shakespeare Works as a Manual for instruction and training in English in colleges, schools, social and private classes—SHAKESPEARIANA will commence, at an early day, the publication of "A TEACHER'S SUPPLEMENT" to serve as an interchange of opinion, questions, notes, hints, suggestions, and experiences between Teachers, Lecturers, Club and Class Leaders, and others engaged in the teaching of Shakespearian and Elizabethan language, literature, and manners; which Department, it is hoped, will not be without value to those for whose convenience it is intended.

The Open Court.

EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA:

ON page 310 of your Volume V. Mr. Jonathan Trumbull thinks we must allow Donnelly to put "bottle-ale" into the Menu which Shakespeare is alleged to have spread before Percy at New Place, because Doll Tearsheet calls Pistol a "bottle-ale rascal." Indeed, I am still afraid we cannot, and must agree with Mr. Morgan, and I will cite no authority but Mr. Donnelly himself in the matter.

Donnelly tells us that Shakespeare was a famous brewer, and produced home-brewed ale at New Place in such quantities, over and above what he consumed at his own table, that he sold it to his neighbors and made a considerable profit that way (this is one of the counts in Donnelly's terrible indictment, by the way, against the bard of Avon). Now if he brewed ale, why should it not come to his table in tankards as was the universal custom—why should he BOTTLE it? Donnelly does not forget to dwell upon Shakespeare's reputation for wine guzzling, and tells us over and over again about the beer bouts and the "Piping Pebworth" story.

The only ale in bottles that came into England (an ale-drinking country, whose people drank ale for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and between meals) was that brought by sailors from foreign ports—and mighty little of that—for the sailors stocked themselves for a voyage only, and not for the round trip, expecting to replenish in British ports for the home voyage. Hence the little ale that remained was in the bottom of half-emptied bottles and in a vile and stale condition (what the modern Englishman calls "swipes"), and so "bottle ale" became the Elizabethan slang synonym for anything stale, nasty, and disagreeable. So when Doll called Pistol a "bottle-ale rascal" it was as if she had called him a "stale-beer" rascal, a "remainder biscuit after a voyage" rascal, etc.

I am afraid Donnelly's "bottle-ale" must ride the ways

with the "bitter beer" he thought better of and rejected, unless the would-be apostle of the probable and the realistic will have it that the high-living and well-to-do Shakespeare—a judge of ale and a brewer of so first-class a brand that his neighbors flocked to purchase of his over-product for cash—sent out to the London docks to collect heel-taps of stale ale in bottles to furnish forth his own private table.

DENNETT LAWRENCE.

WHAT does Prince Hal mean (I. *Henry IV.*, 70) when he compares Jack Falstaff to "the Melancholy of Moorditch"? Rolfe, and the other editors I have access to, do not explain the line, or even allude to it as needing explanation. G. P. K.

"The Melancholy of Moorditch" was a fever (as we would say now, a malarial fever) arising from the stagnant and undrained pool or morass made by the ditch at Moorfields overflowing, and which affected the dwellers in the vicinity.

E. L. P.

HAMLET'S SEA OF TROUBLES.

EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA:

ON page 412 of Vol. V., Mr. Clifford Lanier suggests, SEGE for SEA. He says it was a good and expressive English word, previous to Shakespeare's time, and must have survived until his time, and perhaps later. The word means a herd, a flock, a collection, and Mr. Lanier's suggestion is an effort to relieve, if possible, that terrible mixed metaphor which has so bothered our dainty commentators.

A suggestion of my own to relieve the metaphor is as follows: Let the idea in Shakespeare's mind have been that of a swimmer, who spreads out his arms to buffet and ride the waves. Let "take" be the misprint: and let us read for it "toss" (which, printed "*tofs*," as was the old way, might well have helped the compositor's hand into the wrong box). Then we would have—

"And *toss up* arms against a sea of troubles."

How would that relieve the mixed metaphor?

HORACE P. HARMAN.

"*IN THE SOUP.*"

EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA:

Do you think there is anything possible in the way of invention in this age that is not foreshadowed by Shakespeare? This campaign has brought into general expression a saying, "In the soup." In Shakespeare it appears to have been "In the custard!" In *Love's Labour's Lost* (II., v., 36) we have:

"*Parolles*—I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

"*Lafeu*—You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard."

It was not uncommon for the guests, especially the Aldermen of that period, to send or take a portion of the custard home, to the furtherance of their domestic economy. In an old play, *Wit in a Constable*, a young lady deplores her guardian's stinginess, and, after referring to her attire, continues:

> "Nor shall you, sir (as 'tis a frequent custom
> 'Cause you are the worthy Alderman of a ward),
> Feed me with custard and perpetual white broth,
> Sent from the Lord Mayor's feast, or the Sheriff's feast,
> And here preserved ten days (as 'twere in pickle),
> Till a new dinner from the common hall
> Supply the large defect."

Ben Jonson in *The Devil Is an Ass* (I., i.) refers to the fact that ladies at these banquets wore long gowns and hoods to protect their dresses from the spattering custard:

> "He may perchance in tail of a Sheriff's dinner
> Skip with a rhyme o' the table from New-nothing
> And take his Almain-leap into a custard,
> Shall make my lady Mayoress and her sisters
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

Soon it became not effeminate for gentlemen, as well as ladies, to protect themselves in the same way. Nobody can tell when the custom ceased in English social manners. Probably, like the Snark, it softly and silently vanished away, never to return, unless in the argot of the last campaign, when the defeated candidate was said to be "in the soup."

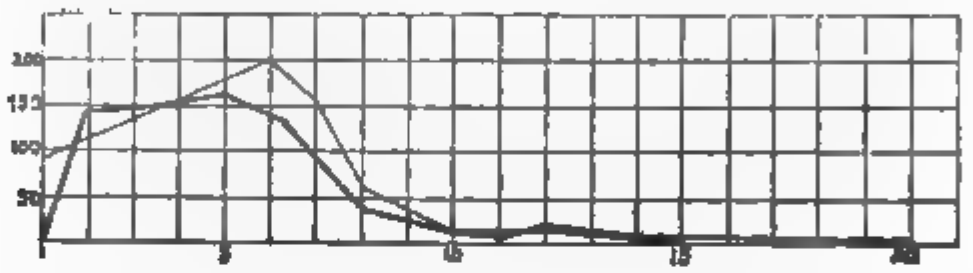
SYDNEY P. HARRIMAN.

Miscellany.

By the courtesy of Mr. Hodges, editor of *Science*, we are permitted to use the following letter and cut:

To the Editor of "Science":

I was intensely interested in the article *Science* published more than a year ago by Professor Mendenhall, on "Style-Curves," and made up my mind to submit the Bacon-Shakespeare question to a style-curve test at once. But, somehow, it was only last week that I got at it. I enclose you the result—the



light line is Bacon; the heavy, Shakespeare. In order to understate it, if possible, I selected the 100 words of Shakespeare from Olivia's speech in *Twelfth Night*, III., i., 110—a passage almost as sententious as Bacon's acknowledged work; and the 100 words of Bacon from his "Essay on Youth and Age."

New York, Jan. 19, 1889. Appleton Morgan.

By courtesy of Hon. Alvey A. Adee, we are permitted to print the following, which settles the vexed question as to what particular copy of the First Folio the Booth Reprint follows:

1 Duchess Street, W., April 20, 1887.

Dear Sir: I had several old copies, more or less perfect, of the First Folio Shakespeare to refer to in case of doubt as to a letter. One belonged to the late Col. Wegram, and I think passed into Mr. Halliwell's hands; another to a Mrs. Hartree, and the others, which my late uncle got from the late Edmond Malone, have been dispersed I know not where.

Yours faithfully, Lionel Booth.

Mr. B. F. Stevens.

When Tonson moved from his old shop in Chancery Lane, he no longer traded under the sign of "The Judge's Head,"

but set up "Shakspere's Head." He was truly the first bookseller who threw open Shakespeare to a reading public. The four Folio editions had become scarce even in his time. The third Folio was held to have been destroyed in the fire of London. In 1709 Tonson produced Rowe's edition in octavo. Bernard Lintot the elder, who, about the same time, republished Shakespeare's poems, expresses himself in his advertisement as if Tonson's speculation were an experiment not absolutely certain of success: "The writings of Mr. Shakespeare are in so great esteem, that several gentlemen have subscribed to a late edition of his dramatic works in six volumes, which makes me hope that this little book will not be unacceptable to the public." Tonson and his family were long associated with editions of Shakespeare. Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, and Capel were liberally paid by the Tonsons for their editorial services.—*American Bibliopolist.*

Notes and Queries (Philadelphia) prints the following interesting item as to the father of Realism (a real pump and washtub) on the stage: "ORIGINAL VINCENT CRUMMLES.—Mr. Davidge, speaking on one occasion about the part of Vincent Crummles, shed an interesting light upon Charles Dickens' celebrated sketch of the strolling actor-manager in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' which Davidge said was drawn from life and represented an old actor named Davenport, who afterwards came to America, and whose daughter, Mrs. Gen. Lander, was the 'Infant Phenomenon.' Said Mr. Davidge: 'I was in Davenport's company about 1836, and it numbered Davenport, his wife, his daughter, 'the phenomenon,' an actress named Merritt, Jack Litchfield, and myself. I was with him for some time. playing in all the little villages of southern England. I remember some of Davenport's shrewd ways of advertising. The infant phenomenon was a buxom English lass of twelve or fourteen, with stout legs and a florid complexion. She was always dressed in short dresses and pantalettes and neat slippers. Her hair was in braids down her back, and she wore the large, flapping hat of the period. Her head was large and her beauty

small, looked nine years old, and was a good actress in certain heavy lines — indeed quite remarkable in some heavy characters. She borrowed my wig and played Peter Teazle well at the age of twelve. Those little English villages are often merely one long street, and Davenport would pick out a lodging which all the churchgoers would have to pass Sunday morning. He would dress up the infant phenomenon and make her sit dancing a big doll where she could be seen in the window, and the people would stand in groups open-mouthed in wonder at the baby who played with her doll in the morning and trod the boards at night as Macbeth. Then the family formed in procession with prayer-books in their hands and the vanity of earthly joys in their faces, and went to church. Davenport went first, his wife behind, and the phenomenon in the rear, and always managed to reach the church just after everybody else was seated, and marched up the aisle to the communion-table in a style of pure melodrama, thus attracting the attention of all to the phenomenon."

A CUSHMAN Monument Association, the object of which is to erect a statue in honor of Charlotte Cushman, has been incorporated in the city of New York. Miss Kate Sanborn has been chosen President, and the following ladies Vice Presidents: Mary L. Booth, Harriet G. Hosmer, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Jennie Cunningham Croly, Mary Putman Jacobi, Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood), Anne Sheldon Combs, Marquise Lanza, M. B. Odenheimer-Fowler, Lucy C. Lillie, Helen H. Gardner, Elizabeth W. Champney, Elizabeth B. Custer, M. Louise Thomas and Lilian Whiting. Among the members may be named Mrs. Egbert Guernsey, Mrs. Charles R. Lynde, Mrs. H. H. Boyesen, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Mrs. Dr. William Tod Helmuth, Mrs. James R. Franklin, Miss Maria J. Kemp, Mme. di Cesnola, Mrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mrs. E. Marcy Raymond, Mrs. Oliver B. Bunce, Mrs. Charles T. Dillingham, Mrs. John Jay Cisco, Mrs. John F. Dillon, Mrs. Abram Wakeman, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Benson J. Lossing, Appleton Morgan, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the

Rev. Dr. Maynard, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, General James Grant Wilson, Constant Mayer, George Wharton Edwards, Edgar Fawcett, Edgar Saltus, Moncure D. Conway, Montague Marks, Charles Henry Webb, A. M. Palmer, John Bloodgood, and J. S. Abecassis. The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, No. 20 William St., are the Association's bankers. Secretary, Mrs. Ingersoll Lockwood, No. 499 Fifth Ave.. New York.

AT the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon it is proposed to act a play of Shakespeare's which has never been seen on any stage since the death of Heminge and Condell, viz., the first of the three plays founded on the life of Henry VI. The play will be produced under the direction of Mr. Osmond Tearle, who will himself take the part of Talbot. The scenery will be under the direction of Mr. John O'Connor, R.I. The costumes will be designed from the best authorities. The stage version of the Memorial Edition will be strictly adhered to, and the play is already in rehearsal.

THE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN, on the occasion of the three hundred and third anniversary of the birth of the poet of Avon, pierced with fine ridicule certain ambitious schemes of enthusiastic Shakespearians, proposed, three years before, at the tercentenary celebration. One plan, of which the Chevalier probably never heard, but which, like the others, was a complete and dreary failure, was the founding of a magazine, to become a depository of Shakespearian wisdom, and to be a sort of *Salon*, in which members of the guild, though more widely separated than Sicily is from Bohemia, might meet and talk. Where the Englishmen of 1864 failed, a young Philadelphian of 1883 succeeded. And in November of the latter year appeared the first number of SHAKESPEARIANA, "a journal designed to furnish a recognized medium for the interchange of ideas among Shakespearian scholars." It was most kindly received by the English press, welcomed by Dowden and Halliwell-Phillipps, and Stapfer and Schmidt, and the best of Conti-

nental scholars; and had, as well, the endorsement of many a name familiar, and of great renown outside the Shakespearian guild. Its last issue, January, 1889, dates from New York, and it is now directed by the New York Shakespeare Society.—*Modern Language Notes.*

Le Chat Noir, a Weekly Review of the Players, has begun publication in the City of New York. The most radical of the reforms in theatrical journalism proposed is that its "editors or attachés will not accept complimentary theatre orders under any circumstances."

MR. JOHN BUTTERWORTH, a law publisher of London, has placed a magnificent Shakespeare Memorial window in the great hall of Lincoln's Inn.

NEW assignments of "The Bankside Shakespeare" are: *Hamlet*, E. P. Vining, Esq.; *Richard III.*, Alfred Waites, Esq.

Shakespeare Societies.

JANUARY MEETING OF THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—The President, APPLETON MORGAN, Esq. in the chair. The Executive Committee reported the death of J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, Esq., the first Honorary Member of this Society, and that it seemed appropriate that the Society should take immediate steps to adequately express its deep sense of loss in the demise of its most prominent benefactor and friend. After fitting remarks by Messrs. W. W. Nevin and Thos. R. Price, the chair appointed Messrs. Nevin, Price, and Reynolds a committee to draft suitable preamble and resolutions and to report at the next ensuing meeting. Mr. Alfred Waites then read the paper of the evening, a most striking and original one, entitled "DID BEN JONSON WRITE BACON'S WORKS?" * which was lis-

* Printed at page 145 of this issue.

tened to with intense interest. Messrs S. H. Nichols, Price, and others participated in the debate which followed, Mr. Nichols deprecating the tendency to find a new original for every prominent authority, but, at the same time, admitting the fascination of the task. Mr. Morgan said that he understood that Mr. Waites' paper was intended to be an exact and most logical repetition of the sequence by which Judge Holmes and others proved the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. Dr. PRICE being in the chair, announced that the next regular meeting of the Society would be held at Hamilton Hall on Thursday, February 28, to hear a paper, "Why William Shakespeare became an Actor," by William Reynolds, Esq. On motion, adjourned.

FEBRUARY MEETING.—THE PRESIDENT in the chair. The following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, First Honorary Member of the New York Shakespeare Society, F.R.S., F.S.A., Hon. M.R.S.L., Hon. M.R.I.A., died at his residence at Hollinbury Copse, Sussex, England, on the third day of January last; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of this Society learn with deep sorrow of the death of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, an Honorary Member of the Society itself, and a man endeared to us all by his noble qualities and to many of us by personal kindnesses.

Resolved, That we recognize in the work done by Dr. Halliwell Phillipps, for the knowledge of Shakespeare's life and writings, especially in his grand edition of the plays and poems, and in the vast collection of documents that bear upon the poet and his poetry, not only the best remedy for the absurd delusions and noisy follies that hinder in so many ways the progress of Shakespearian research, but the largest achievement ever made by one man in the study of the poet's works and personality.

Resolved, That in recognition of his kindness to our Society, and of his services to us and to all that love and study Shakespeare, these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this Society, published in such journals as the Society may select, and a copy thereof forwarded by the Secretary to the family of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. W. NEVIN, Chairman,
THOMAS R. PRICE,
JAMES E. REYNOLDS,
} Committee.

Mr. William Reynolds then read the paper of the evening, entitled "WHY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE BECAME AN ACTOR." After debate the paper was referred to the Committee on Publication, and ordered printed.*

Attest: W. H. FLEMING, Secretary.

MONTREAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB, 13th Meeting, January 7, 1889.—Papers on "MEASURE FOR MEASURE." 1. "General Essay," by Mr. F. M. Lennan. After mentioning the origin of the plot and the position of the play in the development of Shakespeare's work, the essayist discussed its moral teaching. The double action was then referred to, the Duke watching the doings of the other characters, like Fate. The question of hypocrisy brought the paper to a close, illustrations from *Angelo*, *Tartuffe*, and *Richard III.* being given. 2. "A Few Notes on the Play" were then read by Mr. Brown, in which he came to the conclusion that its moral teaching was the defence of the corrective system. 3. The third essay was by Mr. Nicolls on "The Duke." It opened with a discussion of the question of marriage and the state of morals at the time. The Duke's character was then fully considered, its moral and its intellectual sides, and its weaknesses. The principal reason for the Duke's selection of Angelo as his substitute was the desire for his humiliation. 4. Mr. Torrance followed with a paper on "Isabella." Isabella was the most perfect and the most beautiful of all Shakespeare's heroines; notwithstanding the fact that she was shown at the beginning of the play to have been free from much contact from the world, yet she acted wisely and well in all her difficulties. Her actions and her sentiments compelled our warmest admiration. 5. Mr. Gould concluded with "The Constructive Art in *Measure for Measure*." The play was written at the beginning of Shakespeare's third period. After stating that the unity of a drama consists in our conception of the various parts, the essayist discussed the completeness of the action in *Measure for Measure* and the devices used for maintaining our interest. Papers have also

* Mr. Reynolds' paper will appear in SHAKESPEARIANA for June or July.

been read before the Club by Mr. Boodle on "THE RESTORATION DRAMA WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO DRYDEN," and by Mr. Arthy on "WITCHCRAFT." F. T. SHORT, Hon. Sec.

WOODLAND SHAKESPEARE READING CLUB.—The following is a résumé of the initial work of the Woodland Shakespeare Reading Club, which consists of fifteen ladies, whose idea is to make the *first* perusal of the plays a fitting preparation for the more elaborate and analytical study of a second reading. The plan of work is systematized and assigned under the following heads. 1. To ascertain the best authorized pronunciation of the *dramatis personæ*. 2. To note all Scriptural and parallel allusions. 3. To define classical and mythological allusions. 4. To study the history upon which the play is founded. 5. To give an analysis of the two principal characters. As the reading of each play is completed, a selection of four of the most impressive passages is made by each student. These are written out and read before the Club, after which follows a thorough discussion of the whole.

A short drill in the *recitation* of quotations has been adopted as a preliminary exercise to the reading. Each member in turn repeats her own selection from the play previously read until all the terse and applicable sayings have been exhausted. This plan facilitates a more practical knowledge of the salients of the author, besides making his most beautiful thoughts the student's own in Shakespeare's exact language and in the true connection of the text. Thirty meetings have been held this year and the annexed plays been read: *As You Like It, The Taming of the Shrew, Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Merchant of Venice, Henry IV.*, Parts I. and II., *Richard II., King John, Othello.*

MRS. S. E. PEART, Secretary, Woodland, California.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY.—This Club was organized on the evening of Saturday, February 9, at the residence of J. D. Wilson, Esq., No. 348 West 57th Street, by the election of Mrs. M. T. Hoagland President, and Miss Lillian Mills as Secretary and Treasurer. Dr. and Mrs. Lozier and

the President of the New York Shakespeare Society were elected an Advisory Committee of the new Club. This Club is the development of the Shakespeare Class which Mrs. Hoagland has led for some time past with great success. Among the guests present at the birth of this promising society was General Chamberlain, ex-Governor of Maine, and late President of Bowdoin College, who took part in a preliminary reading of *Macbeth* and the discussion thereof. The Club then adjourned to meet in one week, when a draft of By-Laws for the society's guidance will be presented for adoption. The address of the Secretary, Miss Mills, is No. 205 West 56th Street, New York City.

THE HASTINGS SHAKESPEARE CLASS, of Hastings, Michigan, was organized by Dr. W. P. Polhemus, Dec. 9, 1885, and at first consisted of eight members. It increased in size until the number was limited to twenty. At present there are nine members. Meetings Monday evenings in each week from September to July.

The Club's work consists of the reading of a few scenes each evening, followed by careful analysis of words, dramatic effect of scenes, development of character, etc., together with the reading of an essay at each meeting by some member on a character under consideration, or a topic connected with the play in hand, accompanied by mutual study of the life and times of Shakespeare, growth of the drama, or history in connection with the play selected for the evening.

Members are admitted by ballot, and one vote excludes. Membership is forfeited by three successive absences unless an *excellent* excuse is given.

Officers are a President, or Leader, and Secretary. The duty of the Leader is to take charge of meetings, assign work, etc. MRS. A. G. ROBINSON, Class Leader; MISS ELLA E. HALLOCK, Secretary.

AKRON SHAKESPEARE CLASS.—Mrs. Vincent's Shakespeare Class meets every Saturday evening, and is now studying *King Lear*, using Furness's Variorum and Rolfe's edition of the play. H. O. PHILLIPPS, Secretary.

Shakespeariana

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A STUDY IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

III.

THE PURITAN OPPOSITION TO THE THEATRE.

MARY died in 1558, and was succeeded by Elizabeth. On the 7th of April, 1559, she issued her proclamation, prohibiting plaies and interludes . . . "till Alhallowes tide next insuing." This was followed by another, on 16th of May, same year, forbidding performance of plays and interludes unless first licensed by the authorities. During the reign of Mary, plays which favored the Roman Catholic religion had been encouraged, while those which reflected upon it to the least degree were sternly repressed. Under Elizabeth this was reversed. These two proclamations were the first fruits of the new policy. During the next three or four years the actors seem to have been free from molestation. At least there is no record of any action against them on the part of the authorities. In 1563 there was a plague in London. This was caused, of course, by the wickedness of people in general, and of players in particular. The pious used it as a cause of attack upon the theatre. Archbishop Grindall urged the inhibition of plays for a year or longer. "The players he called an idle sort of people, which had been infamous in all good commonwealths. . . . He complained to the Secretary that God's word was profaned by their impure mouths and turned into scoffs." An unknown preacher in the form of a syllogism expressed the opinion of these good people thus: "The cause of plagues is sinne, if you look to it well, and the cause

of sinnes are playes; therefore, the cause of plagues are players," which doubtless to the religious men of the day seemed unanswerable, logical, and true. We have no record of any results produced by these fulminations.

Players attached to houses of the nobility being more or less protected from the annoyances and assaults to which the public actors were subjected, became so numerous that in 1572 it was necessary to pass a statute for their regulation and control. This was 14 Eliz., C. 5, which directed that unless they had a "license of two justices of the peace at the least" they were to be treated as "rogues and vagabonds." In 1574 the Lord Mayor of London procured the passage of by-laws by the Common Council to regulate the performance of plays in the city. The Privy Council wrote to the Lord Mayor demanding the reason for this, so they could give answer to those players desiring to act there. Harassed by the Lord Mayor and the Common Council in the city of London, and by the Justices of the Peace in the counties, the players now appealed directly to the Queen. Elizabeth had absolutely no sympathy with the Puritan efforts to suppress the theatre. She enjoyed the drama. She listened favorably to this petition of the players. On the 7th of May, 1574, she granted the first royal patent to performers of plays—to servants of the Earl of Leicester. It empowered the five persons named "To use, exercise and occupie the art and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, Stage-playes" for the recreation of the Queen and her subjects, in the city of London, and in any cities and towns throughout England.

During the early years of Elizabeth's reign the day for acting at the theatres was Sunday. This license allows the patentees to play on Sunday, but specifies that it must be out of the hours of prayer. The Corporation of London had always claimed the right to regulate and control plays and players in the city. Notwithstanding this royal patent they still maintained that right, and in 1575 passed an "Act of Common Council" making it necessary for players to have a license from the Lord Mayor, and imposing other restrictions, before they could act

in the city. The Privy Council ignored this. They granted passports to these players to go to London, and sent a communication to the Lord Mayor to permit them to act there. This was a contest between the court and the city; between the Privy Council and the Corporation of London. The latter seems to have been victorious. They refused to recognize the passport of the Privy Council, or to permit the Queen's players to act in the city.* The players did not, at this time, continue their attempt to enter the city. Instead thereof they began to build three theatres on the suburbs, as near thereto as possible. One of these was in the liberty of the Blackfriars; another known as "The Theatre" was in Shoreditch; the third, erected in the vicinity of the latter, was "The Curtain." These were probably finished in 1576. Up to this time the companies of players had been compelled to act in the yards of inns, or in buildings which were more or less unfit for the purpose, the use of which they could only obtain temporarily. *Now, however, the Drama had a home. This marks an epoch in its history.* It now entered on a career of great prosperity, some idea of which may be drawn from "A Sermon preached at Paules Crosse on St. Bartholomew day, being the 24. of August 1578, by John Stockwood": "Will not a fylthie playe with the blast of a trumpette sooner call thyther (to the country) a thousande, than an houres tolling of a bell bring to the Sermon a hundred? . . . Whereas, if you resorte to the *Theatre*, the *Curtaine*, and other places of playes in the citie, you shall on the *Lord's day* have these places, with many other that I can reckon, so full as possible they can throng." On January 13, 1583, being Sunday, the gallery in Paris Garden Theatre fell. Eight persons were killed. "The fruit of stage-playes is this," wrote Prynne, "that they draw downe God's fearfull judgements both upon their Composers, Actors, Spectators, and those Republikes that tolerate or approve them."† Here was a case in point. This,

* Vide Petition from the Queen's Players to Privy Council, 1575, in Lansdown MSS., No. 20.

† "Histrio-Mastix," Part I., pp. 558 seq.

Prynne states, was "a just, though terrible judgement of God upon these Play-haunters and prophaners of his holy day." * A petition was thereupon sent to the Lords of the Council to banish plays entirely from the city of London. They gave permission to do so on Sundays, but not on other days. In the same year, at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham, twelve actors were selected by the Queen and appointed her "Majestie's Comedians and Servants." "They were sworn the Queenes servants, and were allowed wages and liveries as groomes of the chamber."† The opposition to the theatres promoted their prosperity, their audiences grew larger until Stubbes complained: "Mark the flocking and running to Theatres and Curtains, daily and hourly, night and day, time and tide, to see plays and interludes." ‡

The number of actors increased. A spy in the pay of Sir Francis Walsingham wrote to him, under date of January 25, 1586, stating that the number of players was "two hundred" and that "the daylie abuse of Stage-Playes is such an offence to the godly, and so great a hinderance to the gospell, as the papists do exceedingly rejoyce at the bleamysh theareof, and not without cause," for, he continues to state, while the churches were deserted, players and playhouses were prosperous.§ About this time began the famous Martin Marprelate controversy. This consisted of a series of anonymous tracts, issued by the Puritans, from a movable press, and directed against the Established Church; together with the replies thereto. Although they were not aimed at the theatre, yet the actors and dramatists allied themselves with the champions of the Establishment against their common enemy, the Puritans. Archbishop Whitgift engaged Lyly, Marlowe, Greene, Kempe, Nash, to assist him. They brought to bear all their powers of wit, ridicule, sarcasm. The conflict became so bitter and fierce by

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* "Histrio-Mastix," Fol., Part I., p. 557.
† Collier, "Annals," etc., Vol. I., pp. 254, 255.
‡ "Anatomy of Abuses," 1583, p. 144.
§ Harleian MSS., No. 286.

1589 that the government was compelled to check them.* Thereupon the Lord Treasurer wrote to the Lord Mayor requiring him to stop all theatrical exhibitions within the city. This he gladly did, and accordingly the Lord Admiral's and Lord Strange's men were silenced. † In order to prevent a repetition of this offence on the part of the players, three commissioners were appointed in this same year, for inspecting and licensing plays in the city.‡ The Blackfriars Theatre, originally built in 1576, was repaired, if not rebuilt, in 1596. This gave occasion to enemies of the drama to petition the Privy Council that the company be prevented from completing the work. A counter-petition signed by Heminge, Burbadge, Shakespeare, and others, of the Lord Chamberlain's company, was forwarded to the Privy Council, requesting permission to proceed with the rebuilding. The latter seems to have met with a favorable response, as the work was continued and completed during the summer months, while the company was acting at "the Globe

* Cf. Fleay, "Life and Works of Shakespeare," p. 11 seq. Also pp. 101–103. Lyly wrote: "Would these comedies might be allowed to be played, that are penned, and then I am sure Martin would be decyphered, and so perhaps discouraged."

† On the fly-leaf of a book printed a few years before this, some one wrote the following epigram on this expulsion of the actors:

"THE FOOLES OF THE CITTIE.

"List unto my dittye
Alas! the more the pittye,
From Troynovaunts olde cittie
The Aldermen and Maier
Have drivn eche poore plaier:
The cause I will declaer.
They wiselye doe complaine
Of Wilson and Jacke Lane,
And them who doe maintaine,
And stablishe as a rule,
Not one shall play the foole
But they—a worthye scoole."

—Collier, "Annals," etc., Vol. I., p. 231.

‡ Collier, "Annals," etc., Vol. I., pp. 275, 276.

on the Bank-side," their summer theatre. The Blackfriars was used only during the winter months. Elizabeth and her government had always been friendly to the players. She had frequent Masks, Revels, and Plays presented at court. When visiting at the houses of her great noblemen she was entertained with such exhibitions. Something seems to have occurred during the winter of 1597–8 to lead her to check them. At that time she granted licenses to two companies. These were the companies of the Lord Admiral and the Lord Chamberlain. They alone were allowed "to use and practise stage-playes." All others were interdicted. In 1599 Edward Alleyn and Philip Henslowe began to build the Fortune playhouse in Golding Lane. The Puritans immediately took steps to prevent this increase of playhouses, and at once sent a communication to the Privy Council protesting. The latter so far heeded it that they, in June, 1600, made it a condition that if the Fortune was completed the Curtain "should be mined and plucked down, or put to some other good use." This, however, was not complied with. At the same time they issued an order restricting the number of theatres to *two*, viz., The Globe on the Bankside, Surrey, and The Fortune in Golding Lane, Middlesex. The former was occupied by the Lord Chamberlain's men; the latter by the Lord Admiral's. The entry on the Council Register of June 22, 1600, is as follows: "First: That there shall be about the city two houses, and no more, allowed to serve for the use of the common stage plays; of the which houses one shall be in Surrey, in that place which is commonly called The Bankside, or thereabouts, and the other in Middlesex." Each was allowed to open twice in the week; not at all on Sundays, nor during Lent. With these restrictions Elizabeth tried to pacify the Puritans.

In May, 1601, the Lord Admiral's servants quitted the Curtain theatre for the Fortune. The former, however, was not closed. The players acting there not being of either of the two authorized companies, ignored the orders of the Privy Council restricting the number of companies and of theatres to two. The Privy Council thereupon sent a letter, May 10, 1601, to certain Justices of the Peace of the county of Middlesex,

calling attention to these facts and directing that these players be silenced and this theatre closed. So far as known, no steps were taken to execute this order. The authorities of the city of London for some reason temporarily ceased their opposition to the theatres. The Privy Council at the same time seemed to have changed their views—formerly friendly to the actors, they now became hostile. Doubtless the Lords were incensed that their orders were defied by a company of unauthorized players. They took immediate action and sent another letter to the authorities of Middlesex. As this contains an accurate description of the condition of affairs, and as it was the last act of the government of Elizabeth on the subject of plays, I quote part of it:

" . . . For whereas about a year & a half since (upon knowledge taken of the great enormities and disorders by the overmuch frequenting of Plaies) wee did carefullie set downe & prescribe an order to be observed concerninge the number of Playe Howses, & the use & exercise of Stage plaies, with lymytacions of tymes and places for the same (namely that there should be but two howses allowed for that use, one in Middlesex called the Fortune, and one in Surrey called the Globe, and the same with observation of certaine daies and times, as in the said order is particularly expressed) in such sorte as a moderate practise of them for honest recreation might be contynued, and yet the inordinate concourse of dissolute and idle people be restrayned." *

Queen Elizabeth died March 24, 1603, present reckoning. Her conduct towards the Puritans on the one hand, and the actors on the other, was conservative. While she listened to the complaints of the former, and gave heed to them, so far as to check and restrain all undue and hurtful freedom of the stage, she did not overlook the great benefit that dramatic representations were to the people. She considered them not only a source of innocent amusement, but also an educator, and therefore fostered them. As a consequence the dramatic profession in all its branches flourished. Between 1570 and 1600 eleven buildings had been erected to be used as theatres, viz.: The

* Council Register, Dec. 31, 1601.

Theatre, built about 1570; The Curtain, 1570; The Blackfriars, 1576; The Whitefriars, 1576; The Newington Theatre, 1580; The Rose, 1585; The Hope, 1585; Paris Garden Playhouse, 1588; The Globe, 1594; The Swan, 1595; The Fortune, 1599.

In addition to these places where plays were publicly presented, the Boys of St. Paul's Choir, and also of Westminster School, had from an early date privately acted plays. Says Scottowe: "The transition of the drama from sacred to profane subjects effected a gradual change in the performers of theatrical pieces, as well as in the place of performance. As the clergy receded from, the scholars and choir-boys advanced upon, the stage, and under the designation of 'children' became in the reigns of Elizabeth and James proficient and popular performers." *

Notwithstanding the letter of the Privy Council restricting the number of theatres to two, all those which have just been mentioned, numbering eleven, were open and in constant use at the time of Elizabeth's death.† Henslowe's diary, *passim*, informs us that, previous to 1597, thirty different dramatic authors were in his pay. Also that between February 19, 1591, and July 14, 1597, there were upwards of one hundred and ten different plays performed by the companies with which he was connected—viz.: Lord Strange's, the Lord Admiral's, the Lord Chamberlain's, and Lord Pembroke's.

We also find in the same diary the titles of one hundred and sixty plays, entered between October, 1597, and March, 1603. Some of these were old; most, however, were new. Drake says there were fourteen distinct theatrical companies previous to 1600. This, however, I think, is questionable. At least we have not the data to confirm it. Enough is known to prove beyond a doubt that during Elizabeth's reign the dramatic profession in

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* There were four companies composed of children: The Boys of St. Paul's Choir, The Boys of Westminster School, The Children of the Revels, and The Children of Windsor. Cf. R. G. White, "Life and Genius of Shakespeare," p. 188; also p. 420.

† Collier, "Annals," etc., Vol. I., pp. 342–3.

all its branches had made great progress, and at her death it was in a highly prosperous condition.

James I. arrived at Charter House May 7, 1603. Out of respect to the new King the players did not act until new licenses could be obtained. This was a matter of only a few days. The Queen and many of the great noblemen followed the King's example in adopting a company of players. This they could legally do, under Statutes 14 Eliz., C. 5, and 39 Eliz., C. 4. The result was the number of strolling companies increased until they became a nuisance, and in some cases, a danger. Now, however, this was altered. *All such power was absorbed by the Crown, and from henceforth it alone issued licenses to players.* James had manifested his personal feelings on the subject of the drama by granting these licenses almost immediately upon his arrival in London. Even before this, while in Scotland, he had encouraged plays. At the same time he had no sympathy with the Puritans. He told Parliament that they "do not so far differ from us in points of religion, as in their confused form of policy and parity; being ever discontented with the present government, and impatient to suffer any superiority; which maketh their sects insufferable in any well-governed commonwealth." He hated them, both on personal and political grounds. He "hated them with more than the hatred of Elizabeth. Her aversion to them was political; his was personal. The sect had plagued him in Scotland, where he was weak; and he was determined to be even with them in England, where he was powerful," says Macaulay. Notwithstanding, this body of men, brave, persistent, aggressive, compelled him to listen and to a certain degree yield to their protests against plays. The statute against "profanely abusing the Name of God" was passed in 1605. Beyond doubt this was in compliance with their demands, and for the purpose of silencing their protests. This effect was temporarily accomplished, for there is no record of any further action on the part of the government until 1615. In that year a Privy Seal patent was granted to Rosseter and others, for erecting a second theatre in Blackfriars. They commenced to build in the autumn near the Church of St.

Anne. Ever on the alert, the Puritans, through the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, entered a protest. The Privy Council yielded to this opposition and withdrew the patent, and on September 26, same year, issued an order that no such theatre should be constructed. Rosseter and his friends ignored this action, and proceeded with the building. The Privy Council was notified. In the King's name they wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor ordering him to pull down the house. This work, thoroughly congenial to the latter, was promptly done. Within three days the Privy Council was formally notified that Rosseter's theatre had been "made unfit for any such use" as that for which it was designed.

The Puritans had never ceased their complaints against acting of plays on Sundays. James at length was compelled to heed them. In 1618, May 24, he issued his famous "*Declaration*" "*concerning lawful sports to be used upon Sundays, after evening prayers ended, and upon holidays.*" In that he states, he found it necessary to "rebuke some Puritans and precise people." Nevertheless, distasteful as it was to himself, he found it necessary to yield to the demands of these same "Puritans and precise people," and forbid "Interludes" (used here as a term for all theatrical representations) on Sundays. Emboldened by these successes the opponents of plays now began an assault on the Blackfriars Theatre. As this was used by the King's company, it was a defiance to him. He was compelled to protect his own company and issued a patent under the Great Seal, March 27, 1619–1620 in which he empowers his "well-beloved servants to act, not only at the Globe on the Bankside, but at their private house situate in the precincts of the Blackfriars." During the last three or four years of James' reign, the principles of Puritanism were silently permeating English society. As a consequence the attendance at the theatres began to diminish; the remuneration of actors grew less. The condition of affairs is described in a tract published in 1623. "I should here unlock the casket of my knowledge (having well nigh forgot), and lay open some rarities concerning players; but, because the commonwealth affords them not their due de-

sert, and for they are men of some *parts*, and live not like lazy drones, but are still in *action*, I am content silently to refer them to three sublunary felicities, which are these, a fair day, a good play, and a gallant audience; and so let them shift for their lives." * Notwithstanding the patronage of the court and nobility and its popularity with the masses. the theatre was unable successfully to resist the progress of Puritanism. This was the condition of affairs at the close of James' reign. Charles I. ascended the throne March 27, 1625. Parliament assembled June 18, following. Among other things Charles inherited from his father a love of the dram a. We know that Charles I. was a student of Shakespeare. Says Milton, in Eikonoklastes: "I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of these his Solitudes, William Shakespeare seq." Some consider this "a reproach flung in his dead King's face" by Milton. I do not so regard it. On June 24 he renewed the license to the King's players which had originally been granted by King James. Yet, strange to say, the first statute passed during this reign was entitled "An act for punishing divers Abuses committed on the Lord's Day, called Sunday." † It prohibited the performance of plays on that day. This seems to have been done owing to a pressure of circumstances. In the body of the statute it is expressly stated "This Act to continue until the end of the First Session of the Next Parliament and no longer." Charles, thus early in his reign, began to feel the powerful influence of the Puritans. For several years following no action was taken by the authorities on this subject. In 1631 a petition was sent to Laud, Bishop of London, describing the great popularity of the Blackfriars Theatre. It stated: "That by reason of a Playhouse, exceedingly frequented, in the Precinct of the said Blackfriers the inhabitants there suffer many grievances upon the inconveniences hereunto annexed and many other." Then allusion is made to "the great recourse to

* "Vox Graculi—a pretended prognostication for 1623," p. 48.

† "The Statutes at Large, Vol. III., 1604–1698," p. 119.

the Playes (especially of Coaches)," and a request made that this state of affairs be changed. This petition was quietly ignored. Laud, like his royal master, favored plays and players. Nor was he the only bishop of the Established Church who did. John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, not only witnessed plays, but a charge was made that he allowed *Midsummer Night's Dream* to be acted in his house in London on Sunday, September 27, 1631. This document is now in the library of Lambeth Palace. A letter was written by John Spencer, probably a Puritanical preacher, to a lady who was present. Amongst other things, it asserts "though you were drawne with the Bishopp's coach to his house to heare such excellent musicke, such rare conceits, and to see such curious actors, and such a number of people to behold the same, yett all was but vanity and vexation of spiritt; and the more vanity, the more vexation of spiritt, because it was upon the Lords-day, which should have been taken upp with better meditations, and contemplations of heaven and heavenly things."

The Puritans were not in the least discouraged. With the growth of their sentiments came increased vigor in their attacks on the theatre. Petitions gave way to deeds. The Borough of Banbury had long been the home of Puritans. Davenant's "*Wits*," written this same year, ridicules these people. "She is more devout than a Weaver of Banbury, that hopes to intice heaven by singing to make him lord of twenty looms." In May, 1633, a company of players who went there to perform were arrested and imprisoned by the authorities. They appealed to the Privy Council, and were released by its order. Laud, like the King, was blind to the condition of affairs. Coming events were casting their shadows before. A crisis was approaching. Instead of trying to avert it, he now advised the King, so it is stated, "to ratify and publish" the "*Declaration*" regarding lawful sports and pastimes on the Sabbath day, originally issued by James I. in 1618. The King did so on October 18, 1633. As might have been expected, this gave great offence to the Puritans. At this time the opponents of the theatre addressed to the Privy Council the same petition

which in 1631 had been sent to Laud. The Council felt compelled to heed it. While not interfering with the performances at the Blackfriars, they issued an order,* which was posted in public places, that coaches should not approach the theatre nearer "than the farther side of St. Paul's churchyard on the one side, and Fleet Conduit on the other side." This order was rescinded on December 29 following. When Davenant's "*Wits*" was presented to the Master of the Revels, in January, 1633–4, the latter crossed out many passages as violating the statute of James. Davenant, possessing strong influence at court, had the attention of the King called to the matter. The latter rebuked the Master of the Revels, and directed such words as "*faith*, *death*, and *slight*," to stand "as asseverations only and not oaths."

The breach between the Court and the Puritans now began to widen. The King became more bitterly opposed to them than ever. One of the many ways in which this manifested itself was a most marked patronage of plays and masques by the King. The Court at this time entered on a carnival of dissipation in this form of amusement. From November 16, 1633, to January 30, 1634, thirteen plays were acted before the King and Queen. The MS. Register of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery informs us that twenty-two plays were acted before the King by his own company in the year preceding April, 1634. Prynne had published his Histrio-Mastix in 1633, and had dedicated it to his fellow-members of the legal profession. In order to repudiate it, and manifest their loyalty to the King, the Middle and Inner Temples, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, joined in a masque. It was called "The Triumph of Peace," and was acted February 3, 1634. It was most elaborate. No expense was spared. The music cost £1000. The clothes of the horsemen £10,000. Everything connected with it was on the same scale of magnificence.†

The reputation of the Court as favoring plays became so wide-

* Privy Council Register, October 9, 1633.

† Whitlocke's "Memorials," sub anno 1633. Masson, "Life of Milton," Vol. I., pp. 461–467.

spread that foreign actors came to London. In February, 1635, a French theatrical company played in private before the Queen. A day or two later a performance was given before the King at Whitehall. This was followed by public performances. They seem to have been successful, for they were allowed to obtain a permanent theatre. In the same year some Spanish actors arrived in London, and played before the King, December 23.

In 1635 there were five authorized companies, exclusive of the French and Spanish ones, viz.: The King's Company, The Queen's Players, The Prince's Players, The Children of the Revels, The Salisbury Court Co. In 1636 the plague broke out in London. This stopped all performances. On May 10, same year, the Privy Council issued an order forbidding all representations "of stage-plays, interludes, shows, and spectacles, until further order." The different companies left London, went to the provinces, and played there the balance of this year. This order was rescinded February 23, 1636–7. As the plague continued the order was revived on March 1 next. The public taste for theatricals not being gratified, on account of these orders, a demand sprung up for printed plays. Not being able to see them acted, men wished to read them. Hence many were printed, not a few without the consent of the companies to which they belonged. This caused an order to be issued June 10, 1637, forbidding printing of plays without consent of the companies which owned them. The plague abating, these restrictions were removed, and for the next year or two the theatres were well attended, as the following entry in the diary of Sir H. Mildmay shows: "3 Feb'y, 1637–8. Came home dirty and weary, the playe being full."

During 1638–9 the King's Players acted twenty-four times before the Court; six times at Hampton Court and Richmond; eighteen times at Whitehall. Between June, 1638, and April, 1640, thirty-one plays were presented before the Court. Davenant obtained a patent March 26, 1638–9, for building a new theatre in the city of London. The whole power of the Court seems to have been insufficient to make this good. The theatre

was not built. The patent was withdrawn in the autumn following. Charles' expenditure of money for plays and masques, according to Ben Jonson, had been enormous. He had involved himself deeply, and was heavily in debt to the players. The last warrant issued to them previous to the Civil War was dated March 20, 1640–1, and was for £160.

Another epoch had now been reached in the conflict. As before stated, King James, by Statute 1 Jac. I., C. 7, had absorbed all power to grant licenses and control plays and players The Corporation of London had never recognized the right of the Government to do this, had always resisted efforts to enforce this authority within their jurisdiction, and had almost always been successful. *Now, however, Parliament was under the control of the Puritans, and it, in* 1642, *for the first time, claimed sole authority to legislate on this subject.** Ignoring the King and Privy Council it passed the following Ordinance "concerning stage-plays:"

"AN ORDINANCE of the Lords and Commons concerning Stage-plays.

"*Whereas* the distressed estate of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood by a civil war, call for all possible means to appease and avert the wrath of God appearing in these judgments: amongst which fasting and prayer, having been often tried to be very effectual, have been lately and are still enjoined: and whereas public sports do not well agree with public calamities, nor public stage-plays with the seasons of humiliation, this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other being spectacles of pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levity: it is therefore thought fit and ordained by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes and set times of humiliation do continue, public stage-plays shall cease and be forborne. Instead of which are recommended to the people of this land the profitable and seasonable considerations of repentance, reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably will produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring again times of joy and gladness to these nations." Sept. 2, 1642.

*Cf. Neal, "History of the Puritans," Vol. I., p. 424.

This was the initial act of that final contest which ended only with the downfall of Charles and the closing of the theatres. Parliament the next year, May 5, passed a resolution "that the book concerning the enjoying and tolerating of sports upon the Lord's day be forthwith burned by the hand of the common hangman in Cheapside and other usual places." The Sheriffs of London were directed "to see the books burned." This they did promptly. On May 10 the order was executed, and the books burned. When we remember that King James in issuing this "*Declaration*" stated he found it necessary "to rebuke some Puritans and precise people," and further, that Charles I. had "ratified" it, we can realize the full force of this act. It was defiance, open, absolute, peremptory. Parliament not only intended to restrict theatrical amusements but also to prevent actors and dramatists from instilling in the public mind notions hostile to itself. The first infraction of the ordinance of Sept. 2, 1642, did not take place until Oct. 6, 1644. The authorities must have dealt summarily with the offenders, as there is no further account of a violation of it until two years still later, when a company of players performed Beaumont and Fletcher's "*King and No King*" at Salisbury Court Theatre. The Sheriffs of London dispersed the audience and arrested one performer. Puritanism grew apace. It now had supreme control. So powerful had it become that neither King, Court, players, nor audience dared to defy it. Still Parliament was not satisfied. Now that it possessed the power, it was determined to use it to the fullest extent. The ordinance of Sept. 2, 1642, not having effectually closed the theatres, another was adopted October 22, 1647, entitled "An Ordinance of the Lords and Commons, assembled in Parliament, for the Lord Mayor of the city of London, and the Justices of the Peace, to suppress Stage-Plays and Interludes, etc." It directed that all "Players or Actors" who perform, shall be committed "to any common jail or prison" until "the next general Sessions of the Peace . . . there to be punished as Rogues, according to law." *

* "Scobell's Collection of Acts and Ordinances, Anno 1647," ch. 97.

A few months later the House of Commons was informed that plays were still acted in different parts of London and Middlesex. It took immediate action and ordered an ordinance drawn. The House of Lords, however, anticipated the Commons, and reported an ordinance on the subject. The result was an Act passed February 11, 1647, entitled "For the Suppression of all Stage-Plays and Interludes."* It made five different provisions on the subject. (I.) It declared all players rogues within the meaning of 39 Eliz. and 7 Jac. I. (II.) It authorized the Lord Mayor, Justices of the Peace, and Sheriffs to pull down and demolish all stage galleries, seats, and boxes. [A copy of "Stow's Annales," edition 1631, in Thirlestane House, Cheltenham, contains some MS. additions which give a detailed account of the demolition of the theatres. "Globe playhouse . . . pulled downe to the ground, by Sr Matthew Brand, on Munday the 15 of April 1644, to make tennements in the roome of it." "Blacke Friers . . . was pulled downe to the ground on Munday the 6 daye of August, 1655, and tennements built in the roome." "Salsbury Court . . . was pulled downe by a company of Souldiers, set on by the Sectuaries of these sad times, on Saturday, the 24 day of March, 1649." "Phenix . . . was pulled downe also this day, being Saturday the 24 day of March 1649, by the same Souldiers." "Fortune . . . was pulled downe on the inside by the Souldiers this 1649." "Hope . . . A Playhouse for Stage Playes on Mundayes, Wednesdayes, Fridayes. and Saterdayes, And for the Baiting of the Beares on Tuesdayes and Thursdayes . . . was pulled downe to make tennements . . . on Tuesdaye the 25 day of March 1656." ("The Academy," London. Oct. 28, 1882, p. 315.) The Fortune Theatre, I may add, was of wood on the inside, of brick on the outside, the former only was "pulled downe."] (III.) It inflicted the punishment of public whipping upon all players for the first offence, and for the second offence they were to be deemed incorrigible rogues and dealt with

* Vide "Scobell's Collection of Acts and Ordinances from 1640 to 1656," p. 148.

accordingly. (IV.) It appropriated all money collected from the spectators to the poor of the parish. (V.) It imposed a fine of five shillings upon every person present at the performance of a play. The final action of the Puritan Parliament was the appointment of Captain Bethan, Provost-Martial, Sept 13, 1648. The record is as follows: "13 Sept 1648, Capt. Bethan made Provost-Martial, with power to apprehend such as stayed in town contrary to the ordinance, and to seize upon all ballad singers, sellers of malignant pamphlets, and to send them to the several Militias, and to suppress stage-plays." Capt. Bethan did enforce this. There are records only of one or two insignificant performances after this time. ["20 Dec. 1649. Some stage-players in Saint John's Street were apprehended by troopers, their clothes taken away, and themselves carried to prison," says Whitelocke. "We need not any more stage-plays; we thank them [the Puritans] for suppressing them: they save us money." "A Key to the Cabinet of the Parliament" (1648).] The theatres were demolished; the companies disbanded; actors compelled to seek other means of livelihood. As most of them were Royalists they went into the King's army. While the Puritans remained in power the Drama, in all its forms, was dead.

IV.

THE LITERARY WARFARE.

The Puritans were fully alive to the power of the press. While their men of affairs were using every available means to influence the authorities to make and execute laws against theatres, their men of letters tried through the press to create and foster a public sentiment hostile to them. With this object in view they published a series of books and pamphlets. Some were serious and hortatory; others in the vein of sarcasm and bitter invective; others, again, intensely denunciatory. The dramatists were not slow to respond. They began a counter-attack, using the same weapons. In order to obtain an accurate and comprehensive idea of the subject under investigation, it is nec-

essary to examine carefully this phase of the conflict. The attack on the Puritan side opened by the publication of "*A Treatise wherein Dicing, Dauncing, Vaine plays, or Enterluds, with other idle pastimes, etc., commonly used on the Sabboth day, are reproved by the Authoritie of the Word of God, etc.*" The author signs himself "*John Northbrooke, Minister and Preacher of the word of God.*" It was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1577. It was probably written in that or the previous year. There is no date on the title-page. This was a warning against "*idle pastimes*" in general, "*Vaine plays or Enterluds*" being only one among many such. The following passages will enable the reader to form an opinion of this book:

"If you will learne howe to bee false and deceyve your husbandes, or husbandes their wyves, howe to playe the harlottes, to obtayne one's love, howe to ravishe, howe to beguyle, howe to betraye, to flatter, lye, sweare, forsweare, howe to allure to whoredome, howe to murther, howe to poyson, howe to disobey and rebell against princes, to consume treasures prodigally, to moove to lustes, to ransacke and spoyle cities and townes, to bee idle, to blaspheme, to sing filthie songs of love, to speak filthily, to be prowde, howe to mocke, scoffe, and deryde any nation . . . shall not you learne, then, at such enterludes howe to practise them. I am persuaded that Satan hath not a more speedie way, and fitter schoole to work and teach his desire, to bring men and women into his snare of concupiscence and filthie lustes of wicked whoredome, than those places, and playes and theatres are."

The depravity of human nature is manifested by the fact that "many can tarie at a vayne playe two or three houres, when as they will not abide scarce one houre at a sermon." The authorities are held responsible: "I mawaile the magistrates suffer them thus to continue, and to have houses builded for such exercises, and purposes which offend God so highly."

The next book on the same side was by Stephen Gosson. He was the author of some plays. At twenty-five his views on this subject underwent a radical change and he entered the church. This book, published in 1579, was entitled "*The Schoole of Abuse, conteining a plesaunt invective against Poets, Pi-*

pers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwelth: Setting up the Flagge of Defiaunce to their mischievous exercise, and overthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason, and Common Experience:" The fanaticism and bitter invective which pervade most of these writings are absent from this book. Gosson is more just and liberal in his thoughts and feelings than the other writers. The following passages in reference to players and to plays are examples: ". . . it is well known that some of them are sober, discreete, properly learned, honest householders, and citizens well thought on amonge their neighbours at home, seq:" "And as some of the players are farre from abuse, so some of their playes are without rebuke." Nevertheless he argues that theatres lead to Idleness, Immorality, Decline of Strength and Valor, both in the case of nations and of individuals.

An anonymous author came to the support of Gosson in 1580, and published "*The Second and Third Blast of Retreat from Plays and Theatres.*" He discusses the following subjects: "Evils of travelling players." "Temples prophaned with plaies." "Theatres the Chappels of Satan." "The open wickedness of harlots at plaies." "Against training up of boies to plaies." "Plaiers the schoolmasters of Sin in the schoole of abuse." "Plaiers infamous persons."

Thos. Lodge replied to Gosson. The latter answered Lodge by issuing, in 1581 or 1582, "*Plays Confuted on Five Actions.*" The next important book on the Puritan side was "*Phillip Stubbes's Anatomy of the Abuses in England.*" This was published in 1583. The author refers to many abuses, amongst others, "*Stage-Playes, and Enterluds,*" which he denounces in unmeasured terms. Players he describes as "these Mockers and Flowters of his Majesty, these dissembling *Hipocrites*, and flattering *Gnatoes*, . . . masking Players, painted sepulchres, doble dealing ambodexters." He agrees with Augustine, whom he quotes, that "plaies were ordeined by the Devill." Of theatres, he says, "So often as they goe to those howses where Players frequent thei go to *Venus* pallace &

sathan's synagogue, to worship devils, & betray Christ Jesus." . . . "Doo they not draw the people from hering the word of God, from godly Lectures and Sermons? . . . Do they not maintaine bawdrie, insinuat folery, & renue the remembrance of hethen idolatrie? Do they not induce whordom & unclennes?" He sums up the whole matter with this sentence: "Away therefore with this so infamous an art!"

Several works of minor importance followed this. Space forbids anything more than a mention of them. They are "*Touchstone for the Time*," written by Whetstone, published in 1584; "*Mirror of Monsters*," by Wm. Rankins,* 1587; "*Overthrow of Stage-Playes*," by Dr. Rainolds, 1599. Passing by these, we come to the latest and most important of all the books issued by the Puritans. This was "*Histrio-Mastix, The Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedie*." † It was written by Wm. Prynne, and was published in 1633. The book is an octavo of over 1000 closely printed pages. The title-page informs us exactly what the author for himself and the Puritans thought of the drama. It reads as follows: "That Popular Stage-playes (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we beleeve the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly spectacles, and most pernicious corruptions, condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-Poets, of Stage-Players, together with the penning, acting and frequenting of stage-playes. are unlawfull, infamous, and misbeseeming Christians."

He proceeds to prove this in logical form, and by copious references to the Bible, Greek and Roman writers, Early Fathers and Councils of the Christian Church. The following passage gives us Prynne's opinion as to the origin of stage-plays, and at the same time is an example of the logical form in which the book is written:

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* Rankins afterward became a writer of Comedy and Tragedy and was in Henslowe's pay.

† There is an original copy in the Lenox Library. References are to it.

"That which had its birth and primarie conception from the very Devill himselfe who is all and onely evill; must needes be Sinfull, Pernicious, and altogether unseemely, yea, Unlawfull unto Christians. But Stage-Playes had their birth, and primary conception, from the very Devill himselfe, who is all, and onely evill. Therefore they must needes bee Sinfull, Pernicious and altogether unseemely, yea, Unlawfull unto Christians." *

He informs us that plays form the recreation of Devils. He states, approvingly, on the authority of Matthew Paris, "that every Lord's day at night . . . the Devils did use to meete in Hell, and there did recreate and exhilarate themselves with Stage-Plays." †

He describes the latter as "Such infernall Pastimes." Most readers of the Bible, be they Puritans or others, will be surprised to learn that Hell is a place of recreation and exhilaration.

So much for plays. He thinks players are equally bad. They are "infamous"; "professed agents and instruments of the Devill"; "the pests of the Commonweale, the corrupters and destroyers of youth"; "the giving of money to them, a grand sin, yea, a sacrificing unto Devills." It would seem that nothing more could be said against actors. In addition to all this, he charges them with, what in the eyes of Puritans was equally bad, being Papists: "most of our present English Actors (as I am credibly informed) being professed Papists, as is the Founder of the late erected new Play-house." He describes play-houses at length, and sums up all by characterizing them as "the most filthy Dens of the Devill." This was not meant to be figurative language. He states, as an historic fact, there was "a visible apparition of the Devill on the Stage, at the Bel savage Playhouse, in Queene Elizabeth's dayes. . . . (the truth of which I have heard from many now alive, who well remember it)."

In these passages, which accurately represent the tenor of his book, Prynne voices the current sentiments of the Puritans on

* Part I., pp. 12–13.

† Actus I., Scæna Prima, p. 9.

this subject. Of course men holding such views saw in the theatre absolutely nothing that was good. When they had the power there was only one course for them to pursue if they would be consistent, and that was to destroy theatres. This they did promptly, remorselessly, effectually.

The dramatic profession did not receive these assaults passively. They in turn attacked. The dramatists, the actors, the clowns, all took the offensive. The weapons they used were Ridicule, Satire, Reason. Tarlton, the famous clown, used the first of these in replying to Gosson's "Schoole of Abuse." In his "*Jigge of a horse loade of Fooles*," he sang the following lines:

> "This foole he is a Puritane,
> Goose-son we call him right,
> Squeaking, gibbering of everie degree,
> A most notorious piedbalde foole,
> For sure a hippocrite,
> Of a verie numerous familie."

Ridicule like this, when sung by a clown as witty as Tarlton, to an audience thoroughly in sympathy with the sentiment, was very effective.

The first pamphlet in defence of the drama was by Thos. Lodge. He described it as "*A Reply to Stephen Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, In Defence of Poetry, Musick and Stage Plays. By Thomas Lodge.*" It has no date, but was probably printed about 1579–1580. Lodge was a member of Lincoln's Inn and the author of many works. In this pamphlet he wrote:

"But (of truth) I must confess with Aristotle, that men are greatly delighted with imitation, and that it were good to bring those things on stage, that were altogether tending to vertue. . . . I wish as zealously as the best that all abuse of Playinge weare abolished, but for the thing, the antiquitie causeth me to allow it, so it be used as it should be. . . . But sure it were pittie to abolish that which hath so great vertue in it, because it is abused."

Mr. Saintsbury characterizes this pamphlet as "an academic but not very urbane reply to Stephen Gosson's School of

Abuse." I dissent from this opinion. It impressed me as being dignified, courteous, judicial.

A play, written against the Puritans, by an unknown author, appeared in 1589. It was entitled "*A Merry Knock to Know a Knave.*" One of the characters was a priest, who was intended to represent the Puritan clergy. He satirized the latter by saying:

> "Thus preach we still unto our breth-e-ren,
> Though in our heart we never mean the thing;
> Thus do we blind the world with holiness,
> And so by that are termed pure Precisians."

These plays were very effective in bringing into contempt the opponents of the theatre. The "*Anatomy of Abuses*" was replied to by Thos. Nash in 1590, with "*The Anatomie of Absurditie.*" The author therein says:

> "I . . . hasten to other men's furie, who make the Presse the dunghill whither they carry all the muck of their mellancholicke imaginations, pretending forsooth to anatomize abuses, and stubbe up sin by the rootes, when as there waste paper being wel viewed, seemes fraught with nought els save dogge daie's effects, who, wresting places of Scripture against pride, whoredome, covetousnesse, gluttonie, and drunkennesse, extend their invectives so farre against the abuse, that almost the thing remaines not whereof they admitte anie lawfull use seq."

Nash followed this pamphlet with another in 1592, bearing the singular title, "*Pierce Penniless. His Supplication to the Devil.*" Plays, he writes, "show the ill successe of treason, the fall of hastie climbers, the wretched ende of usurpers, the miserie of civill dissention, & how just God is evermore in punishing of murther. . . . What should I say more? they are sower pills of reprehension, wrapt up in sweete words." He speaks rather disrespectfully of his antagonists as "some shallow-brayned censurers (not the deepest serchers into the secrets of government)." Nash was one of the most prolific and best prose writers of that day. He was a consistent and persistent enemy of the Puritans. He opened the Martin Marprelate controversy, and attacked their views of church govern-

ment. In these two tracts and others he replied to their assaults on the theatre.

Probably the most elaborate and serious defence of the drama was Thos. Heywood's "*Apology for Actors.*" It appeared in 1612, and was the last important book on this subject previous to the closing of the theatres by the Puritan Parliament. The title ran: "*An Apology for Actors.* 1. *Their Antiquity.* 2. *Their ancient dignity.* 3. *The true use of their Quality.* *Thos. Heywood.* 1612."

He defends the drama on three grounds:

"First, playing is an ornament to the citty, which strangers of all nations repairing hither report of in their countries. . . . Secondly, our English tongue . . . is now by this secondary meanes of playing continually refined. Thirdly, playes have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot reade in the discovery of all our English Chronicles."

Heywood was a voluminous dramatic writer. This book is quite free from scurrility and abuse; the tone is temperate; it is scholarly. He quotes extensively from the Greek and Latin classics in support of his views.

In 1616 a Puritan preacher in Southwark was very active in arraigning the players at the Globe Theatre. He was replied to by Nathan Field, one of Shakespeare's company of actors, who published a small tract entitled "The Remonstrance of Nathan Field." The author was the son of the Rev. John Field, a Puritan minister and one of the bitterest opponents of the theatre. Notwithstanding he (Nathan Field) was a player, he was evidently a very pious man, and has written in a religious strain. The tract is both rare and unique. It was edited and reprinted from the original manuscript by J. O. Halliwell in 1865. But twenty-five copies were issued. Fifteen of these were destroyed. Of one of the remaining copies (No. 4), in Harvard College Library, the following is a *verbatim* copy:

THE REMONSTRANCE OF NATHAN FIELD.

BEARE wittnes with me, O my Conscience, and reward me, O Lord, according to the truth of my lipps, how I love the Sanctuary of my God, and worship towardes his holy alter; how I have according to my poore talent indeavoured to study Christ and make sure my eleccion, how I reverence the feete of those that bring glad tidings of the Gospell, and that I beare in my soule the badge of a Christian, practise to live the lief of the faithfull, wish to dye the death of the righteous and hope to meete my Saviour in the Cloudes. If you merveyle, Sir, why I beginne with a protestation soe zelous and sacred, or why I salute yow in a phrase soe confused and wrapped, I beseech you understand, that you have bene of late pleased (and that many tymes) from the holy hill of Sion the pulpitt, a place sanctified and dedicated for the winning not discouraging of soules, to send forth many those bitter breathinges, those uncharitable and unlimitted curses of condemnacions against that poore calling, it hath pleased the Lord to place me in, that my spiritt is moved, the fire is kindled, and I must speake, and the rather, because yow have not spared in the extraordinary violence of your passion particularly to point att me and some other of my quallity and directly to our faces in the publique assembly to pronounce us dampned, as thoughe you ment to send us alive to hell in the sight of many wittnesses. Christ never sought the strayed sheepe in that manner, he never cursed it with acclamacion or sent a barking dogg to fetch it home, but gently brought it uppon his owne shoulders. The widdowe never serched for her lost groate with spleene and impatience, but gently swept her house and founde it: If it be sinfull to lay stumbling blockes in the way of the blind, if it be cruelty to bruse the broken reede. if children are to be fedd with milke and not strong meate, let God and his working tell yow, whether yow have not sinned in hindering the simplenes of our soules, from the suckicis of your better doctrine, by laying in their wayes your extravagant and unnecessary passions; whether you have not bene cruell to inflame those hartes with choller, that brought into the Church knees and minds of sorrow and submission: and whether yow have not bene a preposterous nurse to poyson us with desperacion, insteede of feedinge us with instruccion. Surely, Sir, your iron is so entred into my soule, you have soe laboured to quench the spiritt to hinder the sacrament and banish me from myne owne parishe church, that my conscience cannot be quiett within me untill I have defended it by putting yow in mind of your uncharitable dealing with

your poore parishoners, whose purses participate in your contribucion, and whose labour yow are contented to eate, howsoever yow despise the man that gaynes it, or the wayes he gettes it, like those unthankful ones, that will refreshe themselves with the grape, and yet breake and abuse the branches. And pardon me, Sir, if that for defence of my profession in patience and humblenes of spiritt I expostulate a little with yow, wherein I desire yow to conceave, that I enter not the list of contencion, but only take holde of the hornes of the Altar in myne owne defence and seeke to wipe of those deepe, deadly and monstrous blemishes yow have cast uppon me, such as indeed made us blush, all Christian eares to glow, and all honest hartes to admire att. Yow waded very low with hatred against us, when yow ransacked hell to finde the register, wherein our soules are written dampned, and I make noe question, soe confident am I of my parte in the death and passion of Christ, who suffered for all mens sinnes, not excepting the player, thoughe in his tyme there were some, that if you had with charity cast your eyes to heaven yow might more easily have found our names written in the book of lief, and herein is my faith the stronger, because in Gods whole volume,—which I have studied as my best parte,—I find not any trade of lief except Conjurers, sorcerers, and witches (ipso facto) damned, nay not expressely spoken against, but only the abuses and bad uses of them, and in that point I defend not ours, nor should have disagreed with yow, if you had only strooke att the corrupt branches, and not laid your axe to the roots of the tree. Doe yow conclude it dambnable because in the olde world or after in the tyme of the patriarckes, Judges, Kinges and prophetts, there were noe players, why, Sir, there was a tyme there was noe smith in Israel; are all smithes therefore damned? a sinfull conclucion! doe yow conclude it damnable, because that in the tyme of Christ and his Apostles, it was not peculiarly justified and commended to after ages? Why neither Christ, nor they by their letters Pattentes incorporated either the mercer, draper, gouldsmith or a hundred trades and misteries that att this day are lawful, and would be very sorry to heare the sentence of damnacion pronounced against them, and simply because they are of such a trade, and yet there are faultes in all professions. for all have sinne may be freely spoken against. Doe yow conclude them damned, because that in the raigne of tyrant Cæsar they suffered banishment: which he did because he had worse thoughts and more divelishe desseires to imploy himself. But our Caesar and David that can vouchsafe amongst his grave exercises some tyme to tune himnes,

and harken unto harmelesse matters of delight, our Josua that professeth (howsoever other nacions doe) he and his houshould will serve the Lord, holdes it noe execrable matter to tollerate them; and how ungodly a speech it is in a publick pulpitt to say that he maynteynes those whom God hath damned, I appeale to the censure of all faithfull subjects, nay all Christian people; or doe yow conclude them damned because the woman you sited (perhaps) out of Legenda Auria that comming to a playe was possessed with an evill spiritt, and tolde by the devill, that he could have had noe power of her, but that he tooke her uppon his owne ground, which you strayne to be the playhouse; I pray, Sir, what became of all the other audience they were all uppon the same ground? were they all possessed? Truly, Sir, in my religion it is daungerous to hearken to the divell, dambnable to beleeve him, and to produce his testimony to prove the poore members of Christ dampned, God deliver me from an argument soe polluted or an imaginacion soe abominable; but could you have inferred that uppon this silly woman (for upon such weaknes the Divell trieth his conclucions) the finger of the Holy Ghost had come as unto Baltasar, and written, "thou art possest for seeing a play," I would with Jeromy have imployed rivers of teares to wash away the name of a player, and with Jeromy have kneeled untill my knees had bene as huffes to repeat soe faltie a profession: But (God willing) noe instance grounded uppon the Divell, father of lies, shall make me ashamed of it, when a State soe Christian and soe provident are pleased to spare and none repines att, but some few whose Curiosity outwayeth their Charity; but rather the better conceited because the Divell dislikes it, holding it for a generall Maxime, that the sclanders of the wicked are approbacions unto the godly.

INSCRIBED.—*Field the players letter to Mr. Sutton, preacher at St. Mary Overs.*, 1616.

WILLIAM H. FLEMING.

(*To be concluded.*)

SHAKESPEARE'S WORD-PLAY AND PUNS.

I. "THE WINTER'S TALE."

THERE is no sharper difference that divides us from the Elizabethans than our different way of looking at plays upon words. What for us is a silliness and impertinence, hardly endured in conversational bores and rigidly shut out from literature, was for them not only an endless source of amusement, but even a serious means of literary effect. In this point Shakespeare was at one with his age, and Shakespeare's puns are, for good or for evil, a significant part of Shakespeare's poetry. Hence the study of them belongs to the study of Shakespeare's mind and method. Such study, if it lead us to see, in our modern scorn of puns, something irrational and narrow, will perhaps do good in enlarging our æsthetical philosophy, but it will certainly shed light on many dark places of interpretation and gather into masses for reasoning the facts that bear upon the modes of feeling in which Shakespeare's art differed from ours, and the ways in which his speech either in vowel or in consonant sounded unlike our own.

The puns of Shakespeare fall, according to their nature and dramatic purpose, into two classes, which are very different. In the construction of a drama, be that construction never so skilful, there are minor scenes that serve only to prepare the mind for the great scenes, and there are minor characters that serve only to bring out the qualities and facilitate the action of great characters. In such minor scenes as these, and in the speech of such minor characters, in order to keep them from dragging, Shakespeare is lavish of puns and word play that are meant simply "to pass the time," to amuse and tickle. These may be called his facetious puns, and they form the larger and more salient class. But in great scenes and in the speech of great characters the pun is used for emotional purposes, to give to serious parts, by a touch of the grotesque or of the unexpected, a greater depth of meaning or a keener note of pathos.

Such puns make the second class, and may be called the serious puns. They are far less numerous, as it appears, than the facetious puns; but, as may be suspected from our changed habits of thought and feeling and speech, they often elude our observation and may be far more numerous than we reckon.

Outside of these two classes of real puns, there are many plays on words, in all stages of approximation, that have not reached the stage of pun. Thus Camillo says to Perdita the shepherdess, in pretty compliment to her beauty, IV. iii. 109 (the notation is that of the Globe Edition, of 1884):

> I should leave *grazing* were I of your flock,
> And only live by *gazing*.

Leontes, in denouncing his wife's supposed guilt, says:

> Were my wife's *liver*
> Infected as her *life*,
> She would not live
> The running of one glass (I. ii. 304).

Autolycus says:

> Had not the old man . . . scared my *choughs* from the *chaff* (IV. iii. 630).

Paulina says:

> Here's such ado to make *no stain*, a *stain* as passes *colouring* (II. ii. 19).

The third gentleman describes how Perdita heard the manner of her mother's death:

> One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which *angled* for my eyes, caught the *water* (*i.e.* tears), though not the *fish* (V. ii. 89).

This same third gentleman (who, as Perdita's steward, must have made life bitter to her by his punning) describes the meeting of Leontes and Polixenes:

> The "encounter" . . . *undoes* description to *do* it (V. ii. 58).

> Florizel, pledging all his good qualities to Perdita, is eager to *Commend* them and *condemn* them to her service (IV. iv. 387).

So Antigonus, without exactly punning, plays with Leontes' word *raise* (II. i. 198); and so Hermione uses, with pregnant meaning, the word "I long" (I. i. 101) in such a way as to prepare Leontes' mind for Perdita's coming (cf. IV. iv. 681).

Of like nature is the clause descriptive of poor Antigonus' fate, as what happened to the *land service*, Leontes' army, as opposed to his navy (III. iv. 96). And when Hermione says to her jealous husband,

> You, my lord, do but mistake,

Leontes gives the frightful answer,

> You have *mistook*, my lady,
> Polixenes for Leontes (II. i. 81).

The puns that are purely facetious seem to have, in the most cases, no connection with the character or with the action. They serve, in Shakespeare's method, only the purpose of enlivening the scene and amusing the audience. Thus it is the rude servant of the Bohemian shepherd that, in describing the riches of "the pedlar's pack," makes a hit at the lawyers:

> He hath *points* (*i.e.* laces) more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can *handle* (IV. iv. 206).

The clown, speaking of his new fine clothes, defies Autolycus to say that his robes are not gentleman *born* (*i.e. borne*) (V. ii. 143). And, as he had received the king's favors before his father, he says that "he was a *gentleman* born before his father" (V. ii. 150). In such happy fooleries the speech of Autolycus is rich, *e.g.*:

> Money's a *medlar* that doth *utter* all men's ware (IV. iv. 330).
> Tradesmen . . . often *give us soldiers the lie* (*i.e.* lie to us) (IV. iv. 768).

So, after changing clothes and foot-gear with Florizel, he cries:

> What an exchange, had this been without *boot!* What a *boot* is here with the exchange! (IV. iv. 690).
>
> Are you in *earnest?* Indeed I have had *earnest* (IV. iv. 660).
>
> I'll be with you at your *sheep shearing:* I'll make . . . the *shearers* prove *sheep* (IV. iv. 129).

Even in his bursts of exquisite song the punning cannot be suppressed:

> A merry heart goes all the day (IV. ii. 133).

is a pretty saying that involves two meanings.

When the clown says,

> We are very plain fellows,

Autolycus replies:

A lie, you are rough and hairy (IV. iv. 743).

And, at the end, jesting at his foul clothes, he says:

Let me be unrolled (*i.e.* enrolled) and my name put in the book of virtue (IV. iv. 131).

In *unrolled* for *enrolled* we have the type of another class of word-plays, the class that lived on to blossom to its fullest under Sheridan and Mrs. Malaprop: the substitution for facetious effect of the wrong word for the right one. This of course is used in the drama to mark the speech of the unlearned. So the clown says, in joy at his turn of luck:

Being in so *preposterous* (*i.e.* prosperous) estate.

And he asks about the pedlar, punning three deep:

Has he any *unbraided* (embroidered) wares? (IV. iv. 204).

And the rustic servant brags of the dancers who have danced before the king, and can jump twelve foot and a half by the squire (*i.e. square*) (IV. iii. 348).

"*Clamour* your tongues" (*i.e. clamp*) (IV. iv. 250), and *Saltiers* for Satyrs (IV. iv. 334).

The Clown, like Autolycus, is a large maker of facetious puns:

Though my *case* be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be *flayed* out of it (IV. iv. 825).

There (in helping the drowning sailors) your charity would have *lacked footing* (III. iii. 113).

The Shepherd's servant also makes many such puns. The singer of

"bawdry" songs "means mischief" and "breaks a *foul gap*" (="jape") into the matter (IV. iii. 197). (Cf. the wide gap of time, V. iii. 154.)

The Third Gentleman in the fifth act, Paulina's steward, is, in his foolish and euphuistic talk, full of puns. He describes the old Shepherd as a *weather-bitten* (weather-beaten) conduit of many kings' *reigns* (rains) (V. ii. 66). He tells of the happy meeting of the two kings:

Then might you have beheld one joy *crown* another . . . countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment not by *favour* (*i.e.* badge, token) (V. ii. 59).

And he praises the skill in art of Julio Romano, by saying that he would beguile nature of her *custom* (V. ii. 108).

Such facetious puns as lay in the manners of the times often played on obscene notions; so the clown "those secret things," etc. (IV. iii. 714), and Autolycus "*exchange flesh*" (IV. iv. 286).

Rarely the facetious pun is found in the speech of the more important characters. Paulina's "worth," Leontes says to Polixenes, is justified by "us *a pair of kings*" (V. iii. 146), and Prince Florizel, with a like allusion to a popular game, says:

> The stars I see, will kiss the valleys first,
> The odds for *high and low* alike (V. i. 207).

Camillo, when he wishes to leave his home in Bohemia and go back to be buried in Sicily, says:

> Though I have been *aired* (heired) abroad,
> I desire to *lay my bones* there (IV. i. 6).

In the serious word-play by which the poet meant to give depth and tenderness to dramatic speech, Shakespeare felt, as the great dramatists had felt before him, the charm of drawing a meaning from etymology. Thus Paulina cries to Hermione:

> Our *Perdita* is found (V. iii. 121).

Even Hermione condescends so far as to play for once with words:

> Whose love had spoke, ever since it could speak from an *infant* (III. ii. 70).

And the old Shepherd, in his rise of fortune, says:

> We must be *gentle* (*i.e.* mild, courteous) now we are *gentlemen*. (V. ii. 164.)

Sometimes, in serious poetry, this pun is but a touch of delicate fancy, that adds to the surface-meaning a deeper meaning beneath:

> In the sweet o' the year . . .
> The red blood reigns on the winter's *pale* (IV. ii. 4).

In other places the pun gives to the language of love a kind of caressing tenderness. So Leontes says to the marble statue of Hermione:

> Does not the *stone* rebuke me
> For being more *stone* than it? (V. iii. 33).

And in the same scene:

> Chide me, *dear stone* (*dear'st* one), that I may say indeed,
> Thou art Hermione! (V. iii. 24).

Admiring the life-like air of the statue, Leontes asks:

> What fine chisel could ever yet *cut breath?* (V. iii. 78).

Paulina, when she urges Leontes to embrace the statue, says:

> Do not shun her . . . for then
> You kill *her double* (V. iii. 107).

And when the color on the statue's face is declared by Paulina to be fresh paint, Camillo says to Leontes:

> Your sorrow was too soon *laid on*,
> Which sixteen . . . summers cannot *dry* (V. iii. 49).

The same spirit of punning, only more playful, is found in the love-making of Florizel and Perdita. While the prince is in her embrace, the girl says:

> How would he (the king, your father) feel to see his *work* so vilely *bound up?* (IV. iv. 21).

And when Florizel, disguised as a shepherd, swears his love, and likens her to a goddess or a queen, she says:

> Your high self
> The gracious mark o'the land you have obscured
> With a *swain's wearing* (swain swearing) (IV. iv. 9).

And when Perdita comes in, half buried under wild flowers, the prince cries:

> Those your unusual *weeds* to each part of you
> Do give a life—no shepherdess, but Flora (IV. iii. 1).

In graver moods also, of indignation or anger, the pun is used to give keenness to the emotion. There seems to be a pretty allusion to the sports of children in Hermione's famous words defying Leontes' threats of death:

> The *bug*, which you do fright me with, I seek (III. ii. 92).

Leonato, when he insults old Antigonus for being "henpecked" and "unroosted" by Paulina, cries at him:

> Thou dotard—thou art *woman-tired* (II. iii. 74).

And in his fury he puns his rage at Paulina:

> A callat
> Of boundless tongue, who late hath *beat* her husband,
> And now *baits* me (II. iii. 91).

Leontes' play on the word *neat* (I. ii. 125) and on *shoots* (id. 128) is a pathetic example of the mind's proneness in times of dazing trouble—to make idle sport with words.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE METRE OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

THERE is a freedom in the management of blank verse in *Antony and Cleopatra* that is not found in the earlier plays. But the many irregularities do not grate upon us. They are not the slips of a fledgeling poet who does not know when he errs. We feel that the deviations from strict metre are intentional; even more, warrantable; in many cases adding to the strength of the verse. It is as if the poet, instead of failing to come up to the set standard, had placed himself beyond the rules and let the result show the wisdom of his method. Such a procedure, it is true, is justifiable in a masterpiece only.

We demand from a poet a correct metrical ear, an ability to express his thoughts in an arbitrary metrical way. That is, we have certain verse forms that a poet must use. Further, we demand, and especially in blank verse, that the poet shall so vary his measure, within proper limits, that monotony shall not result.

It is the old distinction: substance is not enough; there must be the perfect form. Those who have thought and ignore expression, are, according to Goethe, dilettantes. Now, when a poet ignores some of our rules (arbitrary, it is true, but essential nevertheless), it is not enough that his thought be great. That does not make up the deficiency. But, on the contrary, these very irregularities must so correspond to the thought that the thought is enhanced by them. In other words, the faults must

be so chosen and handled that they become virtues. Only a master can do this, and when he does it, the result is a masterpiece. Whether Shakespeare in *Antony and Cleopatra* has succeeded in making irregularities beauties, is a question of taste, and as such can hardly be discussed. But to show some of the irregularities and allowable variations is the object of this paper.

In the body of the verse we come upon redundant syllables, and places where syllables are lacking. These extra syllables and dropped syllables cause words to be slurred over or prolonged if we attempt to scan the lines according to rule. They constitute the distinguishing irregularity in the metre of the play. Then we have several hexameter lines, and one or two lines that can be scanned as heptameters. As allowable variations, we note the large number of cases in which the sentence or clause ends in the middle of the line; where the sense does not stop with the line but runs over into the next (enjambement); and last, the various endings besides the strong ending—namely, the double, weak, and light endings.

Extra syllables in the body of the verse come very frequently after the third accent of the verse, often after the second, occasionally after the fourth, and rarely after the first. Further, these extra syllables as a rule come at the end of a clause or sentence, and most frequently, perhaps, when another character takes up the dialogue in the middle of the line. It is as if the speeches overlapped. The last syllable of one speaker is smothered by the first syllable of the second speaker, and there results a foot of three syllables, one of which must be slighted if we wish to make the line scan exactly. The position of the slurred syllable in the foot varies also. Sometimes the slurred syllable is the one following the accented syllable of the preceding foot, and sometimes it is the one immediately preceding the accented syllable of the foot in which it is.

Let us examine some of these irregular lines, taken here and there from an abundance of similarly irregular verses. (In the following examples, the syllable which, as it seems to me, must be hastily pronounced—in *scanning*, that is—is printed in ital-

ics. In many of the lines another scansion is of course possible. (Globe Edition numbering.)

I., 3, 79, 80. Of excellent dissem*bling* ; and let it look
Like perfect hon*our*.
You'll heat my blood : no more.

I., 3, 91. And I am all forgot*ten*.
But that your roy*alty*.

I., 5, 12. May not fly to E*gypt*. Hast thou affections?

(Here at first sight it looks as if the vowel sounds "th*ou* affections" were to be slurred together. But we have other instances in which "Egypt" is used as a monosyllable; * and besides, the meaning requires more the accentuation of "thou" than the ordinary value of "Egypt.")

IV., 1, 2. To beat me out of E*gypt* ; my messenger

(Here, to pronounce "Egypt" as a dissyllable would throw an accent on the second syllable of "messenger"—manifestly wrong.) Again,

II., 2, 38. Might be to you in E*gypt* : yet if you there

Proper names are frequently so shortened. "Antony" is used indifferently as a dis- and tri-syllable: "Cæsar" frequently as a monosyllable.

II., 1, 13. No wars without doors : Cæs*ar* gets money where
III., 7, 53. Beat the approaching Cæs*ar*. But if we fail
IV., 1, 4. Cæs*ar* to An*tony* : let the old ruffian know
III., 2, 13. Would you praise Cæs*ar*, say "Cæsar :" go no further.
IV., 14, 123. She had disposed with Cæs*ar*, and that your rage

"Antony" is often used as a dissyllable, and from this use the poet seems to regard it as a dissyllable which may be shortened into a monosyllable.

II., 1, 20. Looking for An*tony*. But all the charms of love,

Within five lines notice three syllabic values for "Antony."

* In speaking of monosyllables or dissyllables, I refer merely to scansion values, and do not mean that, in reading, the *hastily* pronounced syllables should be ignored.

II., 1, 38–42. The ne'er-lust-wearied An*tony*.
I cannot hope
Cæsar and An*tony* shall greet well together . . .
Not moved by Antony.
I know not, Menas,

As further examples:

I., 3, 48. Breed scrupulous fac*tion*: the hated grown to strength,
II., 7, 140. To these great fel*lows*: sound and be hanged, sound out!
II., 2, 91. From mine own know*ledge*: as nearly as I may,
III., 2, 22. The other three are seal*ing*. Oct*avia* weeps
III., 3, 45. This man hath seen some ma*jesty*, and should know
III., 11, 4. Have lost my way forever. I have a ship
III., 11, 57. My heart was to thy rud*der* tied by the strings,

These extra syllables come in the third foot, or later in the verse. As examples earlier in the verse:

II., 2, 85. The hon*our* is sacred which he talks on now,
II., 2, 82. The artic*le* of your oath; which you shall never
II., 2, 171. Whi*ther* straight I'll lead you.
Let | us, Lepidus,
II., 3, 12. Thither!
If you can, your rea*son*?
I see it in

The name of Enobarbus receives curt handling:

IV., 9, 9, 10. Bear hateful mem*ory*, poor *En*obarbus did
Before thy face repent!
*En*obarbus!
Peace!

Lines like those that have preceded are so numerous that to instance all would seem like copying the play.

Of hexameters, the following are examples:

III., 11, 73. Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
III., 10, 29. Most grossly, by his own!
Ay, are you thereabouts?
III., 6, 52. The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,

Some of the hexameters are irregular, in addition.

III., 6, 76. With a more larger list of scep*tres*.
Ay me, most wretched,
V., 2, 58. Be gentle grave un*to me!* rather on Nilus' mud

(Here the syllables "to" and "me" have nearly equal stress.)

Again, some of the hexameters may be scanned, by the slurring process, as pentameters; and it is probable that the following were written as five-foot verses:

III., 1, 85. He pur'poseth' to A'*thens*: whi'*ther*, with what háste
IV., 14, 80. Most u'seful to' thy cou'ntry. O', sir, par'*don me!*
IV., 12, 48. To *the* young | Rom*an* boy | she *hath* sold | me, and I fall

Heptameters:

IV., 14, 120. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear—
III., 10, 30. Why, then, | good night | indeed | .
Toward Pel | *o*ppone | sus are | they fled. |

Not unfrequently syllables seem lacking in the body of the line. In such cases the voice must pause, as for emphasis, before continuing the verse. Examples (* denotes the pause):

IV., 4, 11. Is this | not buck | led well? |
* Rare | ly, rare | ly:
IV., 1, 6. Laugh at his chal | lenge.
* | Cæsar must think,
V., 1, 27. The gods rebuke | me, * | but it is tidings
IV., 15, 9. His guard have brought him thith | er.
* | O sun,
IV., 14, 103. I learn'd of thee. | How! * | not dead? not dead?

(Or the pause may come before "How." It is the speech of Antony as he attempts to kill himself; and the pause, taking the place of a word, may signify his motion as he falls on his sword.)

I., 3, 1. Where is | he? * |
I di | d not see him since.
I., 1, 40. We stand up peer | less. * |
Excellent falsehood.

And a very beautiful effect is produced by putting the pause *before* the line.

IV., 15, 18 * I | am dy | ing E | gypt, dy | ing; on | ly.

With reference to endings, *Antony and Cleopatra* is especially rich. All forms are represented, and there is consequently a continued variation. The blank verse is almost as far as possible removed from the style of *Gorboduc* or *Tamburlaine*.

The verse ending with an extra syllable after the last foot is

too common a variation to be noticed at any length, if we are to regard merely single lines. But take an instance or two where it is employed for several lines in close succession :

I., 4, 75 :

Cæsar. Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Lepidus. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.
Cæsar. Till which encounter,
It is my business too.

I., 3, 6 :

Charmian. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleopatra. What should I do, I do | not?
Charmian. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleopatra. Thou teachest like a fool ; the way to lose him !

I., 3, 90 :

Cleopatra. . . . O, my oblivion is a perfect Ant | ony
And I am all forgot*ten.*
Antony. But that your roy | alty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take | you
For idleness itself.
Cleopatra. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do | NOT
Eye well to you : your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly, . . .

In this last extract the first two lines show two extra syllables at the end. The seventh verse shows an additional peculiarity. It has a "light" ending, combined with an extra-syllable ending, "do | NOT." (I know that it would be possible to read the line ". . . kill | *me*, when they | do not | ;" but, by reading it in connection with the following line, we see that the "not" is too closely joined to the "eye" to have a stress independent of it.)

Another class of endings is necessarily common to all blank

verse. Namely, when the line is perfect as regards number of syllables, but has the last syllable unaccented, or nearly so; and, in distinction to the light ending, the sense does not run over into the next line. As examples:

I., 1, 57. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property . . .

I., 2, 105. Extend | ed A | sia | from Eu | phratès; |
His conquering banner shook from Syriâ
To Lydia and to Ioniâ . . .

This last is in the *Tamburlaine* vein.

I., 1, 1. Nay, but this dotage of our generâl's . . .

I., 1, 42. I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony . . .

I., 2, 9. In nature's infinite book of secrecy . . .

Manifestly the voice must not dwell on the marked syllables. Still another example:

I., 5, 35. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine HATH
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Here we meet again with the light ending ("hath"). A light ending occurs when a line ends with a syllable which cannot receive an accent, and which, properly speaking, belongs (in *sense*) to the next line. That is, the sense runs over into the next line. It differs from the ordinary enjambement; for in this latter the word at the end of the line can bear the accent. Every light ending is part of an enjambement, but every enjambement does not contain a light ending. As examples of light endings (ordinary enjambement illustrated farther on in longer extracts):

I., 1, 60. That he approves the common liar, WHO
Thus speaks of him . . .

I., 4, 53. No vessel could peep forth, but 'tis as SOON
Taken as seen; . . .

(This is more like the ordinary enjambement.)

I., 2, 31. If, or for nothing or a little, *I*
Should say . . .

I., 2, 33. Chiefly i' the world; more laughed at, that I SHOULD
Once name . . .
I., 2, 72. When rioting in Alexandria, YOU
Did pocket . . .
I., 2, 70. Did you too much disquiet; for that you MUST
But say, . . .
II., 2, 96. For which myself, the ignorant motive, DO
So far ask pardon . . .
II., 2, 113. I do not much dislike the matter, BUT
The manner of his speech; . . .
II., 2, 145. To make this good?
The power of Cæsar, AND
His power unto Octavia . . .

(Note also III., 11, 35–70, in which, in twenty lines, are more than half a dozen light endings.) These seven last instances are taken from the same scene, to show how abundantly the light ending is used. Sometimes, as already instanced, the light ending combines with the hypermeter ending. As additional instances of this:

II., 2, 168. Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch | WE
The business we have talk'd of.
I., 4, 16. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is | NOT
Amiss . . .
II., 2. 18. That which combined us was most great and let | NOT
A leaner action rend us.
III., 2, 16, Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, can | NOT
Think, speak, . . .

But we cannot trust entirely to appearances. Here, for instance, is an example of a purely strong ending which at first glance seems light:

IV., 2, 26. Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow.

Many of the preceding quotations have been selected to illustrate single effects; but take a speech from the play, almost at random, and it will show a combination of the described features that make the verse of *Antony and Cleopatra* so free and vigorous. Here is a passage that is hard to make agree with verse laws. . . .

I., 1, 25. Perchance! | na'y, and most li'ke: |
You must not stay here longer, your dismis | sion
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, An | tony.
Where's Fulvia's pro | cess? Cæ | sar's, I would | say? both?
Call in the mes | *sengers*. As I | am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæ | sar's hom | ager: else so | thy cheek pays shame
When still-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

The fifth and seventh lines of this speech could also be read as hexameters, but it seems to me more in the spirit of the passage to allow them but five accents each.

I., 4, 1. *Cæsar*. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexan | dria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in rev*el*; is not more man | like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Pto | lemy
More wom | anly | than he | : ha'rdly | gave | au'd | ience, OR
Vouchsafed to think | *he* had part | ners: you shall find | there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Note the number of enjambements. I am in doubt as to the scansion of line 7. It would be simpler to scan it as given—a hexameter. Still "womanly" is often used as a dissyllable, and "ly" in "hardly" could be slurred over. But this would throw an accent on "than," which should be avoided.

More wom | *an*ly than | he: hard | *ly* gave aud | ience or |

This is halting, but the other is strained. It is not an easy verse to handle.

III., 13, 20. *Antony*. To' him aga'in: | te'll him he wea'rs | the rose
Of youth upon | *him*; from which | the world should note
So'mething partic' | ular: his coin, ships, Le | gions,
May be a cow*ard's*; whose mi*nist*ers would prevail
U'nder the se'r | vice of a child as soon
As in *the* command of Cæ*sar*: I dare him there | fore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined, | swo'rd against swo'rd,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.
Enobarbus. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar WILL

Unstate his happ*i*ness, and be staged to *the* show
Against a swor*der!* I see men's judgments ARE
A parcel of their fortunes, and things out | ward
Do draw the inward qua*li*ty after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream
Kno'wing all mea's | ures the full Cæsar WILL
An'swer his e'mp | tiness! Cæsar, thou *hast* subdued
His judgment too.

Note again the enjambements.

IV., 6, 12. *Enobarbus.* Alexas did revolt; and went to Jew | ry ON
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæ | sar;
And leave his master Ant*o*ny: for this pains
Cæ'sar hath ha'ng'd | h*im*. Canid | ius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, BUT
No honourable trust. | I' have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sore | ly,
That I will joy no more. |
Soldier. *Eno*barb | us, An | tony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, WITH
His bounty overplus: the messengèr
Ca'me on my gua'rd, and at thy tent is NOW
Unloading of his mules.

These passages must suffice to show the variations in the verse. It is easier to pick out the passages that show Shakespeare's freedom, than it would be to select places where he adheres rigidly to rule. The irregularities render the verse rugged, but thereby make it stronger and more suited to the subject. With regard to endings, Shakespeare has allowed himself the greatest freedom, yet he has never permitted the desire to avoid monotony to react in the other direction. His liberties do not tire, or annoy us; on the contrary, they are so used that we can hardly make ourselves think that they are breakings out of bounds. The so-called "looseness" of the verse is, in reality, a triumph of metrical art, for the means is in harmony with the end.

MARTIN WRIGHT SAMPSON.

Editorial.

A SQUIB lately going the rounds of the newspapers is as follows:

Wife. John, I wish you would get seats for that play at the Bijou.
Husband. Has it any literary merit?
Wife. No.
Husband. Then I'll get them for to-night!

There is something in this. What is literary merit on the stage? Is it only that which distresses, agonizes, or bores us? Cannot the drama be allowed us as a relaxation and a relief from care? Is it only plays like *Madeline Morel* or *The Fool's Revenge*, from witnessing which the audience empties itself silently and solemnly out into the street, as from a funeral? Are such as these the only meritorious productions in Dramatic Art? Possibly there were those in Shakespeare's day who declared there was no "literary merit" in the scenes in Dogberry's and Elbow's court-rooms, or the rehearsals and performance of Bottom's hard-handed troupe, or those between Launce and his Dog, or Launcelot Gobbo and his aged parent.

A WRITER in the March *Forum* deals more hard knocks to the poor book-reviewers, who are doubtless getting more of this treatment than they deserve. The fact is that the jurisdiction of the book-reviewer over authors long since fell to that of Beadle only. The Beadle was a functionary who kept the boys quiet during service, and dropped in occasionally to solace the baby farmer of the parish. Let the omniscient go in peace. The boys have outgrown the Beadle—that is all.

ON the other hand, according to William Winter (who ought to know), Dramatic Criticism is only of value inversely to its direction. In a capital paper in *Harper's Weekly* recently, addressed to Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Winter says:

"At the present moment two amiable and handsome young

people are disporting at a neighboring theatre as Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. A more futile performance, in every possible point of view, probably was never given; and I believe the critical tribunals of the town have mostly stated this truth —in some cases with considerable virulence. Yet this performance draws crowded houses, and, no doubt, it will continue to draw them, here and all over the country. . . .

"In the early days of *The Black Crook*, when it had become known to me, from the police, that one form of vice had been much increased, through the influence of that spectacle, in the neighborhood of Niblo's Theatre, I thought it was my duty (as the dramatic reviewer for the New York *Tribune*) to denounce that exhibition; and I did denounce it 'in good set terms.' The consequence was an immediate and enormous increase in the public attendance, and my friend Henry D. Palmer, one of the managers of the *Crook*, addressed to me these grateful and expressive words: 'Go on, my boy; this is exactly what we want'"

We omitted to state, in our January issue, that Mr. W. H. Wyman ceased with our issue for December to contribute to these pages his invaluable "*Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy*." Mr. Wyman thus brings his careful and conscientious work to an end, having adequately and completely covered just forty years of the history of this most memorable literary excitement, being the forty years of its nativity, infancy, childhood, youth, insistence, investigation, and collapse into cipher obscurity. Mr. Wyman, while himself never wavering in his Shakespearian loyalty, has, after all, been the best interpreter of the episode. To pass beyond the terminal he has chosen would doubtless be but to encourage further amateur discussion of a bootless question; or, as Iago put it, "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

Miscellany.

[Matter heretofore printed under "THE OPEN COURT" will hereafter be included in this department.]

AT Delmonico's on Saturday evening, March 30, Messrs. Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer gave a supper to Edwin Booth and about eighty gentlemen who were invited to meet the tragedian. The supper was given as a mark of the esteem in which Mr. Booth is held by the managers, and also to express their appreciation of his magnificent present of a home to the Players' Club. A novelty in the arrangements for supper was the setting of the table in the form of a five-pointed star. Mr. Booth sat at the point immediately opposite the door, having Mr. Daly on his right and Mr. Palmer on his left. The centre of the table was adorned with the largest and most beautiful floral piece that could be constructed. After the supper, which began at midnight, Mr. Daly rose and made a brief speech welcoming Mr. Booth, who expressed his pleasure and thanks. Mr. Daly then surrendered the control of the subsequent proceedings to Mr. Palmer, and thereafter the speech-making continued until 5 A.M. Among the guests were Chauncey M. Depew, General Sherman, General Porter, Samuel L. Clemens, Warner Miller, Dion Boucicault, William Winter, ex-Mayor Grace, Judge Joseph F. Daly, M. Coquelin and his son, Judge C. P. Daly, Parke Godwin, T. B. Aldrich, George H. Boker, Lawrence Barrett, Horace Howard Furness, Appleton Morgan, Isaac H. Bailey, Thomas L. James, W. J. Florence, Henry C. Jarrett, Daniel Frohman, August St. Gaudens, John Gilbert, John Drew, Alexander Salvini, James Lewis, E. M. Holland, George Clarke, J. J. Holland, Herbert Kelcey, and other well-known gentlemen. Mr. Boucicault spoke, as usual, to the point. Alluding to the early departure of M. Coquelin, he said: "When this gentleman reaches Paris he will find a home," and proceeded to demand that the American Stage have its Lyceum, its Academy, permanently organized.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

*** Editions of Shakespeare sent to us are reviewed in leading articles under the title, "WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?" Other volumes are noticed in numerical order of their receipt.

(14) THE RIVERSIDE SHAKESPEARE. Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press. 6 vols., 8vo, cloth, pp. 1026.

(15) SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Richard Grant White. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 6 vols., 8vo, cloth, pp. each 500–560.

(16) THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE. Vols. IV., V. Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall; with Notes and Introductions, and Illustrations by Gordon Brown. New York: Scribner & Welford. Sq. 8vo, cloth, pp. 423–425.

(17) CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. Twenty-one volumes of Shakespeare's Plays. New York: Cassell & Co. With reprints of Sources of Plots. 16mo (Handy Volume style), paper, each pp. 190.

(18) DELIA BACON. A Biographical Sketch. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press. 12mo, cloth, pp. 322.

(19) THE TRUE STORY OF HAMLET AND OPHELIA. By Frederica Beardsley Gilchrist. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 340.

(20) IS THERE ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND BACON? Philadelphia: Henry B. Ashmead. 12mo, paper, pp. 192. Second edition enlarged. London: Field & Tuer.

(21) ANNALS OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 275.

(22) A HISTORY OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE (1660–1780). By Edmund Gosse, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Cloth, pp. 400.

(23) SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIC ARTIST. A Popular Illustration of the Principles of Scientific Criticism. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A. Second Edition Revised and Enlarged. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Cloth, pp. 368.

(24) WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. A Literary Biography. By Karl Elzé, Ph.D. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. London: George Bell & Sons. Cloth, pp. 587.

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DID BEN JONSON WRITE BACON'S WORKS?

II.

(Continued from April Number.)

THE learned men who associated with Jonson and talked with Bacon could not fail to suspect what Jonson was doing in Bacon's study; and when any of these gentlemen witnessed a performance of one of Jonson's plays, and heard the warnings, in address or prologue, not to decipher the cipher, they appreciated the joke, and looked out for interesting revelations, for Jonson was continually warning his audiences not to believe there were any intentional allusions to any prominent personage, and, at the same time, was constantly making allusions which could scarcely be mistaken; precisely as Bacon wrote to Queen Elizabeth not to believe that he desired his friends to press his claims upon her attention, and, at the same time was urging those friends to redouble their exertions. (*Letters and Life*, I., 254–5–8.)

In *The Silent Woman* we shall find the references to Bacon repeated, while, in a later prologue to this play, Jonson repeats the warning, evidently "by request," that no one will be wicked enough to misinterpret them. Bacon appears in this play under the name of Sir John Daw, and Jonson here says of Daw what Queen Elizabeth said of Sir Francis Bacon; what Lord Burleigh said of him; what Sir Edward Coke said of him—that he was showy "but not deep."

"The world reports him to be very learned," says Clerimont. To which Truewit replies: "I am sorry the world should so conspire to belie him." "I have heard very good things come from him," persists Clerimont. "You may," responds Truewit, "there's none so desperately ignorant as to deny that; would they were his own."

The reader will remember that the Earl of Southampton was tried as an accomplice in Essex' insurrection; that the Earl of

Essex was beheaded, and that the Earl of Southampton was committed close prisoner to the Tower; and that Bacon, anxious to win the Queen's favor, betrayed every confidence in order to insure the conviction of his noble benefactor. After the death of Queen Elizabeth, one of the first acts of King James was to release Southampton from the Tower. Then a letter was written to the Earl by Bacon, a letter which thoroughly reveals his whole character. He says: "This great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your lordship than this, that I may safely be now that which I was truly before." (*L. and L.*, III., 75–76.)

Now, in the play, we seem to perceive an allusion to this circumstance in the concluding words of a message sent to Sir John Daw,

"She will'd me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more favors, and with more security now than before." (III., 1.)

It will also be remembered that Bacon was made Queen's Counsel Extraordinary by Elizabeth, and that Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, assures us that this was the first appointment of the kind. Clerimont says of Sir John Daw:

"I wonder he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor."

To which Dauphine answers:

"*He is one extraordinary.*" (II., 111.)

If we suspect a person of obtaining fame under false pretences, of assuming to be a philosopher, any independent statement of his upon a philosophical subject will tend to allay or confirm our impressions; and thus, if we could learn, aside from the works which Bacon is alleged to have written, what his independent statement was upon a question of this character, it would, at least, afford us satisfaction. Now it fortunately happens that we have a report from a trustworthy source, giving the substance of what Bacon once said to Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I.:

"His lordship presented to Prince Henry two triangular stones (as the first fruits of his philosophy) to imitate the sym-

pathetical motion of the loadstone and iron. although made up by the compounds of meteors (as star-shot jelly) and other like magical ingredients, with the reflected beams of the sun, on purpose that the warmth distilled into them from the moist heat of the hands might discover an affection of the heart by a visible sign of their attraction and appetite to each other, like the hands of a watch within ten minutes after they are laid on a marble table, or the theatre of a great looking-glass. I write not this as a feigned story, says Mr. Bushel (Extract, pp. 17–18), but as a real truth, for I was never quiet in my mind till I did procure these jewels of my lord's philosophy from my friend Mr. Archy Primrose, the Prince's page." (*Gen. Dict.*, Fol. II., 571, note.)

Is not that the language of a mountebank? Does it not look like an attempt to impose upon a young prince? If it were not published on such excellent authority, we might safely discredit the story; but, since no one has sounded the depths of philosophy, this may, after all, be an excellent illustration of Bacon's exceeding wisdom. These triangular stones may have been picked up by this "pioneer" out of "the mine of truth which lay so deep," though to an unphilosophical layman the whole business smacks of the harlequin.

Very soon after the publication of the *Novum Organum*, Bacon furnished the most conspicuous example of official corruption that has ever disgraced the history of England. This was in April, 1621. He wasted no time in regret, but at once took measures for the translation of his alleged works, and, together with some legal treatises and several historical works which were projected but never completed, wrote his (1) *Theological Tracts;* (2) *History of Henry VII.;* (3) *Paraphrase of the Psalms;* (4) The Miscellaneous papers which were published in quarto after his death.

No one now would care to read these *Theological Tracts.* The best of theological tracts are hard reading, and Bacon's are among the worst. Archbishop Tenison mildly says of them: "There appears nothing so extraordinary in their composition as is found in his lordship's other labors." (*Gen. Dict.*, II., 569, note.)

The History of Henry VII. In reading this history one is

reminded of the story, which Macaulay relates somewhere, of a notorious Italian criminal, who was proffered a choice of punishment; either to read Guicciardini's History or be chained to an oar in the galleys. The criminal chose the history, but shortly repented, and cheerfully went to the galleys.

"Of all his works, this" (*Henry VII.*), says Lord Campbell, "gave the least satisfaction to the public; and after recently again perusing it, I must confess that it is hardly equal to Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.*, or to Camden's of Queen Elizabeth, leaving the reproach upon our literature of being lamentably deficient in historical composition till the days of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. Some have accounted for Bacon's failure by supposing a decline in his faculties, but he afterwards showed that they remained in their pristine vigor to the very close of his career." (Campbell, *Lord Chancellors*, III., pp. 100, 101.)

"It would be endless," says Budgell, in the *Guardian*, No. 25, "should I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur on every page. . . . It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being so wordy; of which I shall put down two or three examples: (1) 'That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king's attainder, should be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file.' . . . (2) 'Taxing him for a great taxer of his people, not by proclamations, but by court-fames, which commonly print better than printed proclamations.' . . . (3) 'It was observed, that the great tempest which drove Philip into England, blew down the Golden Eagle from the spire of St. Paul's; and in the fall it fell upon a sign of the Black Eagle, which was in St. Paul's churchyard, in the place where the school-house now standeth, and battered it, and broke it down; which was a strange stooping of a hawk upon a fowl.'"

Voltaire has recorded his amazement at such a performance as Bacon's *Henry VII.*, and says he wonders how any one can presume to compare so little a work with that of the illustrious De Thou. He then quotes a passage wherein Lord Bacon

speaks of the impostor Perkin Warbeck, who assumed the name and title of Richard IV., King of England, at the instigation of the Duchess of Burgundy; and who disputed the crown with Henry VII. Upon which "the brilliant Frenchman" remarks that the sagacious De Thou does not give in to such fustian, which formerly was looked upon as sublime, but in the present age is justly called nonsense. (*Gen. Dic.*, Fol. II., 568, note. Voltaire, Paris, 1843, *Lettres sur les Anglais*, Lettre XII., Liv. V., p. 18.)

The Paraphrase of the Psalms. Archbishop Tenison observes: "It is very seldom that he [Lord Bacon] courted the muses; and, therefore, his vein does not appear so elegant and happy as exercise might have made it. The truth is, it is one of the hardest things in the world to excel in poetry; and to attempt and not to excel, is to lose both time and reputation." (*Gen. Dic.*, Fol. II., 569, note.) "He wrote some religious tracts," says Lord Campbell, "and he employed himself in a metrical translation into English of some of the Psalms of David—showing by this effort, it must be confessed, more piety than poetry. His ear had not been formed, nor his fancy fed, by a perusal of the divine productions of Surrey, Wyat, Spenser, and Shakespeare, or he could not have produced rhymes so rugged, and turns of expression so mean." (*Lord Chan.*, III., p. 110.)

"So shall he not lift up his head
In the assembly of the just.
For why? The Lord hath special eye
To be the godly's stay at call;
And hath given over righteously
The *wicked man to take his* fall."—*Bacon.*

After this we need not be surprised to learn that the *Remains*, which were published in quarto, "do not come up to the spirit and penetration of that noble author." What! The author of the *Essays* write such theological tracts! The author of the *Advancement and Proficiency of Learning* write such a history! The author of the *Novum Organum* write such poetry! And that is not all. It was bad enough to

write them; but to print them was worse. To publish these things under the name, however unworthy, that was sanctified by its connection with *The Great Instauration*, showed that Bacon was deficient in judgment, and, therefore, could not have written the *Essays*. Showed that he was ignorant, and could not have written *The Advancement and Proficiency of Learning*. Proved that he was destitute of the poetic faculty, and could not have written the *Novum Organum!*

Bacon the author of *Philosophical Works* which have made his fame? No, most assuredly, no! Bacon the author, with Jonson silent at his elbow? No, the true author was Jonson, Jonson, "the brother of Shakespeare"!

Not less significant is the use which Bacon and Jonson severally made of their time. "The delicacy of Bacon's constitution, his frequent illnesses, and the time absorbed by official and professional duties," constitute an argument against the probability of his having written the philosophical works with which he has been credited; while a careful examination will prove that Jonson was neglectful of the stage at the identical periods when we should expect him to be engaged in the production of the works which have been called Bacon's. This accounts for his being termed "slow," to which there is reference by Jonson himself in nearly every one of his earlier plays:

> "Yes; they say you are slow,
> And scarce bring forth a play a year.
> *Author.* 'Tis true.
> I would they could not say that I did that!
> There's all the joy that I take in their trade."

Jonson, however, convinced the most incredulous that the stupid charge was utterly unfounded by writing, as we have seen, *The Fox* in five weeks. What was he doing with the rest of his time? That he was writing for some one else is proved by his own statement in the dedication of this play: "My works are read, allowed. I speak of those which are entirely mine."

Gifford wonders what Jonson was doing about 1615–16

(*Memoirs of Jonson*, p. 30), the very time, we now know, that the *Novum Organum* was being prosecuted vigorously. We know, too, that Bacon had some leisure at this same time, and we ought to inquire what use he made of it. The natural answer would seem to be that, without a moment's loss of time, he went to work upon the great object of his ambition, upon which, he has told us, he labored for more than thirty years. He did nothing of the kind; but in his letter of thanks to the King for having appointed him of the Privy Council, says: "And after I had thought of many things, I could find in my judgment none more proper for your Majesty as a master, nor for me as a work, than *the reducing and recompiling of the laws of England!* (Campbell, *Lord Chan.*, III., 46. *Letters and L.*, VI., 62.) Again, we know that the last ten years of Bacon's life was the period during which most of the philosophical works were written; that is, from 1616 to and including 1625. It, therefore, becomes a matter of some interest to ask what Jonson was doing during this long and busy time; and it should not surprise us to learn that "a long series of years had now elapsed since our author turned his thoughts to the theatre. From 1616 to 1625 he appears to have forgotten that there was such a place." (Gifford, *Mem.*, p. 44.) It must be admitted that this concurrence of coincidences is, at least, very strange; that it amply confirms the supposition of Gifford, that "we have not all that Jonson wrote," or if all that he wrote has been published, a large part of it was published under another man's name. In the *De Augmentis* (lib. II., cap. 13) there is a discourse on poetry, which was declared by Addison (*Tatler*, 108) to be the best which, up to that time, had been written. Who wrote it? What Bacon could do in the way of poetry we have seen; and what his judgment in poetry was is painful to think upon; yet we are asked to believe that Bacon, who wrote the *Paraphrase of the Psalms*, wrote this unapproachable article on poetry in the *De Augmentis!* A man can no more write an admirable article upon poetry and be ignorant of its principles, than he can write an instructive treatise upon the formation of the earth and be unacquainted with

geology. "To judge of poets," says Jonson, "is only the faculty of poets; and not of all poets, but the best." (*Disc.*)

When we know that Bacon failed in literature almost as miserably at sixty-five as he had failed at twenty-five, and are assured that his genius grew stronger as he advanced in years, what can we think of it? We are told that at sixty-five his intellect was in its zenith; how then can we account for the *Theological Tracts* and the *Paraphrase of the Psalms?* These were written when Bacon was in his sixty-fifth year, and they are, unquestionably, among the worst things ever published. They were written towards the close of the year 1625; and here, again, is a striking coincidence: Jonson was stricken with palsy towards the close of the year 1625 (Gifford, *Mem.*); had he been so inclined, his advice should have prevented the publication of the Paraphrase; although it would be very natural that he should be willing these things should be printed, that the world might perceive the monstrous incongruity, and be as convinced, as so many of his contemporaries seem to have been, that he, Jonson, was the author of *The Great Instauration.* To destroy this hope was Bacon's and Toby Matthew's work. They systematically effaced or disguised every tittle of evidence which the letters and the papers of Bacon might otherwise have furnished. We have seen what they did in one instance with Jonson's name. Let Bacon's latest editor tell the rest:

"Sir Toby Matthew's collection," says Mr. Spedding, "I do not hold very high as authorities for the exact text; for I suspect that he used the privilege of an editor rather freely in omitting or disguising personal allusions and occasionally mending the style by the alteration of a word or two." (*L. and L.*, III., 62.) Again, "I conceive, therefore, that (the evidence of Bacon's own handwriting notwithstanding) the date here assigned to it must be accepted as unquestionably correct." (IV., 116.) Again, "Like most of the letters in this collection, has been stripped of dates and names and such circumstances as might serve to identify the particular occasion." (VII., 200.) Again, "As to the particular dates of each, there is scarcely enough to hang a conjecture on. Toby Matthew, as I have already had occasion to observe, appears to have purposely obliterated or disguised names and particulars." (IV., 132.)

When we realize that the acts of Bacon's life were diametrically opposed to the principles of his alleged philosophy; when we remember that he was constantly forgetting the contents of the writings with which, if they had been his, he should have been perfectly familiar, so that he docketed them incorrectly, and put impossible dates upon them; when we learn that he and his particular friend went deliberately to work to disguise names and particulars which might serve to identify occasions and men—what shall we say of it? Must we not conclude that if it had been his philosophy, it could not have been so useless to him? That, if they were his writings, he could not have been so ignorant of them? That, if he had been the true author of the *Philosophical Works*, there could have been nothing to conceal?

Nor was Jonson the only sufferer, nor are the Philosophical fragments, the *Essays*, the *Advancement of Learning*, and *The Great Instauration* the only works which have long been falsely called Bacon's, and which have contributed to swell his ill-got fame. *Notes on the Present State of Christendom* is a work "which has always passed for Bacon's," but of which Mr. Spedding, the editor of Bacon's *Letters and Life*, says: "I am not satisfied with the evidence or authority upon which it appears to have been ascribed to him." (*L. and L.*, I., 16.) The *Advice to Villiers* is not Bacon's. The paper conveys the impression that it was written after the death of the Queen (March, 1619), when its proper date must have been 1616. (*L. and L.*, VI., 54, note.) It is docketed as addressed to the Duke of Buckingham; but in the letter itself the person to whom it was originally addressed is spoken of as "Sir," with respect to which the editor says: "Now I think it would be hard to find another case in which a nobleman not of royal blood was intentionally called 'Sir.'" (VI., 12.)

"Let vanity in apparel, and which is more vain, that of the fashion, be avoided. I have heard that in Spain (a grave nation whom in this I wish we might imitate) they do allow the players and courtesans the vanity of the rich and costly cloaths, but to sober men and matrons they permit it not, upon pain and in-

famy (a severer punishment upon ingenious natures than a pecuniary mulct)." (1st version, VI., 23.) Clearly this could not have been written by the man of whom Carleton writes to Chamberlain on May 11, 1606, "Sir Francis Bacon was married yesterday to his young wench in Maribone Chapel. *He was clad from top to toe in purple, and hath made himself and his wife such store of fine raiments of cloth of silver and gold, that it draws deep into her portion.*" Of *A Brief Discourse touching the Low Countries, the King of Spain, the King of Scots, the French King, and Queen Elizabeth, with some remarkable passages of State*, a work which has always been claimed for Bacon, Mr. Spedding says, "Upon a careful examination I am convinced that it was not written by Bacon." (*L. and L.*, I., 67.) The *Advice to Coke*, which appeared among Bacon's works as early as 1648, and which is quoted as Bacon's by Lord Campbell in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* (III., 49), is not Bacon's. (*L. and L.*, VI., 123 et seq.) All editions of Bacon contain a theological piece entitled *The characters of a believing Christian in paradoxes and seeming contradictions*, commonly spoken of as *Christian Paradoxes*, which is not Bacon's. "In 1864 the Rev. Alexander Grosart, to whom we owe so many valuable reprints, had the good fortune to make all further doubt and discussion superfluous by producing the real author. The work in question forms a portion of the second part of Herbert Palmer's *Memorials of Godliness and Christianity.*" (*L. and L.*, VI., 130.) *An Historical Account of the Alienation Office.* The late Lord Chancellor Campbell, referring to the fact that Coke "continued to take every opportunity to disgrace and disable Bacon's law and his experience and discretion as an advocate," says: "Yet this year (1599) Bacon gave proofs of professional learning and skill which ought forever to have saved him from such taunts. He wrote *The History of the Alienation Office*, a treatise worthy of Hale, showing a most copious and accurate acquaintance with existing law and our legal antiquities." Now this treatise, for which Lord Campbell praises Bacon so highly, is not Bacon's in any sense whatever. By the chance discovery

of the original manuscript in the library of Cambridge University, *The History of the Alienation Office* was proved to be the work of William Lambarde. (*L. and L.*, II., 121.) Thus there is good reason to believe that the *Political Tracts* and *Legal Treatises* are not the product of Bacon's mind, but the work of men whose names have been suppressed, and whose credit has been checked by this insatiable remora. Is it not high time that a careful examination should be made of the remaining legal treatises and political discourses, to ascertain, if that is now possible, who were their true authors? We have a right to demand that Bacon shall no longer, unquestioned, usurp the fame of better men. That a critical and exhaustive investigation would yield astonishing results there can be no doubt, since within a few years mere accidents have furnished proof that works which have long been spoken of with the highest praise as Bacon's are undoubtedly the writings of other men. How these various works came into Bacon's possession, and why they have been called his for two centuries and a half, is, in view of what has here been said, a very interesting question.

Jonson visited Scotland in the year 1619. Soon after his return he wrote a Masque entitled *News from the New World discovered in the Moon*, which was presented at court in the year 1620. There are excellent reasons for believing that the King had by this time suspected that Jonson was the true author of the *Philosophical Works*. With this in mind, we can readily imagine, from the following extract, the intense degree of amusement with which James I. listened to the *News from the New World discovered in the Moon*:

Print. How might we do to see your poet? Did he undertake this journey, I pray you, to the moon on foot?

1 *Her.* Why do you ask?

Print. Because one of our greatest poets (I know not how good a one) went to Edinburgh on foot, and came back; marry he has been restive, they say, ever since; for we have had nothing from him; he has set out nothing, I am sure.

1 *Her.* Like enough, perhaps he has not all in; when he has all in, he will set out, I warrant you, at least those from whom he had it; it is the very same party that has been in the moon now.

Print. Indeed! has he been there since? belike he rid thither then?
Fact. Yes, post, upon the poet's horse for a wager.

Now the poet who went to Edinburgh was Ben Jonson, who returned after a short visit in 1619. "He has not all in." The *Novum Organum*, or *Second Part of the Instauratio Magna*, was not yet completed. "When he has all in, he will set out, I warrant you." It was published several months afterwards, October, 1620. "It is the very same party that has been in the moon now." The "party" who had been in the moon, and upon the poet's horse, was Bacon. But why should Bacon have been thought to go to the moon at all? Because Bacon always fainted at an eclipse of the moon; and his intimate friends and servants, naturally enough, supposed that his spirit had gone there during the time of the eclipse. This strange weakness is testified to on the very best authority, namely, that of Bacon's own chaplain and biographer, the Rev. Dr. Rawley. (Rawley's *Life of Lord Bacon. Gen. Dic.*, Fol. II., 570.)

When Jonson paid the visit to Scotland, just referred to, he remained for a few days with Drummond of Hawthornden. In the record of the *Conversations* there, which was carefully preserved by Drummond, we find the following:

"A play of his upon which he was accused (is called) *The Devil is an Ass.* According to Comedia Vetus in England, the Devil was brought in either with one Vice or other: the play done, the Devil carried away the Vice. (But) he brings in the Devil so overcome with the wickedness of the age that he thought himself ane Ass. *Παρεργους* (?) *Παρεργος* is discoursed of the Duke of Drounland (?) The King desired him to conceal it. (Accordingly, though the play was acted in 1616, it was not printed till long afterwards.)"

The comedy, *The Devil is an Ass*, turns upon a project for the recovery of the Drown'd lands, or the Fens of Norfolk and Lincolnshire. Jonson told Drummond that *Παρεργος* was discoursed of the Duke of Drown'd lands, and the King expressly desired Jonson to conceal that fact. Now it is certain that the project for the recovery of Drown'd lands, had been buzzing in Bacon's ears for a long time prior to the date of this comedy; repeated mention of it is found in the *Letters and Life*. Thus,

as early as 1608, among Bacon's private memoranda, first published by Mr. Spedding (Vol. IV.) under the heading of *Services on Foot*, appears the significant entry: "*Title of Drown'd Lands*," and that he had not lost sight of the project, even so late as the year 1619–20, is shown most conclusively by a letter to the King, and one of the last which Bacon addressed to him previous to his own fall from power, in which Bacon says:

". . . and because your Majesty in that you have already done hath so well affected that which I foresaw and desired, even beyond my expectation, it is no marvel if I resort still to the branches of that counsel that hath borne so good fruit. . . . There wants a fourth part of the square to make all complete, which is, if your Majesty will be pleased to publish certain Commonwealth Commissions."

And among these Commissions, we perceive again "*Commission for the Recovery of Drown'd Lands.*" (*L. and L.*, VII., 70, 71.) As Jonson said in the comedy:

> "The thing is for recovery of drown'd land,
> Whereof the crown's to have a moiety,
> If it be owner; else the crown and owners
> To share the moiety, and the recoverers
> To enjoy the t'other moiety for their charge." (II., 1.)

Fabian Fitzdottrell, who, in the play, seeks to recover the Drown'd lands, and is said to be a frequent lounger among the elms of Lincoln's Inn (Act I., sc. 3), decides that his title shall be Duke of Drown'd-land.

> *Meer.* . . . take
> Your title thence, sir, *Duke of the Drown'd Lands*,
> Or, *Drown'd-land.*
> *Fitz.* Ha! that last has a good sound:
> I like it well. The Duke of Drown'd-land?

The King, Jonson told Drummond, desired him to conceal this. It would seem to follow, therefore, that the King suspected that Jonson was the real author of the works which had appeared under Bacon's name. Whether Jonson volunteered this information, or upon a promise of secrecy confided the knowledge to the King, we cannot know; it is quite sufficient

for us to know that *Παρεργος*, the useless appendage, Bacon, was signified by the Duke of Drown'd-land, and that the King wished it concealed. Carefully remembering this, the subsequent actions of the King and Buckingham, the peculiar tone of their letters to Bacon, and their unwillingness to assist him in any literary scheme, are all satisfactorily accounted for. Thus when Bacon wrote to the King, and with the letter sent him a copy of the *Novum Organum*, the earnestness of the desire to make the King believe that he, Bacon, was the author, was in itself enough to excite suspicion, for such language would not have been penned by Bacon, if Bacon had not thought it necessary. He says: "There be two of your council, and one other bishop of this land, that know I have been about some such work near thirty years; so as I made no haste." (*L., and L.*, VII., 120.) And that there was doubt in the royal mind upon this subject is confirmed, not only by what we have seen Jonson imparted to Drummond, but from a letter which Buckingham subsequently wrote to Bacon upon receiving a copy of the *De Augmentis*, which Bacon had requested him to deliver to the King. Buckingham says:

MY HONORABLE LORD: I have delivered your lordship's letter and your book to his Majesty, who hath promised to read it over: I wish I could promise as much for that which you sent me, that my understanding of that language might make me capable of those good fruits *which I assure myself by an implicit faith proceed from your pen.* But I will tell you in good English, with my thanks for your book, that I ever rest

Your lordship's faithful friend and servant,
G. BUCKINGHAM." (*L. and L.*, VII., 438.)

It is not probable that Buckingham would have told Bacon that he had *assured* himself by an *implicit faith* that those good fruits proceeded from Bacon's pen, unless there had been some doubt expressed upon the subject to Buckingham. It is, however, very probable that, shortly afterwards, Buckingham was convinced that Bacon was not the author, for this letter is one of the very last of the friendly communications which he addressed to him. He seems to have listened as unconcernedly as did his royal master to the appeals which Bacon subsequent-

ly made for pecuniary assistance to enable him to gather "those good fruits;" and it may not unreasonably be supposed that the King had, in the meantime, revealed to his favorite Buckingham that Jonson was the true author of the *Philosophical Works*, and that Bacon was merely a *Παρεργος* or useless appendage. At all events, it is certain that Jonson was in great favor at Court at the very time when it disdained the pitiful appeals of Bacon.

If these suspicions were seriously entertained by the King prior to Bacon's fall, that event, and the pardon for which he afterwards prayed, must have confirmed them in a most painful way. It may be worth while to recall the circumstances briefly:

In the year 1621 Bacon, then Lord Chancellor, was accused of bribery, twenty-eight charges being distinctly specified. He confessed his guilt, and was sentenced—(1) To a fine and ransom of £40,000. (2) Imprisonment during the King's pleasure in the Tower. (3) Incapable of any office, place, or employment in the State or Commonwealth. (4) Never to sit in Parliament, nor to come within the verge of the court.

Put to the question, whether these punishments above shall be inflicted upon the L. Viscount St. Alban or no? AGREED, *Dissentiente, L. Admiral.* This was the whole judicial proceeding. It remained only to pronounce sentence, which was done with due ceremony, as described in the journals. This took place upon May 3, 1621. Upon May 12 Bacon had not gone to the Tower, whereupon the Earl of Southampton, the companion of Essex and the noble friend to whom Shakespeare dedicated the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece*, became impatient at the delay, and called the attention of the House of Lords to the fact: "*Southampton.* That the Lord Chancellor is not yet gone to the Tower; moved, that the world may not think our sentence is in vain." (*L. and L.*, VII., pp. 269, 270, 279.) Bacon was then sent to the Tower, but his stay there was very brief. He was continually writing in an unmanly strain to the King and Buckingham for pity and pardon, though at the same time he confessed the justice of his

sentence. His persistency at length obtained its reward; and in October, 1621, through the good offices of Buckingham, the King was persuaded to pardon the ex-Lord Chancellor so far as was in his power, or was deemed to be prudent. Bacon was permitted to exercise his legal subtilty in the dictation of his own pardon, and it was signed and sent to Bacon, eventually, in precisely the form in which he desired to have it. Mr. Spedding thinks that he also drew up the warrants and wrote the preamble. Knowing all this, we should not be surprised to learn that Bacon included in the pardon the remission of any penalty to which he might be liable upon the discovery of such a corrupt bargain as that to which he had obtained Jonson's acquiescence. A copy of the docket is preserved among the Cotton MSS., and Bacon was specially pardoned "for all corrupt bargains, concealments, deceits, and other like offences."* The Lord Keeper objected to the form of the pardon, and for a time the pardon was "steyed," one of the Lord Keeper's objections being to the insertion of clauses which pardoned Bacon for *interlining, stealing away, altering of writings, records*, etc. (VII., 311.) Finally, however, before December 16, 1621, the pardon, just as it was, had passed the seal. (VII., 317.) We can very well understand that when, under such circumstances, Bacon was so strenuous for this particular form of pardon, the suspicions which the King had entertained would be strengthened; the ex-Lord Chancellor's impudent offer to devote himself to philosophical studies would be fittingly spurned, and the desire to relieve his pressing necessities weakened, if not altogether destroyed. Bacon wanted assistance from the King, and the King "knew," says Mr. Spedding, "that for the effectual performance of any work of this kind, an unembarrassed income is one of the most indispensable conditions. This was all that was wanted, and it is difficult to believe that the King could not have found means of supplying it without any risk of putting his Parliaments out of temper." (*L. and L.*, VII.,

*A copy of the document may be found in Vol. VII., page 307, of the *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, edited by Mr. Spedding.

294.) "But in the meantime," says his biographer, "how did the King now feel towards him (June, 1622)? His bounties, even those which cost no money, had not flowed very freely as yet. Neither the *History* nor the offer of the *Digest of Laws* had met with any such response as they invited. It was difficult not to suspect that since the days when Buckingham spoke so confidently of pardons and pensions, some change had come over the King's mind. And the thing was only too likely." (VII., 386.)

Of the alleged testimonies to Bacon which are to be found in *The Discoveries*, it must suffice here to say that so far as they refer to Bacon being the author of the *Philosophical Works*, they are not trustworthy; and for these reasons: 1*st*. These testimonies were *not* published during Jonson's lifetime. 2*d*. There can be no reasonable doubt that after Jonson's death, Toby Matthew, when preparing Bacon's correspondence in order that it might be safely published, had access to the poet's papers, and could have erased, disguised, and interpolated to his heart's content. 3*d*. Jonson addressed congratulatory verses to Bacon in 1620, but in these there is nothing which suggests to any one that Bacon was the author of the *Philosophical Works*, though the *Advancement of Learning* had issued from the press fifteen years before; and it is hardly likely that, when Jonson was seeking praises to bestow upon the Lord Chancellor, he would have avoided all mention of the greatest compliment that could have been bestowed upon him. 4*th*. Jonson, in the same work in which the alleged testimonies are found, expressly contradicts them. Those who have carefully read Lord Bacon's last will and testament should remember the language in which, referring to the *Philosophical Works*, which were then called his, Bacon leaves his "name and memory" to future ages. Now Jonson: "NO GREAT WORK, OR WORTHY OF PRAISE OR MEMORY, BUT CAME OUT OF POOR CRADLES." (*Works*, p. 753.) That is Jonson's solemn declaration, and how can we honestly resist the conclusion which he has forced upon us, that Bacon was not the author of the *Novum Organum?*

Since I commenced the study of this subject, I have learned that Eugene Reichel has published in Stuttgart a critical study entitled *Who Wrote the Novum Organon?* "That the writer of the work," says *The Nation* (September 29, 1887), "could not be Francis Bacon, Reichel argues, not without plausibility." "By an elaborate analysis, [he] detects, in the *Novum Organon*, an original work, overlaid, and often marred, by Baconian superfetation—a work more poetical, and, indeed, philosophical, than was to be expected from Bacon's make of mind. Satisfied thus that Bacon plagiarized everything worth having in the book which is the corner-stone of his fame, the Teutonic critic next inquires who was the real writer of the manuscript. The final conclusion of Reichel is that the true originator of the world-famous and epoch-making *Organon* was a teacher of Bacon's, who, taken suddenly sick, on his deathbed intrusted his philosophical manuscript for publication to his promising pupil. That Bacon—aware that dead men tell no tales—should have stamped the work here and there with his own finger-marks in order to hide the real authorship, and, having thus disguised his stealings, should bring them before the world as all his own, and *The Greatest Birth of Time*, was quite in keeping with the character of a man whom Pope damned to everlasting infamy as the 'meanest of mankind.'" If Reichel had been fully aware of the intimacy which existed between Bacon and Jonson, he would doubtless have anticipated the argument which has been attempted in these pages.

When Jonson paid that eventful visit to Drummond to confer with and to confide in him, he gave him a description of the Imprese which he had adopted. "An Imprese," Camden says (*Remains*, p. 158, ed. 1605), "is a devise in picture with his Motto, or Word, borne by noble and learned personages, to notifie some particular conceit of their owne."

"It will be remembered," says Holmes, *Authorship of Shakespeare*, p. 337, "that Bacon's scheme of philosophy constituted a kind of intellectual globe or full circle."

Now Jonson's "Imprese" "was a compass with one foot in centre, the other broken (used as a crest); the word (motto)

Deest quod duceret orbem. His arms were three spindles or rhombi; his own word (motto) about them, *Percunctabor*, or *Perscrutator.*" (*Drummond of Hawthornden*, Macmillan, 1873, pp. 100, 101.)

If Jonson intended to convey the idea that the circle would never be completed under Bacon's name; but that if it had been undertaken, as it should rightfully have been, under the name of Jonson, then the "full circle" should have been drawn, he could not have expressed his meaning more clearly. But, alas! that was wanting, his name.

DEEST QUOD DUCERET ORBEM

That is wanting which, were it present, would draw the circle.

(And, under the three spindles,)

PERSCRUTATOR

Thorough Investigator.

Language is powerless to impart conviction, if by this Jonson does not convince us that he was indeed the author of *The Great Instauration.* The broken compass signified that that was wanting which, had it been present, would have completed the intellectual circle; Poetry, Philosophy, and History were the three spindles from which the thread was unwound that was woven into the gorgeous raiment which unworthy Bacon wore.

Yes, in spite of the disguisings, defacings, and erasures, though manhood was outraged, friendship violated, and a world deceived, we can clearly discern that the so-called Baconian Philosophy was the work of Jonson. The evidence is complete, though an ignoble ambition has done its worst.

> "I rather thought, and with religion think,
> Had all the characters of love been lost,
> Its lines, dimensions, and whole signature
> Razed and defaced, with dull humanity,
> That both his nature and his essence might
> Have found their *mighty Instauration* here:
> Here, where the confluence of fair and good
> Meets to make up all beauty."
>
> (Jonson's *Works*, p. 422.)

I reserve the Parallelisms for a concluding paper.

ALFRED WAITES.

(*To be concluded.*)

A PLEA FOR CASSIUS.

A CAREFUL reading of *Julius Cæsar*, comparing it with Plutarch, ought to convince the most sceptical that Shakespeare never intended Cassius to be quite the villain so many persist in thinking him. The real villains, as portrayed by the poet, sometimes teach, indirectly, a sublime code of ethics, but seldom or never put it to any practical use, as did Cassius. That he was not "the noblest Roman of them all" may be true, but Brutus called him "the last of the Romans," adding that it was impossible the City should ever again produce so great a spirit. Plutarch further says: "Cassius had a natural hatred and rancor against the whole race of tyrants;" moreover, he was a brave soldier, a patriotic citizen, and a true friend: three qualities incompatible with our idea of a man not actuated by noble impulses. A proof, however, of his worth may be found in the fact of his having many friends among "the choice and master spirits" of his age; among which were Messala, Decius, Titinius, Brutus, and others. This is the more remarkable when one considers that, though a disciple of Epicurus, he was the last man one would have selected as harboring Epicurean doctrines. Of a nature stern and unyielding, a disposition rash and irritable, "that carries anger as the flint bears fire, and straight is cold again," together with a plentiful lack of all those surface qualities that go to make up the man of the world, he was the direct antithesis of Pompey, "the pink of courtesy," who scratched his head with one finger, much to the disgust of the Roman populace, and of Antony, the brave, handsome "masker and reveller," who swayed the people in whatsoever manner he desired. There must have been some sterling qualities in the man whom a choice few loved and the many respected. It has always been a matter of regret that Shakespeare did not give us the speech of Cassius, that we might better judge touching his motives in the death of Cæsar. There is no doubt that, for the sake of dramatic effect, the real nobility of Cassius was

somewhat subordinated to make the "general honest thought" of Brutus more apparent; for he, not Cæsar, is the real hero of the tragedy, and as such received all those touches Shakespeare knew so well how to bestow. Our idea of Cassius has been mostly derived from the oft-quoted words of Cæsar, "Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much," and "Let me have men about me that are fat." In reality those words were addressed to Brutus also. Mark Antony answered Cæsar by saying Cassius was "a Roman and well given;" and it is really absurd that he should be shorn of a moiety of his good name because the "mighty Julius" sighed "Would he were fatter." In truth it was not Cassius' "lean and hungry" looks that made Cæsar deem him dangerous; but he knew Cassius as a "great observer," one who could look "quite through the deeds of men," and was properly conscious of having given him grounds for discontent. The sight of the two friends together, doubtless, suggested to his mind that little episode of the lions at Malgara, and the shabby trick he had played him about the prætorship, when his fondness for Brutus got the better of his judgment. "At this time," says Plutarch, "Brutus had only the reputation of his honor and virtue to oppose to the many and gallant actions performed by Cassius against the Parthians," and Cæsar himself adds: "Cassius has the stronger plea, but we must let Brutus be first prætor." Yet Brutus says in *Julius Cæsar*, "To speak truth of Cæsar, I have not known when his affections sway'd more than his reason." Cassius had befriended Cæsar more than once, and doubtless felt keenly the injustice of having a younger and less experienced man preferred to himself. He may have been, therefore, somewhat biased by personal feelings, though we find this in "*Antony and Cleopatra*":

> "What was it
> That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what
> Made the all honour'd honest, Roman Brutus,
> With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
> To drench the Capitol, but that they would
> *Have one man but a man?*"

Observe here that the motives of Brutus and Cassius are identical. Cassius dwells upon the same idea in speaking of Brutus:

> "When could they say till now that talked of Rome,
> That her wide walls encompass'd but *one man!*"

He also says he was "born free as Cæsar," and "That part of tyranny that I do bear I can shake off at pleasure," and "Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius," and "I had as lief not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as I myself": that is, afraid to utter my own sentiments, bound like a madman is, to walk under the huge legs of this colossus that bestrides the world, and "peep about to find dishonorable graves." The basal thought of his mind was Freedom. He called the conspiracy an enterprise of "honorable dangerous consequences." He did not enter into it for mere personal aggrandizement, but to escape from a bondage his spirit could ill brook. His first words after the assassination were "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement," and this lofty sentiment was echoed by Brutus in his cry of "Peace, freedom, and liberty." He also believed that "men at some time are masters of their fates," and being, as Cæsar said, a reader, a thinker, and a great observer, it followed, as a natural sequence, that the present struck him as the proper time to rid Rome of a tyrant. In personal action he was not below Cæsar, and with his bravery combined much shrewdness and tact—two things in which Brutus was sadly deficient—though, as found later on, rather than appear stubborn, but against his better judgment, he yielded to Brutus. "I think it not meet," says this wise soldier, that "Mark Antony should outlive Cæsar." But Brutus' heart prevailed and Antony was spared; his voice was raised in opposition to Antony speaking at Cæsar's funeral, knowing the power of his eloquence on the people; but again the blind faith of Brutus triumphed, and Antony incited a mob that drove the conspirators from Rome. On another occasion, when Brutus, speaking of Antony, says, "I know we shall have him well to friend," Cassius shrewdly replies, "I wish we may, but yet I have a mind that fears him much," and it is, doubtless, to counteract

the credulity of Brutus, that he appeals to Antony's well-known love for power, and promises him: "Your voice shall be as strong as any man's in the disposing of new dignities." In fact, "the whole design to liberate their country fails from the generous temper and overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and the assistance of others." Cassius, finding that Brutus would not subscribe to his policy, did the next best thing his judgment dictated. Surmising that Antony was "A trout to be caught by tickling," he baited the hook accordingly. Unfortunately his bait proved less attractive than that offered by Octavius Cæsar. Any one of us can appreciate the bitter satisfaction Cassius must have felt some time later, when he made the first and only allusion to these circumstances; on the day of the battle, when in their conference, Antony's tongue wagged in noise so rude against them, Cassius (stung to the quick by the words of this "limb of Cæsar," whom Brutus had declared "could do no more than Cæsar's arm when Cæsar's head is off") cries to his brother:

> "Now, Brutus, thank yourself.
> This tongue had not offended so to-day,
> If Cassius might have ruled."

The "itching palm," of which Brutus complained, is, after all, the fine scorn that an ultra-generous nature often feels for one possessing more thrift. Cassius had divided his money more than once with his brother; who, it must be confessed, was somewhat of a prodigal; but, at Brutus' demands, gave him a third of what he had raised for the needs of his own soldiers. Indeed, in this case, Cassius was something of a catspaw, gaining a not enviable reputation for cruelty and parsimony in order to satisfy his own legions, while Brutus, on the other hand, scorning the sometimes harsh measures necessary in times of war to sustain an army, was not averse to receiving the "rascal counters" thus obtained from his more practical brother. In reading the tragedies of *Julius Cæsar* and *Marcus Brutus* by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, it is evident that he felt Cassius had not received his meed of praise. These tragedies, of no intrinsic value, are interesting viewed in this light,

and the nobility of Cassius in *Marcus Brutus* is particularly accentuated. The last scene of all in the history of these two men stamps Cassius the "noble Roman" Brutus loved to call him. In all of Shakespeare there is no sadder scene than the "everlasting farewell" of these two mistaken patriots. A parting, to them in their ignorance of Christianity, "past hope, past cure." Can anything be sadder than the words of Brutus?

> "Forever, and forever, farewell Cassius!
> If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
> If not, why then, this parting was well made."

And their echo by Cassius:

> "Forever, and forever, farewell Brutus!
> If we do meet again we'll smile indeed;
> If not, 'tis true this parting was well made."

Just before the battle, Brutus says, "For I have already given my life to my country on the 'Ides of March,' and have lived since then a second life for her sake with liberty and honor." At these words Cassius smiled, and, embracing Brutus, said, "With these resolutions let us go upon the enemy, for either we ourselves shall conquer, or have no cause to fear those that do." The result of the battle at Philippi again justified his fears. It was fought on Cassius' birthday. His judgment warned him against going to meet the enemy, but Brutus again prevailed; he asked for the command of the right wing: this too was denied him. What the result might have been, had he been in command, is a matter of conjecture; but, history tells us, Brutus' army, carried away by success, stopped to plunder and left the other unprotected, and Cassius, supposing his brother overcome, withdrew and sent Titinius for news of the battle. Titinius found his friends, who surrounded him, shouting; but Cassius, at this point in his career, made a mistake common to people of his impetuous nature: he mistook the shouts for those of the enemy, and at once concluded his messenger was taken. Then it is he cries, "Through too much fondness of life I have lived to endure the sight of my friend taken by the enemy before my face." Shakespeare uses this

incident with beautiful and pathetic effect: "Oh, coward that I am, to live so long to see my best friend ta'en before my face!" With these words Cassius seized the sword "that ran through Cæsar's bowels" and finished his mortal act. Cassius was particularly happy in having two such friends as Titinius and Brutus, both of whom survived him long enough to report him aright to the unsatisfied. Titinius says:

> "Brutus, come apace,
> And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
> By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman part:
> Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart."

But in the words of Brutus, "whose love is a patent which establishes a man's nobility," may be found Cassius' most fitting eulogy:

> "The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
> It is impossible that ever Rome
> Should breed thy fellow."

KATE L. GALLAGHER.

Miscellany.

QUOTING from the paper on Halliwell-Phillipps in our February issue, *The Nation* says:

"The most memorable work of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is his 'Outlines.' This opinion expresses the feeling of every true Shakespearian. When outsiders ask, 'Why do we know so little about Shakespeare?' the best answer is, 'Because you have not read, or certainly have not marked and inwardly digested, Phillipps's "Outlines," especially the seventh edition.' Seeing how all the world has been taxed for elaborating this monumental work, we are at once constrained to echo the saying, 'It is not likely that any scraps of knowledge will be added to what is contained in these volumes.' What shall the man do who cometh after the king? But had Phillipps lived a year longer, he would have added a good many such scraps. Witness the growth of the 'Outlines' year by year, even up to

the last edition. His favorite haunts were the New Record Office and the British Museum, and he seldom entered either without gathering up some Shakespearian fragments. He was, in truth, a magnet to such fragments, which attracted them out of hiding-places where no one would ever look for them. 'No likelihood of any further scraps of Shakespearian knowledge'! What will Mr. Furness say to the following, which a lucky chance has just thrown in our way?

"'In an indenture between the Right Honorable Sir Richard Saltonstall, Knt., Lord Mayor of London, and two other commissioners of her Majesty (fortieth year of Queen Elizabeth), and the parties deputed to collect the first of three subsidies granted by Parliament the year preceding,—bearing date 1 Oct. 1598, for the rate of St. Helen's Parish, Bishopgate ward,—the name of William Shakespeare is found as liable with others to that rate.'

"This scrap was unknown to Halliwell-Phillipps. He with other prophets and kings desired it long, but died without the sight.

"In the 'Outlines' there is but one statement concerning the local habitation of Shakespeare in London. It is in these words: 'At this time, 1596, he appears to have been residing when in town in lodgings near the Bear Garden in Southwark' (Vol. I., p. 130, 7th ed.). Only this and nothing more. Thanks to the tax-record, we can say where his residence *was*, not merely where it 'appears to have been.' Mr. Phillipps gives no authority for his opinion concerning Shakespeare's lodgings. We have legal proof that his abode two years after was in St. Helen's parish. Crosby Hall in St. Helen's parish is sometimes visited by Americans as the scene of assignation between Gloster (not yet Richard III.) and Lady Anne, and also the place where Catesby was to report to Gloster the progress of the plot for chopping off Hastings's head. It will be visited ten times oftener, thanks to our proof that Shakespeare's home was close by that hall, and that, too, about the time. if not at the exact time, when *Richard III.* was written. Indeed, the proximity of that Crosby Hall, of Gothic massiveness and oaken ceilings and historic associations, may have led to the selection of Richard as the subject of a play. No trace of the Bear Garden can be discovered. Crosby Hall is the best preserved mediæval building in the metropolis. The scrap we have raked from the dust of old oblivion, if known to Mr. Phillipps, would have become the starting-point of a new departure, 'a small prick to a subsequent volume.' His research was in many lines, but does not appear to have extended to tax-lists. But, once having caught the scent, he would have ferreted out every document on London taxes in the period of

Shakespeare's life there. Such a search is the duty of those on whom his mantle has fallen. The worm-hole of long-vanished days from which we plucked this gem we refrain from mentioning, till we learn whether it is known to any writer for SHAKESPEARIANA. The discoverer of the indenture did not tell anybody of his Kohinoor, but hid it in a place where nobody would look for it."

[*The Nation's* contributor is on the track of a mare's nest, so far as the above "discovery" is concerned. The residence in St. Helen's parish is certainly well enough known, and is referred to plentifully enough in Lectures, Biographies, and Itineraries. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's method with his "*Outlines*" was to print new editions as fast as he finished "working up" (to use his own term) consecutive details. His untimely death interrupted all. Ignorance, or neglect of details not included in these editions as far as they had gone, can hardly be predicated of the work, still less of the genial, earnest, self-forgetful, industrious, and methodical scholar who produced them.—EDS. S.]

EDITORS SHAKESPEARIANA: Lest I should be misunderstood by Mr. Lawrence and your other readers, allow me to explain that I never had the slightest idea that Mr. Donnelly's cryptogram could hold water, much less bottle-ale. But from the fact that this beverage is mentioned by Shakespeare himself, I thought we should allow Mr. Donnelly all the comfort he can derive from it, and so expressed myself in the communication to your magazine to which Mr. Lawrence refers.

Let me cite another quotation from Shakespeare:

"The Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses." (*Twelfth Night*, II., iii., 27.)

Of course, the humor of this passage lies in the fact that it is something "no fellow can find out"—least of all Sir Andrew, who for this reason pronounces it "the best fooling," etc. Still we must admit that an alehouse at which bottle-ale only could be sold was a possibility in Shakespeare's day, or we rob the clown's fooling of its charm. Now could it be possible that the heeltaps left in the bottles of the average mariners of the day could be collected in such quantities as to supply an alehouse? If this be so, my faith in what the elder Weller would call the "powers of suction" of these mariners is terribly shaken.

Until Mr. Lawrence can give us chapter and verse for his statement regarding "the only ale in bottles," I strongly incline to the conjecture that bottle-ale was nothing more nor less than small-beer, a grade of ale well known in Shakespeare's time, and doubtless the same as the bottled beer which English boys at the public schools still drink on festive occasions—a kind of ale which it is necessary to keep tightly bottled because it is of so weak a character that it would otherwise be spoiled in a short time.

In this view of the case, allow me to suggest that Doll Tearsheet's use of bottle-ale as an adjective may be interpreted as *frothy* and *weak-spirited*, which suits my own fancy as applied to Pistol much better than *stale*, as Mr. Lawrence would have it.

It would, I know, take away from Mr. Donnelly some grains of comfort if he should interpret bottle-ale as small-beer, for it would indicate that Shakespeare was temperate rather than parsimonious, which would never do for Mr. Donnelly, but will do very well for us, as Mrs. Stopes has recently shown.

Norwich, Conn. JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

EDITORS SHAKESPEARIANA: I have to thank you for permission to read the above. Mr. Trumbull's defence of the Donnelly *Menu* seems to resolve itself into the question, "Did Shakespeare have small-beer as well as (or instead of) 'swipes' on his table in Stratford-upon-Avon?" This question seems to me disposed of by Mr. Morgan's letter and by the considerations and facts I was able to submit in my note which you were kind enough to print in your April issue.

In calling for "chapter and verse" it seems to me that Mr. Trumbull forgets that he, and not I, have the burden of proof. But, letting that pass, Mr. Trumbull, I think, by his further citation shows that "bottle-ale" was used in Shakespeare's day as a term of contempt. And so indeed was, and is to-day, the term "small beer." If Mr. Trumbull has "chapter and verse" ready to hurl at me, he will not need mine. Shakespeare himself, quaffing huge drafts from his great tankards of home-

brewed, would have doubtless called me a "bottle-ale rascal," a "small-beer rascal," had I insinuated that New Place was "a bottle-ale house, or that he, the owner, set either "swipes" or small beer before his guests. And why shouldn't that inexplicable clown's speech, "The Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses" (*Twelfth Night*, II., iii., 273), which the commentators generally admit (when they don't dodge it altogether) that they don't understand, mean simply, "You are very drunk, Sir Toby. You have been drinking at the Myrmidons (or ale that came from the Myrmidons—a tavern in the vicinity), and that is (or *are*—see Abbott's Shakespeare Grammar) no stale ale house (or houses). In other words, the Myrmidons beer is very strong, and you are full of it." It seems to me that the further the discussion goes, the use of the epithet "bottle-ale" as a term of reproach (not as an adjective meaning "frothy," which is not necessarily a term of reproach) becomes the more apparent. Reserving my "chapter and verse" for the present, therefore, I have only to say that I feel perfectly sure that the phrase *was* a term of reproach, simply from the proverbial condition of the ale that reached England in bottles, in Shakespeare's time.

New York, May 15. DENNETT LAWRENCE.

THE great feature in the Shakespeare Anniversary celebration at Stratford-on-Avon this year was the production at the handsome Memorial Theatre of the *First Part of Henry VI.* This historical play has not been presented in the original text since the time of the poet, but mutilated editions have been produced within the last century. Mr. C. E. Flower considers that the Memorial stage is the proper place whereon to produce the seldom acted plays of his illustrious townsman, and for this purpose he made great preparations for the representation of *Henry VI.* The scenery was designed by Mr. John O'Connor, R.I., and painted by Mr. T. W. Hall, and was remarkably effective. The opening scene, representing the body of Henry V. lying in state in Westminster Abbey, was painted with much skill, and that representing the English army before Bordeaux would have done credit to the London stage. Mr. Flower's

Memorial edition of the play was adopted, which exhibits a very conscientious reverence for the text. Mr. Osmond Tearle (whose company was engaged for the occasion) gave a fine representation of John Talbot, the fearless, daring, and self-confident soldierly bearing of the man being realized with great force. In short, the character was profoundly conceived, acted with infinite care, and elaborated with rare skill. The other parts were very carefully played, and the whole representation reflected the highest credit on all parties concerned. Many Shakespeare scholars were present, and the general judgment was that the play had been presented with a completeness and grandeur of scenery rarely witnessed even in the metropolis. *Julius Cæsar* was also performed for the first time in Shakespeare's town, and evoked great enthusiasm. Mr. Tearle played Brutus and met with a most cordial reception, being called several times before the curtain; as also were Cassius (Mr. Lever) and Mark Antony (Mr. Conway). A new forum scene, designed by Mr. John O'Connor, was received with unmistakable marks of approval. The play proceeded smoothly to the finish, and gave the utmost satisfaction to a well-filled house. The railway ran special trains for the accommodation of the surrounding districts. The entire programme for Jubilee week was as follows: Monday, April 22, *Julius Cæsar;* Tuesday, April 23, *Henry VI.* (*Part I.*); Wednesday, April 24, *Virginius;* Thursday, April 25, *Julius Cæsar;* Friday, April 26, *Henry VI.* (*Part I.*); Saturday (afternoon), April 27, *Henry VI.* (*Part I.*); Saturday (evening), April 27, same.

AMERICA'S DEBT TO LORD BACON.—"In no history of America, in no life of Bacon, have I found one word to connect him with the plantation of the great Republic. Yet, like Raleigh and Delaware, he took an active share in the labors, a conspicuous part in the sacrifices through which the foundations of Virginia and the Carolinas were laid. Like men of less note, who have received far higher honors in America, Bacon paid his money into the great company, and took office in its management as one of the Council. To his other glories,

therefore, must be added that of a Founder of New States. The causes which led Bacon, with most of his parliamentary and patriotic colleagues, to join first the Virginia Company, then the Newfoundland Company, with person and purse, were the same causes which moved him to write against Parsons, to welcome Antonio Perez, to vote against Queen Mary, to contend for the Union, and to plead for supplies: the plantation of Virginia was a branch of the great contest with Spain. . . . While the Queen lived, and Raleigh was free to spend his genius and his fortune in the work of discovery and plantation, it never flagged. But, when James came in, and in his dread of heroism and adventure flung the explorer of Guiana, the founder of Virginia, into the Tower, as a first step towards receiving the Spanish Ambassador Velasco, with proposals for a shameful peace, the old English spirit appeared to droop. . . . Ruled by a corporation of adventurers, tormented by Spanish cruisers, unprotected by the royal fleets, the colony was on the verge of failure, when a threat from Spain to descend on the Chesapeake shot new life into the drooping cause. All generous spirits rushed to the defence of Virginia. Bacon, Montgomery, Pembroke, Southampton joined the company with purse and voice. The ardent Abbott, the learned Hackluyt lent their names; money poured in; a fleet commanded by Gates and Somers sailed from the Thames, to meet on its voyage at sea those poetic storms and trials which added Bermudas to our empire and the *Tempest* to our literature."—*Hepworth Dixon.*

In *Macbeth*, Act IV., sc. i., lines 94 to 103, the original reading of all the old editions is as follows:

> *Macbeth.* Rebellious dead, rise never till the wood
> Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
> Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
> To time and mortal custom.

Here all subsequent editors, with the single exception of Halliwell (1865), follow Theobald (1733) in changing "rebellious dead" to "rebellion's head," or "rebellious head." They inter-

pret "rebellion's head" as meaning a rebellious body of men, or insurgent force, making head against the king. Convinced that they are wrong. we venture to restore the old text in our edition of the play, and for the following reasons: Our principle of interpretation is that of Dr. Johnson: "My first labor," said he, "is always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice through which light can find its way." Attempts to improve upon the language of Shakespeare are always hazardous. Now what was uppermost in Macbeth's mind at the time he uttered the words quoted? Not insurrection or revolt. He had heard indirectly that Macduff had declined the invitation to the banquet; but thus far there had been no rebellion nor any opposition to Macbeth, other than the defiant conduct of Banquo's ghost. Slain at dusk the evening before, with "twenty trenched gashes on his head," the dead man had apparently risen, and menacingly nodded and shaken his gory locks at the king. In the light of that dreadful banquet scene we venture to hold the opinion that it was not so much a general rebellion, raising its head against him, that Macbeth feared; but chiefly the rebellious Banquo, dead indeed, but twice risen, and capable of rising again, to overthrow the usurper. There had been no rebellion yet, nor had any been threatened other than that implied by the terrible phantom shaking its blood-boltered locks; but the dreadful shape that the night before had blanched his cheeks and made his firm nerves tremble must have haunted him every instant. There is no need of changing "dead" to "head," but. if we do change it, let us believe that the head is that of the murdered but still living Banquo.—*Homer B. Sprague, in The Student.*

We announce, with very great regret, the death of Mr. Frederick Hawley, the librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial, who was appointed to that post about three years ago, and devoted himself to the duties with such zeal and industry that the library has now attained proportions that few anticipated it would reach in so short a space of time. Every year has witnessed a vast accession to the number of useful and valuable

books of a distinctly Shakespearean character, and we believe the forthcoming report will show an increase greatly in excess of any former experience. This gratifying state of things is to be ascribed largely to the assiduity of Mr. Hawley. Everything he did was done out of pure love for the work entrusted to him. He had just about six weeks ago completed a manuscript catalogue of all the known editions of Shakespeare's plays in every language, and this will stand as a monument to his perseverance and industry. There is no other such complete catalogue in existence. As a specimen of what can be done in caligraphy perhaps nothing could be found to compare with it. Other work of a valuable character might also be mentioned, but it is sufficient to say that the library has been immensely benefited by his services. — *Stratford-on-Avon Herald.*

A FIRST FOLIO in excellent preservation is said to have been discovered in the city of Mexico, and purchased from an ignorant dealer for an insignificant price. The Robert Lenox Kennedy Folio, mentioned by Mr. Fleming on page 111 of Volume V. of SHAKESPEARIANA, was recently sold at auction in New York City for $1400.

THE sale of that portion of the library of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps which his nephew has decided to dispose of at public auction will take place next month in London, and will embrace about one thousand lots.

MR. FRANK MARSHALL, editor of "The Henry Irving Shakespeare," is studious and well-meaning, but he has lately written one or two letters which might lead the public to believe that he puts Irving before Shakespeare in more senses than one. To defend Mr. Irving's conception of Macbeth is one thing; to defend his liberties with the play and text is another. For example, when Macbeth—I mean the real Macbeth—hears of his wife's death, he begins an impressive soliloquy with the sentence, "She should have died hereafter." Mr. Irving substitutes

"would" for "should," and Mr. Marshall upholds him in a change which turns a suggestive phrase into a platitude. The reason for condemning it, however, is not merely or mainly rhetorical. If there be an accepted canon of Shakespearian criticism it is that no conjectural emendation shall be made where the text is intelligible and consistent. "Improvements" to suit the taste of this or that editor are not to be tolerated. If there are two or more texts the righteous editor is not even then to let fancy dictate his choice. He is to accept, other things being equal, the best authority. For the text of *Macbeth* there is but one authority, the Folio of 1623, when the play was first printed, seven years after Shakespeare's death There are no *Macbeth* quartos. The Folio reads "should," and the reading, being intelligible and consistent—making good sense, to put it short—is decisive. Mr. Frank Marshall's defence of Mr. Irving's "would" is itself entirely indefensible.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

EDITORS SHAKESPEARIANA: Your correspondent's question apropos of "In the soup," as to whether any piece of modern slang has yet been invented which cannot be found suggested in Shakespeare, reminds me to write you that the expressions "Painting the town red" and "It's a cold day when I get left," both of which appeared in these forms within the last six or ten years, are both, almost literally, in Shakespeare. The one in *I. Henry Fourth*, II., iv., 13, where Falstaff says:

"They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet";

and the other in *Cymbeline*, II., iii., 1, when the "First lord" says to Cloten:

"Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the very coldest that ever turned up an ace."

And Cloten replies:

"It would make any man cold to lose!"

New York, March 17, 1889. R.

Shakespeare Societies.

APRIL MEETING OF THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—At the triennial meeting of the Board of Trustees the following officers were elected to serve for the coming three years :

President, Appleton Morgan, A. M., LL. B.; Chairman of Board of Trustees, W. W. Nevin, Esq.; Vice-President, Thos. R. Price, A.M., LL.D. (Chair of English, Columbia College) ; Treasurer, Jas. E. Reynolds, Esq.; Secretary, Wm. H. Fleming, Esq.; Librarian, B. Rush Field, M.D. The President read his Report for four years last past as follows:

TO THE TRUSTEES—*Gentlemen :* I have the honor to make the following report:

The Articles of Incorporation of the Shakespeare Society of New York were approved by the Hon. George B. Barrett, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, on April 18, 1885, and filed in the proper office upon that day.

On the evening of April 24, 1885, the trustees named in said Articles of Incorporation—Appleton Morgan, James E. Reynolds, A. Chalmers Hinton, R. S. Guernsey, and Albert R. Frey—met at the residence of James E. Reynolds, Esq., No. 104 West 38th Street, in the city of New York, and effected a temporary organization. The Articles of Incorporation and certificates being then read, and it appearing that the Society had received its statutory incorporation by full compliance with the statutes of the State of New York, said trustees proceeded to effect its permanent organization by election of officers to serve for one year as follows: President, Appleton Morgan; Vice-President, R. S. Guernsey; Treasurer, James E. Reynolds; Secretary, Charles C. Marble; Librarian, Albert R. Frey. All of these officers served until the end of the term for which they were elected, except Mr. Guernsey, who resigned both as a member and as an officer of the Society, on account of removal from the city, on April 8, 1886, on which day his resignation was, at his request, accepted.

The first stated meeting of the Society was held at the residence of Mr. Reynolds, and the Constitution and By-Laws of this Society were then adopted, upon being read and voted upon

section by section. Here the Society thereafter continued to assemble, except that by the courtesy of M. H. Mallory & Company, proprietors of *The Churchman*, the Society occupied for a time two large rooms at No. 47 Lafayette Place. On October 24, 1885, by the kindness and procurement of Dr. Barnard, the late beloved and revered President of Columbia College, whom this Society will not cease to hold in grateful memory, the Trustees of Columbia College invited this Society to occupy spacious apartments in Hamilton Hall of that university. This courtesy the Society accepted, passing a vote of thanks to Dr. Barnard and to the Board of Trustees, and since has made its home within the hospitable walls of that university. By invitation of the same institution the Society has resolved to deposit its library in the massive and fire-proof alcoves of the Columbia College library, and though formal arrangements to that end have not yet been completed, owing to a vacancy in the office of the librarian of the college, the Society has assurances of the conclusion of such formalities at an early date, a committee of this Society now being in communication with the trustees of Columbia College in regard to the matter.

At the first stated meeting of the Society, the Society honored itself by electing as its first honorary member the late learned and beloved James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, Esq., of Hollinbury Copse, Brighton, England, who accepted the election in a most grateful and complimentary letter to the Society. Subsequent honorary members elected by the Society have been as follows: Carl Elze, Ph.D., Stuttgart, Germany; Charles Mansfield Ingleby, LL.D., Valentines, Ilford, England; David Thomas Morgan, Esq., Whips Cross, Walthamstow, Essex, England; Rev. Henry Paine Stokes, A.M., Wolverhampton, England; Samuel Timmins, Esq., Birmingham, England; George Frederick Holmes, LL.D., University of Virginia, Virginia; Hon. Cushman K. Davis, St. Paul, Minnesota. The mortality among the above list has been exceptionally large. D. T. Morgan, Esq., died at Whips Cross, November 4, 1886; Dr. Ingleby died November 18, 1886; Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps died January 3, 1889, and Dr. Elze died January 23, 1889. As the Society has proposed from the outset that the title of "Honorary Member of the New York Shakespeare Society" should have weight and meaning, the vacancies on this list—which was deliberately selected—will be most deliberately filled, the constitution providing that only persons who shall be "of recognized eminence as an author, editor, or compiler of Shakespearian drama, or of the Elizabethan drama, or of works or matters re-

lating thereto, and who shall be recommended by the Executive Committee," shall be eligible as honorary members.

THE LIBRARY.

The library of the New York Shakespeare Society it is proposed to ultimately make an honor to the city of the Society's birth. At present, though not imposing in bulk or of large significance, compared to the great collections of the world, it is believed that the Society is proceeding in the sure and proper way to make its increase sure and its value permanent. Judicious purchases are made by order of the Executive Committee on recommendation of the Library Committee, and contributions have been and are constantly being added by its friends. It is hoped that by the absorption of the private libraries of certain members who have pledged themselves to bequeath them to the Society, our library will ultimately become one of the largest and most practicable working Shakespearian libraries in the United States, and our members are urgently requested to assist to further that end, not only by contributions of books, but by losing no opportunity of representing to others the permanent condition of security under which the Society will deposit its library with Columbia College, and the Society's assurances that Columbia College will co-operate with this Society by placing in an alcove or a group of alcoves such collection as itself may be able to make along with the library of this Society: and this Society will see to it that all donors to its library shall receive perpetuation for their collections and their names.

The following donors to our library are entitled to the thanks of the Society: The late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, Esq., the late Dr. Carl Elze, the late Dr. C. M. Ingleby, the late D. T. Morgan, Esq., Samuel Timmins, Esq., Justin Winsor, Esq., B. Rush Field, M.D., Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, Mrs. Evangeline M. O'Connor, Mrs. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, Charles F. Gunther, Esq., Mr. Herbert Janvrin Browne, Augustin Daly, Esq., Franz Thimm, Ph.D., Mr. Horace Davis, Charles F. Hanson, Esq., Charles F. Steele, Esq.

MEETINGS AND PAPERS.

The following papers have been read before the Society: 1st, "Sir William D'Avenant and the First Shakespearian Revival," Appleton Morgan. 2d, "Ecclesiastical Law in *Hamlet*, the Burial of Ophelia," R. S. Guernsey. 3d, "Some Readers of Shakespeare," C. C. Marble. 4th, "Queen Elizabeth's Share in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*," Appleton Morgan. 5th,

"Time in the Play of *Hamlet*," E. P. Vining. 6th, "Once Used Words in Shakespeare," J. D. Butler. 7th, "The First Shakespeare Society," J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. 8th, "William Shakespeare and Alleged Spanish Prototypes," A. R. Frey. 9th, "The Types and Construction of Shakespeare's Verse as Shown in the *Othello*," Thomas R. Price. 10th, "*The Taming of the Shrew*—Did Shakespeare Write the *Quarto Version?*" Albert R. Frey. 11th, "A Plea for a Reference Canon of the Shakespeare Plays," Alvey A. Adee. 12th, "The Sonnets," William J. Rolfe. 13th, "A Bibliography of the First Folios in the City of New York," Wm. H. Fleming. 14th, "The Donnelly Myth," A. R. Frey. 15th, "Shakespeare not a Lawyer," William Reynolds. 16th, "Medico-Shakespearian Fanaticism," B. Rush Field. 17th, "Did Ben Jonson Write Bacon's Works?" Alfred Waites. 18th, "Why, How, and When William Shakespeare Became an Actor," Wm. Reynolds. The 9th Stated Meeting was devoted to an inspection of the copy of the Second Folio owned by our fellow-member Chas. F. Gunther, Esq., upon a fly-leaf of which is pasted a supposed autograph of Shakespeare's, which Mr. Gunther kindly brought from Chicago and submitted to the Society and its invited guests, a large number of whom were present on that occasion.

There have been in all twenty-six stated meetings of this Society to the date of this Report.

REGULAR PUBLICATIONS.

At the outset the Society believed that it could best serve and conserve the interest for which it was incorporated, by printing and distributing such of the papers read before it as should seem to its Executive and Publication Committees to avoid mere criticism or commentary, and which should in any way appear novel, original, and of more or less permanent value. Of the above papers, therefore, and guided by this rule, the Society has selected and published of the above the following: No. 2, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9. The others stand over for publication, or have been used as Bankside Introductions. The regular publications of this Society, besides the papers above enumerated, also include a *Digest of Shakespeariana* (exclusive of editions and commentaries on the text), being a list of titles of about 2350 books on Shakespearian matters, written by 660 authors, digested to 416 subjects treated; also a *Glossary of Warwickshire Dialect*, tracing its presence or absence in the Shakespearian plays and poems,

of which Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, writing to its compiler, said: "This is the only attempt of the kind in existence. I wonder it has never been thought of before;" the whole nine numbers making, when bound, two stout 12mo volumes, or about 520 pages of original and, as the Society thinks, valuable matter. Add to these the four volumes of the *Bankside Shakespeare*, and the Society has reason to be proud of its four years' work.

Nos. 10, 11, 12, 15, 16, and 17 have been published in the magazine SHAKESPEARIANA, of which this Report will speak later on.

THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.

In the first circular issued by this Society it announced its intention to begin the publication of an edition of Shakespeare upon an entirely novel plan. This was in August, 1886. Thereafter the Society appointed a committee to decide upon a method of editing, and that committee, having referred to it the able paper of Mr. Adee mentioned above, reported in favor of the system of editing recommended in that paper by Mr. Adee. Accordingly on March 13, 1888, the first volume of *The Bankside Shakespeare* was issued, and since then three others have appeared, while two others are about leaving the Riverside Press. The printing of these volumes, which are line numbered and consist of parallels of the First Quarto and First Folio texts of each play, is extremely costly, and the price being far beyond what the revenues of this Society would justify, the funds have been provided for by individual members. It is confidently believed that the completion of this edition will be and become the Society's most permanent monument; for the absolute accuracy of the reproduction of the antique types and for the notations the Society is responsible; for the Introductions preceding each volume, the individual members who are the editors are themselves responsible. These Introductions are in themselves a record of the lines of study pursued by our members and a perpetual witness of the catholic spirit of the Society itself.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

By clause 1 of Article Two of the Constitution, which provides for triennial elections after the first election, this Society, at its first anniversary, elected the following officers to serve for an ensuing term of three years: *President*, Appleton Morgan; *Vice-President*, Thomas R. Price; *Secretary*, Dexter H. Walker; *Librarian*, Albert R. Frey. Mr. Frey soon

after resigned as Libraarian and Mr. Walkcr being called to Europe, Mr. William H. Fleming was appointed by the President acting Secretary, and he has continued to act as such to the date of this Report.

THE HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS BEQUEST.

By the last will and testament of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, this Society has come into possession of the entire collection (through forty years) of plates, cuts, wood-types, autotypes, electrotypes, and blocks of Shakespearian and Elizabethan pictures, portraits, plans, maps, charts, and drawings. These, amounting in bulk to about a ton's weight avoirdupois, and priceless since they can never be duplicated, will soon be in the Society's possession, being delayed in England by legal formalities only. The Society is advised by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' executor that the state will pay the succession duty, so that the Society will be at no expense except transportation to America.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

By resolution of the Executive Committee of January, 1889, the Society was directed to accept the proposition of the Leonard Scott Publication Company, of New York City, to assume editorial control of SHAKESPEARIANA, a magazine devoted to Shakespearian matters only, which had then successfully completed its fifth year of publication. The Society accepted such editorial control and has already issued five monthly numbers, beginning with the issue for January, 1889. Under our editorial conduct this magazine—the only one published in any language of its exclusive scope—while presenting the hospitality of its columns to all students of Shakespeare, and reporting Shakespearian news and discovery from month to month, will print the papers and transactions of this Society in full, which heretofore it has only contained in abstract, as well as *The Literary World*, of Boston, such abstracts having been officially furnished to both periodicals by the Secretary of this Society. It is hoped, too, that the permission of the Executive Committee will be given to use in this magazine portions of the unique Halliwell-Phillipps electrotypes and blocks.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

On February 5, 1889, was organized in the City of New York the above named Club, which honored this Society by electing your President a member of its Advisory Committee. I am happy to say that this Club has already 42 members and pro-

poses to do zealous and exhaustive work in Shakespearian study, with every promise of abundant success. The President of this Society has also been elected an honorary member of the Ladies' Shakespeare Society of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

THE TREASURY.

I herewith cover to you the report of our Treasurer, bearing even date with this Report, by which it appears that this Society is entirely free from debt to anybody but its Treasurer: and I am happy to be advised that the Society's income for the current year, now accruing, will make our Treasurer good, besides leaving in his hands a balance in the Society's favor.

In conclusion, I have to report that the thanks of this Society are due for courtesies as follows: To the Lenox Library for allowing photographs to be taken of its rare originals; to the Astor Library for many courtesies; to Columbia College for courtesies; to the New York Shakespeare Club; to the Grolier Club for courtesies, and to the proprietors of *The Literary World*, of Boston, and of *The Churchman*, of New York City, all of which this Society will hope to reciprocate.

The President offers his congratulations to the Society upon its having been able, in a field where the tendency toward transcendental and tropical exuberance of criticism is proverbial, and bickerings, jealousies, and quarrels not always conspicuous by their absence, to preserve a quiet, conservative, and gentlemanly course, and, as he believes, to have added matters of permanent value to the great field of Shakespeariana.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

New York, April 25, 1889. APPLETON MORGAN, *President.*

SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY.—Organized February 9, 1889. Mrs. Mary F. Hoagland, President; Mrs. Frederic G. Smedley, Secretary and Treasurer. Forty-five members. Hold weekly meetings for reading and study of works of Shakespeare. Monthly social and literary receptions from November to May. The first regular meeting held at 348 West 57th Street, March 22, 1889, the President, Mrs. M. F. Hoagland in the chair. The Secretary reported the names of twenty-eight persons as members, and the Hon. Joshua L. Chamberlain and the Rev. H. S. Singleton honorary members. Miss Hortense Hibbard gave some fine instrumental, and Miss

Henley vocal music, after which President Morgan, of the Shakespeare Society of New York, gave an interesting and instructive talk upon Shakespeare's Editors. The President announced that at the ensuing meeting, April 23, 1889, the Rev. H. S. Singleton would read a paper on *King Lear*. The Club then resolved itself into a social gathering.—APRIL MEETING. Last reception for present season held April 23, 1889, at residence of Mrs. Wilson, 348 West 57th Street. The exercises began with a reading of a paper by Rev. H. S. Singleton upon *King Lear*. The paper was an exceedingly able and interesting production. The essayist took and maintained with great ability many original positions opposed to those of some prominent critics of Shakespeare. The exercises included readings and recitations by Miss King, Miss Lilian Mills, Dr. C. H. Miller, and Dr. Wm. B. Davenport. Nearly all the selections rendered were taken from the works of Shakespeare. A committee was appointed by the President to provide a permanent home for the Club. EMMA Z. SMEDLEY, *Secretary*.

THE SUNDAY SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, of London, held its fourteenth annual meeting at the Somerville Club, 231 Oxford Street, on Sunday, January 20, Mr. T. O. Blagg in the chair. The following report for 1888 was read and adopted:

In presenting the report for the past year the committee are glad to be able to state that the meetings have on the whole been well attended. The reading of the plays in chronological order have been concluded for the third time during the Society's existence. The plays read during the past year have been *Coriolanus*, cast by Mr. Mackay; *Timon of Athens; The Tempest; Cymbeline; Winter's Tale; Henry VIII.*, followed by a paper by Mr. Howard; *Two Noble Kinsmen* criticised by Mr. Blagg; and *Edward III.*, followed by a paper by the Hon. Secretary.

A discussion arose on the advisability of renewing the outdoor meetings, which have, of late years, been given. Mr. Elcock was asked to assist in making arrangements for at least two summer excursions, and to read the plays in chronological order. Dr. F. J. Furnivall was reëlected President; Miss Phipson was also reëlected as Treasurer, and Joseph R. Car-

ter, Esq., as Auditor. A vote of thanks was adopted to the Council of the National Sunday League for the use of its rooms during 1888, and it was resolved to hold future meetings at the Somerville Club. The play of *Marina* was then read. The order of proceedings for the current year, 1889, is as follows: February 17, *Love's Labour Lost;* March 17, *Comedy of Errors;* April 14, *Two Gentlemen of Verona;* May 19, *Romeo and Juliet;* June 16, *Richard II.;* July 21, *As You Like It* (Epping Forest); August 18, Out-door Meeting; October 20, *King John;* November 17, *Merchant of Venice;* December 15, *Taming of the Shrew;* January 19, 1890, Annual Meeting.

MISS E. PHIPSON, *Hon. Sec.*

THE PARIS SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—At the first meeting of the Shakespeare Society of Paris it was "*Resolved*, That the Society be called 'The Shakespeare Society of Paris.' That the meetings take place on the 2d and 4th Fridays of each month, at 8.30 P.M. (For the present, at least, the meetings are held in the rooms of the Church Institute, 106 Faubourg St. Honoré.) That steps be taken to find out the cost of printing a quarterly journal of transactions, before discussing the amount of subscription. That the subjects of study for the present term be the historical plays; that the work of each member be fixed by the organizer elected for that purpose. The first play studied was *King John*. There was an older play, *The Troublesome Raine of King John*, in existence in 1591, which was written by Marlowe, or Peele, or Greene, or somebody else, perhaps Shakespeare. Our play was probably written about 1596. Neither this play nor *Richard II.* has any comedy. Errors and Omissions.—1. No mention is made of Magna Charta, though Langton is introduced. 2. Count Limoges is doubled with the Duke of Austria, who is thus made to kill Richard I. Mr. Virolleaud criticised the character of the Bastard. Shakespeare seems to have wished to show that in spite of the slur upon his name and birth he was brave, honorable, and above all, patriotic. He is the only good character in the piece. He represents the middle-class feeling of the nation. His soliloquy in

Act I. shows the disdain felt for the upstart aristocracy: "Now I can make any Joan a lady." "New-made honor doth forget men's names." His father's spirit appears in his desire for fighting and in his treatment of Austria. The openness of his mind is shown in the freedom with which he confesses his worship of "Commodity." He is a patriot to the last and ill supports John's abject submission to the Pope and the French. Mr. Kitchen considered the character of Constance, the widowed mother whose son is wronged by his uncle. Mr. Jones drew attention to some parallels between this play and *Macbeth*. In both, a near relation kills the rightful King. The spiritual powers are victorious (the witches and the Roman Church). Both usurpers lose their position through the very means they take to retain it, and both are brought to confusion by a foreign power (Macbeth by the English and John by the French). Mr. Maxton remarked that it has been supposed that the play of *King John* contains an undercurrent of allusion to the reign of Elizabeth, in which the rightful heir is Mary Stuart, who is supported by a King of France in the same wavering fashion as Arthur was. The feeling of the nation about the Papal excommunication of the sovereign and the defeat of the foreign invasion, would be well expressed in the jubilant words with which the play closes—

> Naught shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

THE MELBOURNE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY has one hundred and thirty-eight regular, eleven honorary members, and a library. It prints annually a list of the papers read during the session, the Shakespeare examination papers during the year, the rules of the Society, and Treasurer's balance-sheet. It institutes prizes for essays, and the names of those to whom they are awarded also appear in these annual reports of proceedings.

Melbourne, Australia. Rev. JOHN REED, *Hon. Sec.*

MRS. VINCENT'S SHAKESPEARE CLASS, OF AKRON, OHIO, meets at the residence of its President, Mrs. B. T. Vincent, on Satur-

day evenings. The class is at present reading *Lear*, using the Furniss Variorum and the Friendly edition of the play. A spirited debate on the question, "Was Shylock more sinned against than sinning?" was lately a part of the exercises.

Akron, Feb. 13, 1889. H. S. PHILLIPS, *Secretary.*

MONTREAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB.—21st Meeting.—Essays on *Antony and Cleopatra.* Mr. Stirling commenced with a paper on "Cæsar Augustus" which was mainly historical; the principal points were: His early history; the circumstances leading to the formation of the triumvirate; its history; Cæsar's ambition; his treatment of Antony and Lepidus; his war with Antony; his capture of Cleopatra; the death of Antony and Cleopatra; his good rule after Antony's death; measures taken to please the people, and finally his death in Illyria. The essay concluded with a sketch of his character and of the views taken of him by the historians. The next paper was by Mr. Watson on "Antony." After stating that the interest of the play was more personal than historical, the essayist gave a résumé of the history of Antony; his early life; his advancement by Cæsar; his meeting with Cleopatra, and her influence on his character. His great natural talents were ruined by his passion for pleasure and his lust. Shakespeare has not given us a true picture of Antony, having neglected to show us some of his greatest faults; but the poet has subordinated everything to the love of Antony and Cleopatra. After contrasting their love with the love of Romeo and Juliet—the love of passion and appetite with the love of affection and instinct—the paper closed with an account of his gradual fall and his death. Mr. Bell then read a paper on "Cleopatra." After showing her early life up to the meeting with Antony, the writer described her character and her great personal charms, discussing her infatuation with Antony and their attraction for each other. His love for her was so great that he deserted his wife, while she was willing to do anything to possess him body and soul. A description of her feelings at the death of Antony, and of her own death scene, brought the paper to a close.

F. T. SHORT, *Hon. Sec.*

THE LADIES' SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF CADIZ, OHIO, which has been in existence for fourteen years, held a jubilee on March 29th. A banquet whose menu was elaborately and appropriately garnished with Shakespearian quotations cleverly selected was spread, and the Ladies, the Lawyers, the Doctors, and the Press all appropriately toasted. Miss Lizzie McFadden, the President of the Club, wound up the feast with an eloquent address.

THE LADIES' SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF DECATUR, INDIANA, sends SHAKESPEARIANA its dainty programme of exercises of its seventh anniversary. A "Club Song" pledging its members "All Baconites to eschew" and to Shakespeare "to be true," appears to have held a prominent part in the exercises. The essays read were as follows: Alexander, Achilles—Greek Battles—Agamemnon, Timon, Mrs. M. Bailey; Pericles. Ajax, Maggie Dorwin; Priam, Aristides, Athens, Mrs. D. Studabaker; Priam's Sons, Greek Costumes, Themistocles, Philip of Macedon, Hattie Studabaker; Siege of Troy, Appomantus, Ancient Greece, Mrs. C. E. Hooper; Miltiades Ventidius, Ida Mann; Greek Mythology, Alcibiades, Æschylus: Three Greek Poets, Mrs. Nachtrieb; Xenophon, Herodotus, Flavius, Mrs. A. Stoops; Socrates, The Women of Troilus and Cressida, Mrs. N. H. Mann; Lucius and Lucullus, Mrs. Dick Morrison.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN SECTION OF THE UNITY CLUB of Sioux City, Iowa, held on January 26 its first meeting in the parlors of the Unitarian church, and completed the reading of *King Lear*. A paper was read by Mrs. G. W. Oberholtzer on a "Comparison of the Plays of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*." At the next meeting of the Shakespeare Section the Club will commence the reading of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the Leader will give a short introductory address to the reading of the play.

WILL Clubs please send SHAKESPEARIANA lists of their officers?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

*** Editions of Shakespeare sent to us are reviewed in leading articles under the title, "WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?" Other volumes are noticed in numerical order on their receipt.

(25) THE SHAKESPEARIAN MYTH. By Appleton Morgan. Third Edition. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Cloth, pp. 342, xviii.

(26) THE MERMAID SERIES. Edited by Havelock Ellis. John Ford. Edited by Havelock Ellis. London: Vizetelly & Co. Cloth, pp. 401.

(27) THE MERMAID SERIES. Edited by Havelock Ellis. Thomas Otway. Edited by the Hon. Roden Noel. London: Vizetelly & Co. Cloth, pp. 391.

(28) THE MERMAID SERIES. Phillip Massinger. Edited by Arthur Symonds. London: Vizetelly & Co. Cloth, pp. 390–384.

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(33) AN EXPLANATORY AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE NOTED NAMES of FICTION: Including also the familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames bestowed on eminent men, and analogous

Popular Appellations, often referred to in Literature and Conversation. By William A. Wheeler. Nineteenth edition, with appendix by Charles G. Wheeler. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 440.

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Shakespeariana

No. LXVII. JULY, 1889. Vol. VI.

SHAKESPEARE'S GRAND MARCH IN "LEAR."

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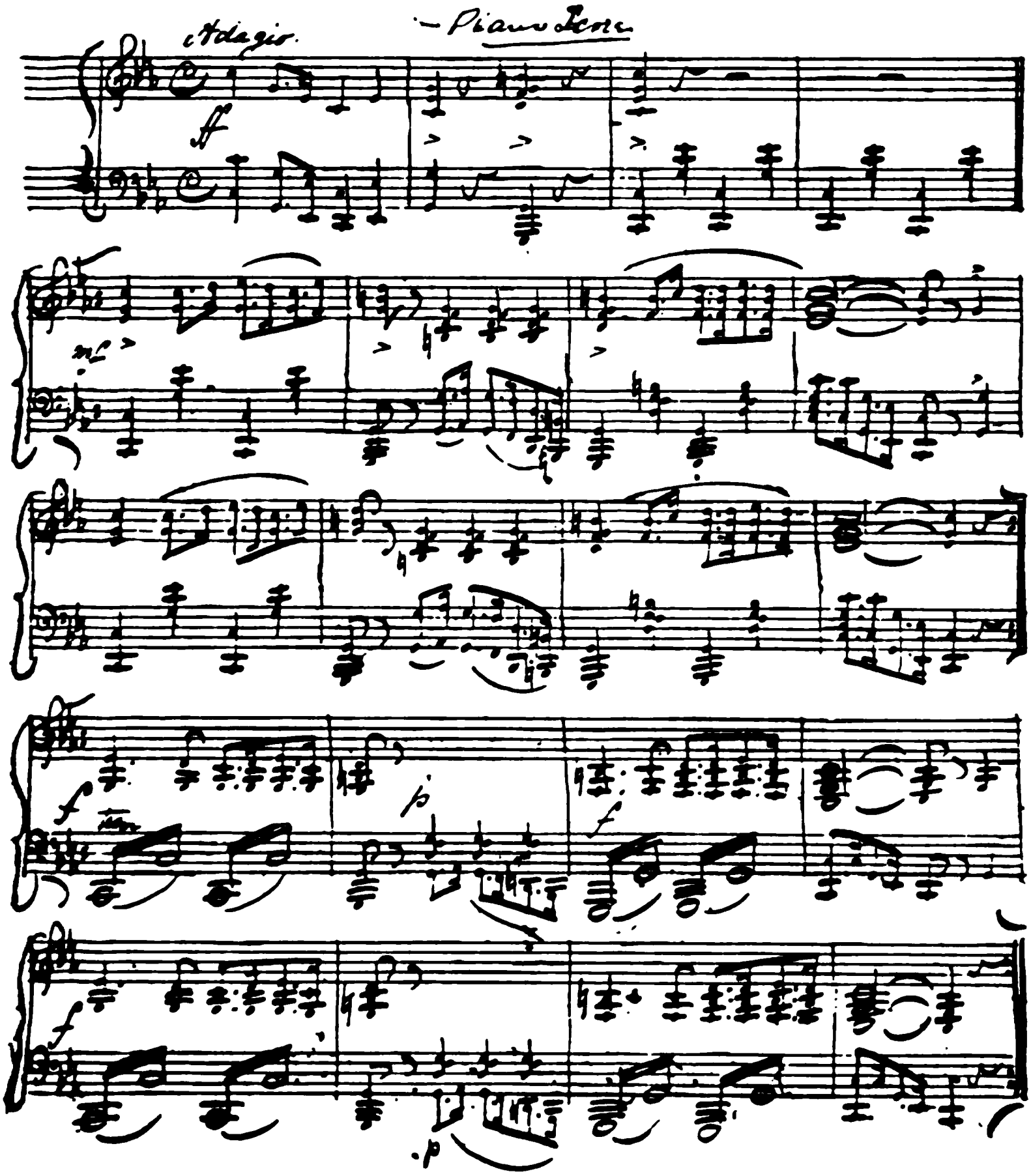

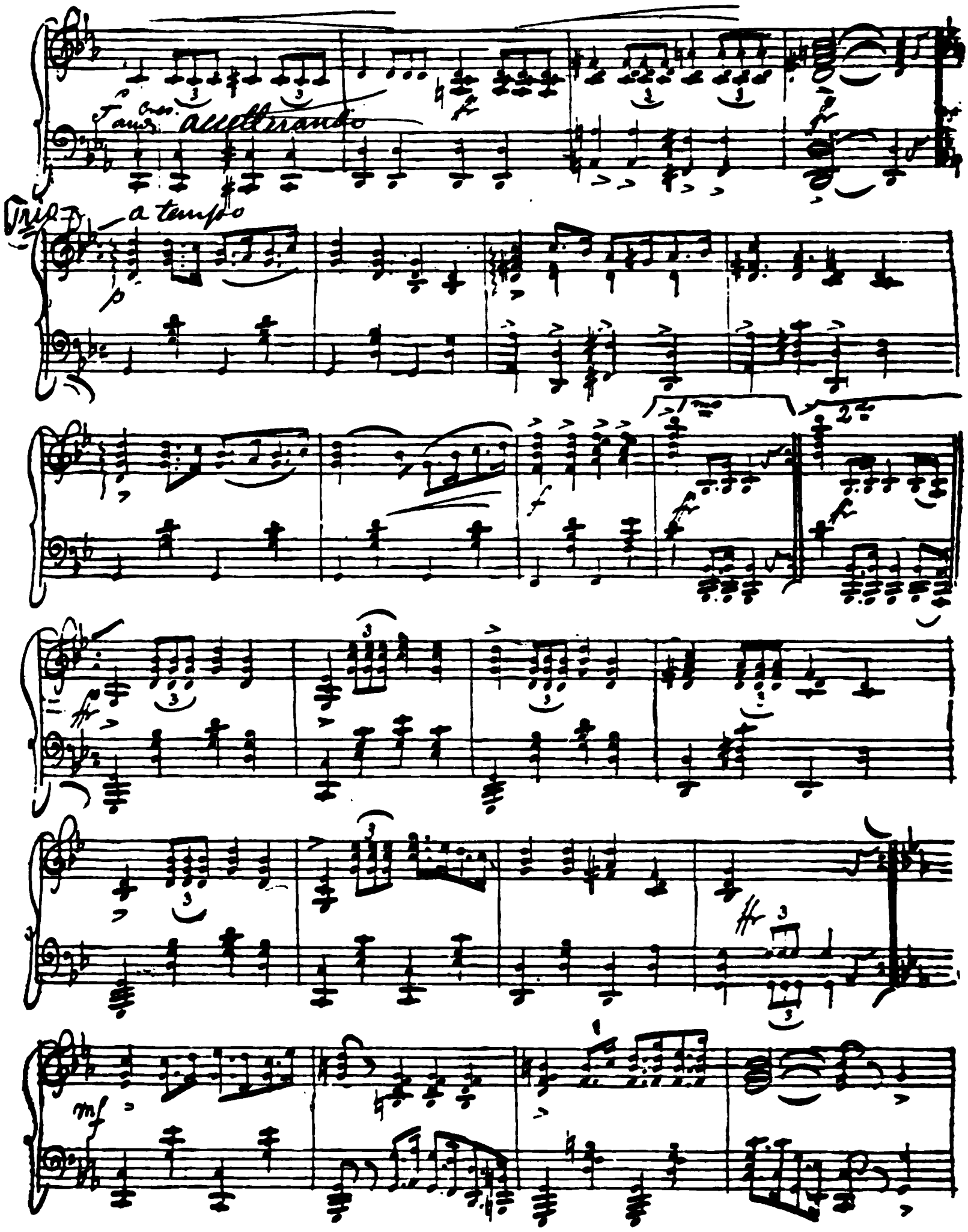
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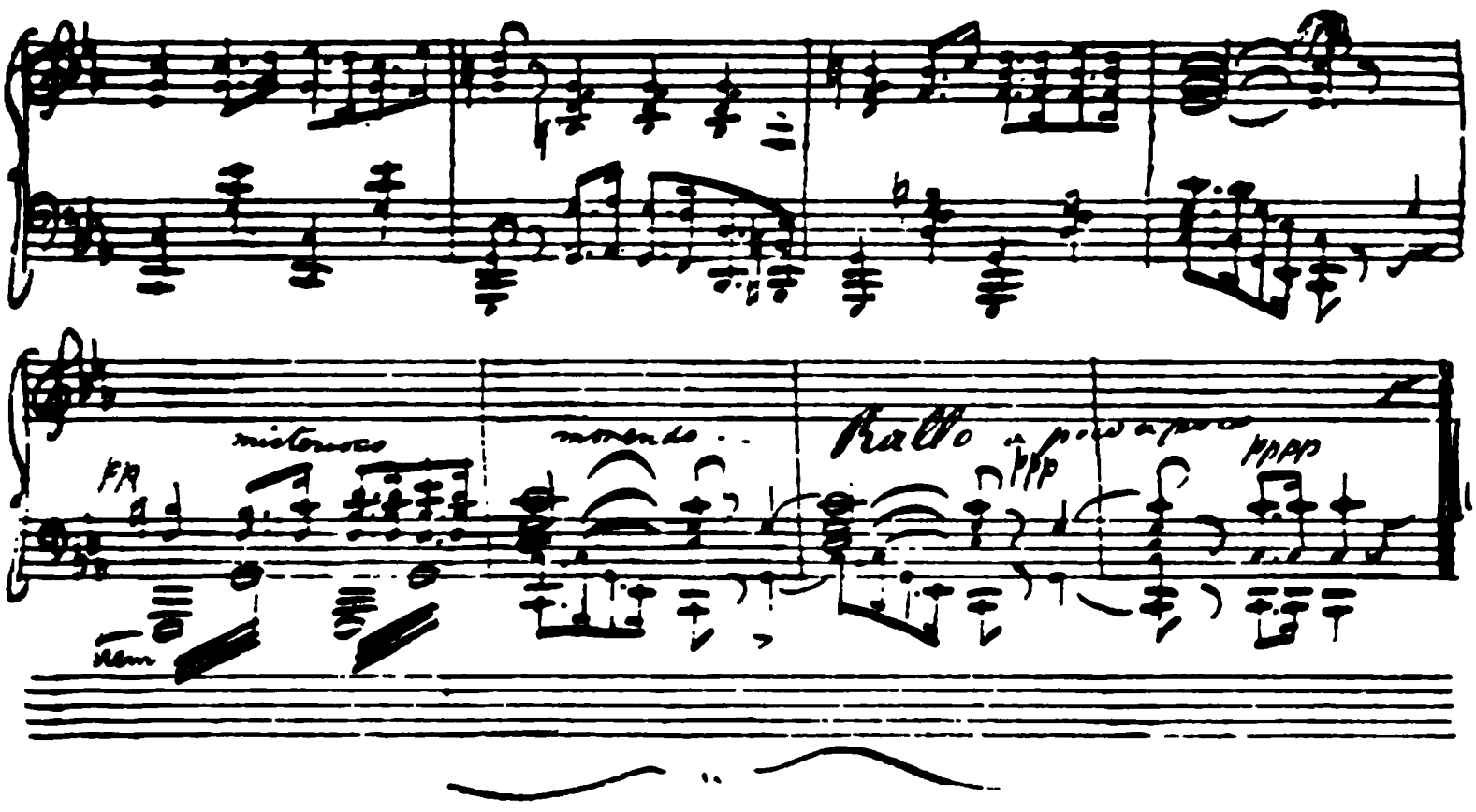

M. Appleton Baker.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORD-PLAY AND PUNS.

II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

BURBY'S quarto of 1598 speaks on its title-page of *Love's Labour's Lost* as "a Pleasant Conceited Comedie." The description suits well. For among all the plays this is the one in which the poet, free as yet from all constraint of serious thinking on any grave problem, has given the widest range to his love of the fantastic element in life and in speech. Those critics are, indeed, very foolish that can see nothing but conceits in the comedy, and those readers are very stupid who fail to find the conceits pleasant. But, along with much daintiness in portrayal of character and large wealth of poetic effects, there is throughout the drama a youthful debauch of the poet in word-plays. In fact there is not perhaps in literature any other work of a great poet that contains within so small a compass so vast a variety of tricks with words. Of the eighteen characters, sixteen may fairly be called punsters, and the dialogue at all stages of the action is sparkling and flashing from all sides with puns.

Of these word-plays, which come so thick and fast as almost to blind observation, more than two hundred and fifty may be observed as noteworthy. The distribution of these two hundred and fifty among the sixteen characters is, for the study of Shakespeare's method in portraying character, so curious that it may be given in tabular form:

Nathaniel	makes	1	word-play.
Jaquenetta	"	1	"
Longaville	"	4	"
Maria	"	5	"
Dull	"	6	"
Dumain	"	7	"
Katharine	"	11	"
Holofernes	"	13	"
The King	"	13	"
Armado	"	19	"

Boyet	makes	20	word-plays.
Rosaline	"	20	"
Moth	"	22	"
The Princess	"	22	"
Costard	"	34	"
Biron	"	48	"

The only characters that do not play with words are the Forester and Lord Mercade. To them the poet gives the chance to say but a word, and they manage to say that word, simply and gravely, without a pun. The Forester, a bashful young man, country-bred, is awestruck by the Princess, perplexed and a little hurt by her punning upon his words. Lord Mercade, heavy with his message of death, delivers it with tender gravity. (V., ii., 726.)

Sir Nathaniel, the country-preacher, ventures shyly upon his single pun. He asks his idol, Holofernes, "where he will find men *worthy* enough to present the nine *worthies*." (V., i., 131.)

Jaquenetta's pun is a somewhat ingenious play on Armado's love-making. The Don proposes to her an assignation at the lodge. "That's *hereby*," she says. (I., ii., 141.) She means *hereby* to put him off without a serious answer; but Armado takes the adverb locally.

Longaville is Shakespeare's type of the tall, handsome, stupid soldier, the guardsman of later fiction. He is honest and dull, the winner of woman's love by his good looks. He tries to catch from his society the fashion of word-play, but his puns are heavy and far-fetched, or utterly commonplace. When Biron inveighs so learnedly against learning, Longaville says:

"He *weeds* the corn and still lets grow the *weeding*." (I., i., 95.)

When Katharine twits him, in the masquerade. with his stupid silence, he explains his own lack of tongue by saying:

"You have a *double tongue* within your mask." (V., ii., 244.)

And, when she calls him calf, he answers with the coarse old play on *horns*:

"Look how you *butt* yourself in these sharp mocks! Will you *give horns*, chaste lady?" (V., ii., 251–2.)

Of course, as Longaville was big and handsome and stupid, his Maria, who was not beautiful, was clever. Theirs was the sort of union by contraries that serves, in Galtonian phrase, to keep up among mankind its average of mediocrity. All Maria's puns are good. When Dumain offered her himself and his sword, she replied, dropping into French,

"*No point*, quoth I." (V., ii., 277.)

When Rosaline taunts old Boyet with his domestic misfortunes, Maria tells him:

"You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she *strikes at the brow*." (V., i., 119.)

When Boyet tries to kiss her,

"Taking pasture on her lips,"

she flashes out refusal:

"My lips are no *common*, though *several* they be." (II., i., 223.)

Finally, in taking leave of her tall lover, she makes on the double meaning of *long* a kind of half pun that is very tender and graceful. Her lover says of the twelvemonth's waiting:

"I'll stay with patience, but the time is *long*,"

and she replies:

"*The liker you*, few taller are so young." (V., ii., 846.)

Among this gay company of lords and ladies, bred to such skill in the use and abuse of words, Dull is type of the stolid and illiterate rustic, to whom words are a trouble and a snare. He is far from being a fool, a man of sane and direct understanding. But language is too much for him, and, when he has to use language, he gets his syllables badly mixed. Hence his puns are all of the illiterate kind. He misses the word he aims at, and sometimes he stumbles upon one that has a grotesque unfitness for its place. He *reprehends*, instead of *represents*, the person of the King. (I., i., 184.) He orders Costard to be punished by cutting him off in prison from all *penance*. (I., ii., 134.) He takes Holofernes' Latin *Haud credo* for some kind of

wild animal. (IV., ii., 12.) He turns Holofernes' learned *allusion* into *collusion* and *pollusion*. (IV., ii., 43, 6.) Only once is there conscious fun in him. When Sir Nathaniel praises the "rare *talent*" of Holofernes, Dull says: "If a *talent* (=talon) be a *claw*, look how he *claws* him with a *talent*.* (IV., ii., 65.) (=*To claw, to tickle, to delight.*)

The puns of Dumain represent in Shakespeare's art a man of thin and poor character. He is pert and impudent, always ready with his small wit, but destitute of real humor and echoing and prolonging the jokes of more original minds. Once he puns obscenely, *yard* (V., ii., 674); once, when backed up by the King, he dares to gibe feebly at Biron:

> "*Proceeded* well, to stop all good *proceeding*." (I., i., 94.)

All the rest of his puns are discharged at his inferiors, sure mark of a mean character. Holofernes says:

> "Judas I am, *ycliped* (=called) Maccabæus,"

and Dumain breaks in with,

> "Judas Maccabæus *clipt* is plain Judas." (V., ii., 603.)

Judas, when called *Jude*,

> "stays for the latter end (*ass*) of his name." (V., ii., 630.)

When Armado, playing Hector, is complimented on having too big a leg for his part, Dumain cries, "More *calf* certain." (V., ii., 644.) And when Armado, in playing his part, distorts his countenance, Dumain mocks him:

> "He's a god or a painter, for he *makes faces*." (V., ii., 649.)

And Hector's "lemon stuck with *cloves*" is for Dumain "a *cloven* lemon" (V., ii., 655), surely the feeblest pun extant. Dumain was in love with Katharine, and their taste in puns was such as to make them a well-mated pair. For, although Katharine puns more freely than Dumain, her puns themselves are for the most part as superficial and feeble-minded as his.

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* *Talon* and *talent* merged in sound by apocope of the final consonant (*t* after *n*), so common in English speech.

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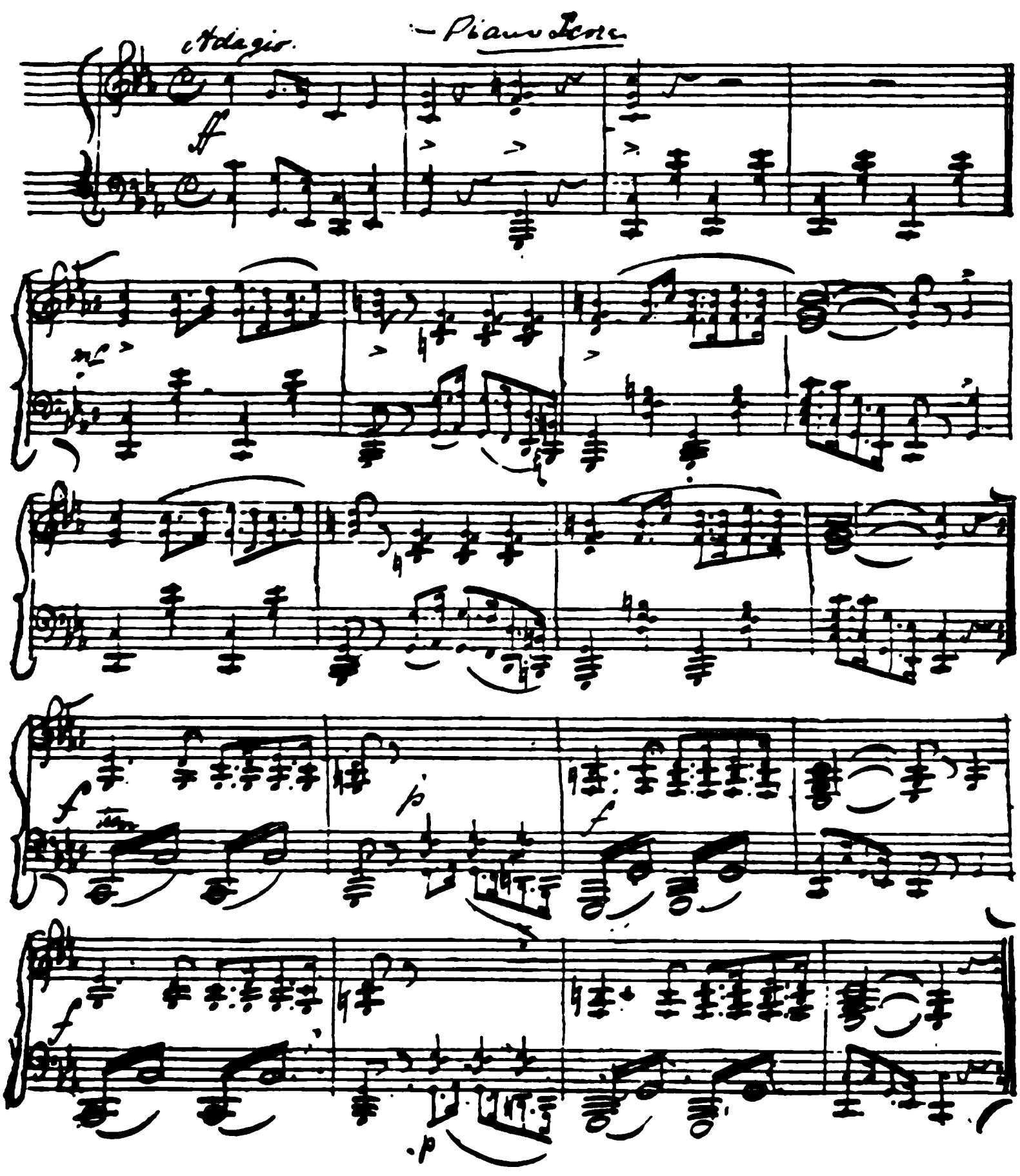

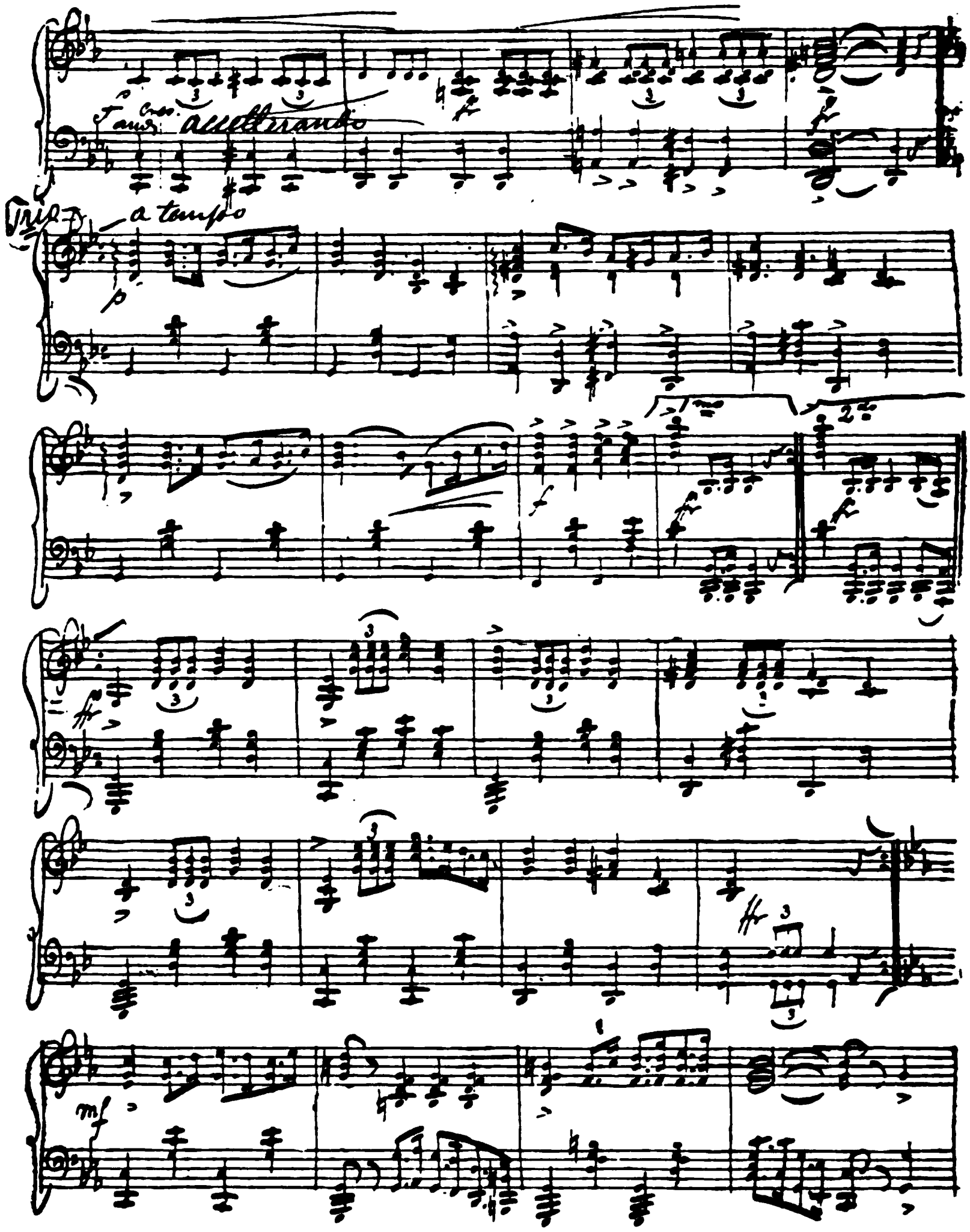
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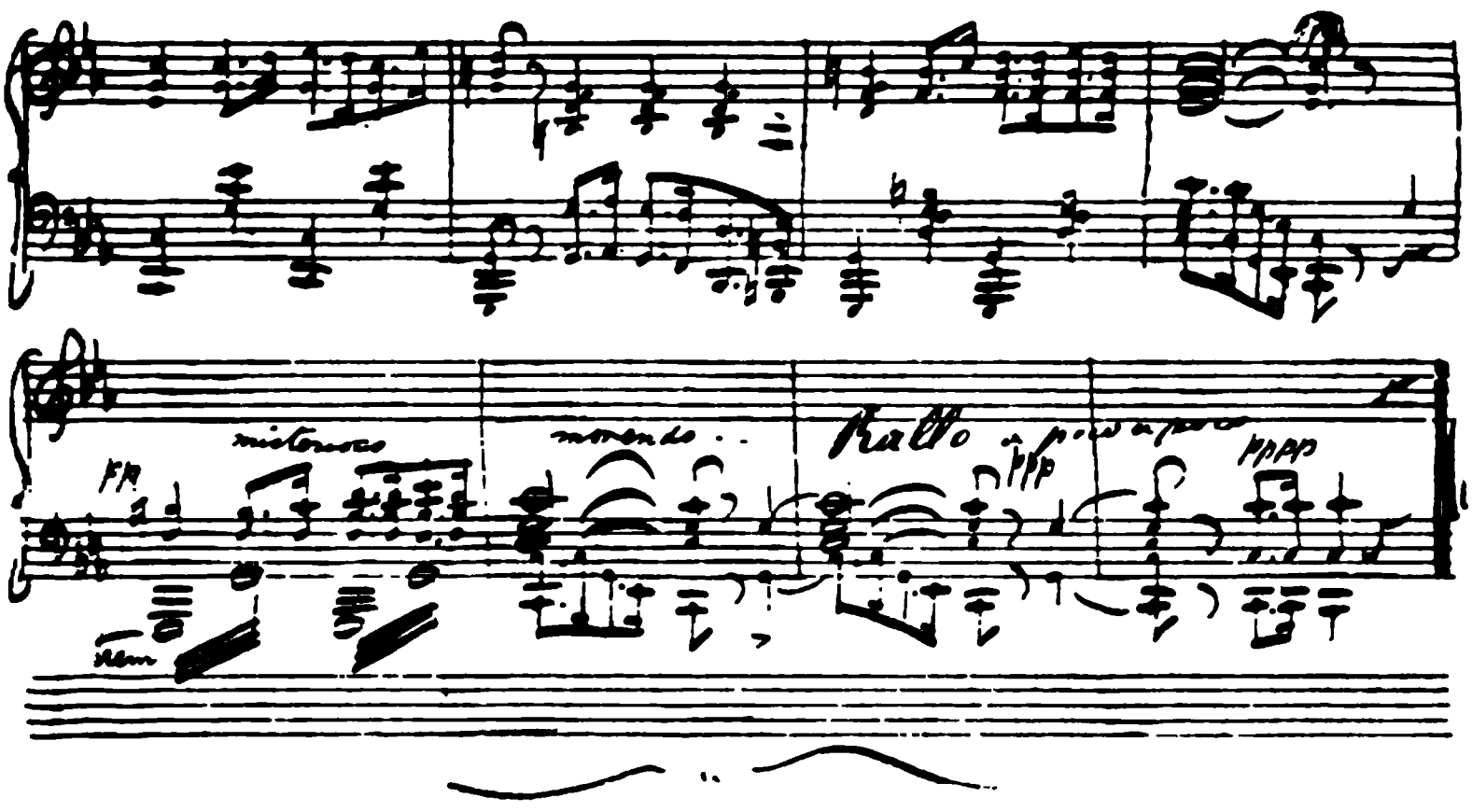

M. Appleton Baker.

(7) "But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that, when it is found, it imposes on men's thoughts, that doth bring lies into favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself." (*Essays, Of Truth.*)

"Yet we take pleasure in the lie, and are glad we can cozen ourselves." (*Discoveries, De Stultitia.*)

(8) "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations, as one would and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition and unpleasing to themselves." (*Essays, Of Truth.*)

"It is an art to have so much judgment as to apparel a lie well, to give it a good dressing; that though the nakedness would show deformed and odious, the suiting of it might draw their readers." (*Discoveries, Mali choragi.*)

(9) "Wherefore you shall observe, the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a *quanta patimur;* not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy." (*Essays, Of Envy.*)

"For great and popular men feign themselves to be servants to others to make those slaves to them." (*Discoveries, Mores aulici.*)

(10) "It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self." (*Essays, Of Great Place.*)

"But we make ourselves slaves to our pleasures; and we serve fame and ambition, which is an equal slavery." (*Discoveries, Amor nummi.*)

(11) "For the greatest errors are committed, and the most judgment is shown in the choice of individuals. It was truly said, '*Optimi consiliarii mortui:*' 'books will speak plain when counsellors blanch;' therefore it is good to be conversant in them." (*Essays, Of Counsel.*)

"In sovereignty it is a most happy thing not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable not to be counselled. And how can he be counselled that cannot see to read the best counsellors (which are books); for they neither flatter us nor hide from us." (*Discoveries, Illit. Princeps.*)

(12) "It is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it; the other that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in a way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient." (*Essays, Of Friendship.*)

"But some will say that critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily. . . . It is true many bodies are the worse for meddling with; and the multitude of physicians hath destroyed many sound patients with their wrong practice." (*Discoveries, Horace.*)

(13) "Where much is there are many to consume it, and what hath the owner, but the sight of it with his eyes? The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them, or a power of dole and donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner." (*Essays, Of Riches.*)

"And shall that which could not fill the expectation of a few hours, entertain and take up our whole lives? when even it appeared as superfluous to the possessors, as to me that was a spectator. The bravery was shewn, it was not possessed; while it boasted itself it perished." (*Discoveries, Amor nummi.*)

(14) "Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand to a contrary extreme whereby to set it right." (*Essays, Of Nature in Men.*)

"The mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent." (*Discoveries, Studiorum.*)

(15) "Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission, for both the pause reinforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practise his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermissions." (*Essays, Of Nature in Men.*)

"I have known a man vehement on both sides, that knew no mean, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them again. When he hath set himself to writing, he would join night to day, press upon himself without release, not minding it till he fainted; and when he left off, resolve himself into all sports and looseness again, that it was almost a despair to draw him to his book; but once got to it he grew stronger and more earnest by the ease." (*Discoveries, Otium studiorum.*)

(16) "Certainly custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years; this we call education, which is, in effect, but an early custom." (*Essays, Of Custom and Education.*)

"Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things; for we hold those longest we take soonest." (*Discoveries, Præcipiendi modi.*)

(17) "There is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages." (*Essays, Of Youth and Age.*)

"But studies have their infancy as well as creatures." (*Discoveries, Imò serviles.*)

(18) "There is a kind of followers, likewise, which are dangerous, being indeed espials; which inquire the secrets of the house and bear them to others." (*Essays, Of Followers and Friends.*)

They are an odious and vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day, and picking up the filth of the house like flies or swallows, carry it to their nest (their lord's ears), and oftentimes report the lies they have feigned for what they have seen and heard." (*Discoveries, Parasiti ad mensam.*)

(19) "Some men are praised maliciously and to their hurt,

thereby to stir envy and jealousy towards them." (*Essays, Of Praise.*)

"It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by the wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature." (*Discoveries, Non vulgi sunt.*)

(20) "But all this is but a web of the wit, it can work nothing." (*Praise of Knowledge.*)

"All these are the cobwebs of learning, and to let them grow in us is either sluttish or foolish." (*Discoveries, Notæ Dom.*)

(21) "Reading maketh a full man." (*Essays, Of Studies.*)

"Multiplicity of reading which maketh a full man." (*Discoveries, Lectio.*)

(22) "But your Majesty, that did shed tears in the beginning of my trouble, will, I hope, shed the dew of your grace and goodness upon me in the end." (*Bacon to King James, June 4, 1621.*)

"Were they that nam'd you prophets, did they see,
Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?"
(*Epig. to Susan, Countess of Montgomery.*)

(23) " . . . whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwart, and mutinous; and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes." (*Adv.*, 17.)

"The vulgar are commonly ill-natured, and always grudging against their governors; which makes that a prince has more business and trouble with them than ever Hercules had with the bull or any other beast; by how much they have more heads than will be reined with one bridle." (*Disc., Vulgi mores.*)

(24) "Adrian, his successor, was the most curious man that lived, and the most universal inquirer; insomuch that it was noted for an error in his mind, that he desired to comprehend all things, and not to reserve himself for the worthiest things: falling into the like humor that was long before noted in Philip of Macedon; who, when he would needs over-rule and put

down an excellent musician in an argument touching music, was well answered by him again, 'God forbid, sir' (saith he), 'that your fortune should be so bad as to know these things better than I.'" (*Adv.*, 55.)

"And to the prince, or his superior, to behave himself modestly and with respect. Yet free from flattery or empire. Not with insolence or precept; but as the prince were already furnished with the parts he should have, especially in affairs of state. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: they will not willingly contend. But hear (with Alexander) the answer the musician gave him, *Absit, ô rex, ut tu meliùs hac scias, quàm ego.*" (*Disc.*, *Modestia.*)

(25) "Poesy is a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other parts extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the imagination; which being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined; and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things; *Pictoribus atque poetis*, etc. It is taken in two senses in respect of words or matter. In the first sense it is but a character of style and belongeth to arts of speech, and is not pertinent for the present. In the latter it is, as hath been said, one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse." (*Adv.*, 101.)

"A poet is that which is called by the Greeks a maker, or a feigner; his art, an art of imitation or feigning; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to Aristotle, from the word poiein, which signifies to make or feign. Hence he is called a poet, not he which writeth in measure only, but that feigneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the truth. For the fable and fiction is, as it were, the form and soul of any poetical work or poem." (*Disc.*, *Poeta.*)

(26) " . . . I think it decent to pass over this part in silence, as willing to obtain the certificate which one of the an-

cient philosophers aspired unto; who, being silent when others contended to make demonstration of their abilities by speech, desired it mought be certified for his part, *That there was one that knew how to hold his peace.*" (*Adv.*, 249.)

"It was wittily said upon one that was taken for a great and grave man, so long as he held his peace: This man might have been counsellor of state, till he spoke: but having spoken, not the beadle of the ward." (*Disc.*, *Argute.*)

(27) "But the principal of these is direction: for *claudius in via antevertit cursorem.*" (*Adv.*, 76.)

"A cripple in the way out-travels a footman, or a post out of the way." (*Disc.*, *Ægidius.*)

(28) "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran." (*Essay*, *Of Atheism.*)

> " . . . And all been proper stuff
> The Talmud and the Alcoran had come
> With pieces of the Legend."
> (*Execration upon Vulcan.*)

(29) "Your Majesty's honor (which next our conscience to God) is the dearest thing to us on earth." (*Letter to the King.*)

"After God, nothing is to be loved of man like the prince; he violates nature that doth it not with his whole heart." (*Disc.*, *Princeps.*)

(30) "Secondly. Claims by word, and by fact; the latter stronger. Words the female; acts the male." (*Letters and Life*, V., 57.)

> "I have my female wit,
> As well as my male."
> (*The Devil is an Ass*, IV., i.)

(31) "It is good to have the orb of the mind concentric with the universe." (*Antitheses.*)

> "We know our places here, we mingle not
> One in another's sphere, but all move orderly
> In our own orbs, yet are we all concentrics."
> (*Staple of News*, II., i.)

(32) "Nothing can be found in the material globe which has not its parallel in the crystalline globe or Intellect, that is, nothing can come into practice, of which there is not some doctrine or theory." (*De Aug.*, viii.)

"Knowledge is the action of the soul, and is perfect without the senses, as having the seeds of all science and virtue in itself; but not without the service of the senses; by these organs the soul works." (*Disc., Scientiæ.*)

(33) "For protestations, and professions, and apologies, I never found them very fortunate; but they rather increase suspicion than clear it." (*Letters and Life*, V., 47.)

"A fame that is wounded to the world would be better cured by another's apology than its own; for few can apply medicine well themselves." (*Disc., Fama.*)

[It has been urged that Shakespeare must have been a lawyer because of the frequent use of legal terms in his plays; but to prove how fallacious such reasoning is, it will be sufficient to say that a single prologue of Jonson's (that to Bartholomew Fair) contains more legal terms than can be found in all the plays of Shakespeare. Yet no one has affirmed that Jonson was, therefore, a lawyer, though the harmony of thought throughout the *Philosophical Works*, which have hitherto been called Bacon's and the undoubted works of Ben Jonson, is astonishingly evident. And it is not only the likeness of ideas, but their portrayal in a style peculiarly Jonson's which justifies the conclusion, from internal evidence alone, that he was the true author of the *New Philosophy*. To briefly illustrate this a few instances will be given, which the careful reader can extend indefinitely, if he be so inclined:]

The word "reconcilement" is used in the same sense in the *Philosophical Works* and in the plays:

" . . . *reconcilement* is better managed by an amnesty," says the author of the *Advancement of Learning* (p. 233), and Jonson, in the *Poetaster* (V., 1) urges the cultivation of nobler feelings and the banishment of savagery, and is

"More proud of *reconcilement* than revenge."

Thus too, the word "contain" is used in the sense which we attach to the word *restrain*, to hold in:

"As in those that dive that obtain a strange power of *containing* respiration." (*Adv.*, p. 143.)

"*Contain* her worthiest prophets in contempt." (*Poetaster*, V., 1.)

In the same play Jonson refers to the "commenter," meaning commentator, and in the *Advancement* we have:

"As to be a profound interpreter or *commenter*." (*Adv.*, 42.)

So "parcel" is used as *part*:

"Nothing *parcel* of the world is denied to man's enquiry." (*Adv.*, p. 7.)

And Jonson:

"*Parcel*-guilty, I." (*Poetaster*, V., 1.)

In similar fashion is "excellency" used instead of *excellence:*

"Who was noted for the extreme envy he bare towards all heathen *excellency*." (*Adv.*, p. 55.)

" . . . But we out of an assurance of your *excellency*, challenge him in your behalf." (*Poetaster*, II., 1.)

So, too, "delicate" is used in the *Advancement* (p. 28), and in the *Poetaster* (II., 1), in the sense of *effeminate, affected:*

" . . . and the last *delicate* learning." (*Adv.*)

> "Thus nor her *delicates* would cloy me,
> Neither her peevishness annoy me."
>
> (*Poetaster.*)

"Fet" for *fetched*:

"Drinks *fet* from beyond the sea." (*Letter to Villiers*, *Works*, VI., 23.)

"'Tis far *fet* by their stay." (*Cynthia's Revels*, IV., 1.)

"Lest they make men too precise, arrogant, *incompatible*." (*Adv.*, 212.)

" . . . You are *incompatible* to live withal." (*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 2.)

Demand, as simply to ask, not, as now, to ask with authority, or as a right:

"It asketh some knowledge to *demand* a question not impertinent." (*Adv.*, 85.)

"I will *demand* him myself." (*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 2.)

Still, used as meaning constantly:

" . . . because they generate *still*." (*Adv.*, 72.)

"Monthly we spend our *still* repaired shine." (*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 3.)

Conversant, have to do with:

"The works or acts of merit towards learning are *conversant* about three objects." (*Adv.*, 76.)

> "Who heretofore hath been too *conversant*
> Among our train."
>
> (*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 3.)

Unperfect, for imperfect:

"In these kinds of *unperfect* histories." (*Adv.*, 91.)

"Like an *unperfect* prologue." (*Cynthia's Revels*, III., 3.)

Intendment, for intention:

" . . . to have derived imposition of names from reason and *intendment*." (*Adv.*, 167.)

"It offers itself to our retired *intendments*." (*Cynthia's Revels*, II., 1.)

Arrogancy, *i.e.*, arrogance:

" . . . sometimes in the severity and *arrogancy* of politiques." (*Adv.*, 5.)

"Ay, and tickle him i' faith for his *arrogancy* and his impudence." (*Poetaster*, IV., 1.)

Prefer, to promote:

"If he countenance and *prefer* learned men." (*Adv.*, 3.)

> "I will *prefer* for knowledge none but such
> As rule their lives by it."
>
> (*Poetaster*, IV., 4.)

Affects, *i.e.*, affections, dispositions:

" . . . Either how, and how far the humors and *affects* of the body do alter or work upon the body. (*Adv.*, 131.)

"Death cannot raze the *affects* she now retaineth." (*Poetaster*, IV., 7.

Prevented, *i.e.*, hindered, crossed:

"But in this same anticipated and *prevented* knowledge." (*Adv.*, 171.)

"I am *prevented*, all my hopes are crossed." (*Poetaster, prologue.*)

Of, used instead of *for :*

" . . . the reverence *of* laws and government." (*Adv.*, 17.)

"And *of* a stone be called Weeping-Cross." (*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 3.)

Remora :

" Nay, they are indeed but *remoraes* and hindrances to stay and slug the ship from further sailing." (*Adv.*, 119.)

" Death, I am seiz'd on here
By a land *remora ;* I cannot stir
Nor move, but as he pleases."
(*Poetaster*, III., 1.)

Purchase, *i.e.*, acquisition, acquire :

" . . . taking pleasure in the action itself, and not in the *purchase.*" (*Adv.*, 16.)

" You grow rich, do you, and *purchase ?* " (*Poetaster*, III., 1.)

To certify, *i.e.*, to give information of :

" . . . are very sufficient to *certify* and report truth." (*Adv.*, 154.)

" Nay, then I am *certified;* he shall go." (*Poetaster*, IV., 1.)

Intent, *i.e.*, intention :

" With an *intent* in man to give law unto himself." (*Adv.*, 6.)

" I'm out of my way of *intent* to visit him." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, II., 1.)

Facile, *i.e.*, easy, light :

" A corrupt judge offendeth not so lightly as a *facile.*" (*Adv.*, 222.)

" For a stranger to err 'tis easy and *facile.*" (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, II., 1.)

Glory, in the sense of ostentation :

" . . . it hath rather a sounding and unworthy *glory*, than a meriting and substantial virtue." (*Adv.*, 7.)

" I speak it not *gloriously* nor out of affectation." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, II., 1.)

Design, *i.e.*, appoint, appointment:

" . . . the reward and *designation* of readers in sciences." (*Adv.*, 78.)

"I'll *design* the other a place too, that we may see him." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, III., 1.)

Consort, *i.e.*, fellowship:

"Joined also with the agreement and *consort* it hath with music." (*Adv.*, 102.)

"What citizen is it you were *consorted* with?" (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, III., 1.)

Pair of tables:

" . . . we see that he esteemed it more honor to make himself but *a pair of tables.*" (*Adv.*, 64.)

"Have you *a pair of tables?*" (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, III., 1.)

Convenient, *i.e.*, suitable:

" . . . the *convenient* estate of wealth and means both of crown and subject." (*Adv.*, 58.)

" . . . imagine you what you think *convenient.*" (*Every Man in His Humor*, IV., 6.)

Censure, *i.e.*, to judge:

" . . . many will conceive and *censure* that some of them are already done." (*Adv.*, 84.)

"he knows how to *censure* of a . . . pray you, sir, can you judge?" (*Every Man in His Humor*, IV., 1.)

Anatomy, a dead body used for dissection:

" . . . and do likewise command the use of dead bodies for *anatomies.*" (*Adv.*)

"as I protest they must have dissected, and made an *anatomy* of me first." (*Every Man in His Humor.*, IV., 4.)

False fire:

"I think also it were not amiss to make a *false fire.*" (*Letter touching Peacham's case.*)

"Oh, you shall give him a number of these *false fires* ere he depart. (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, III., 1.)

Double negative:

"*Not* because those final causes are *not* true." (*Adv.*, 120.)

" . . . he writes me *no* answer *neither.* (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, IV., 1.)

Leese, to lose:

"For as water . . . doth scatter and *leese* itself in the ground." (*Adv.*, 77.)

"Take heed, you *leese* it not, signior." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, V., 1.)

Peremptory, in the sense of destructive:

"From all ruinous and *peremptory* errors." (*Adv.*, 53.)

"You *peremptory* gull, if you cannot be quiet, get you hence." (*Every Man in His Humor*, I., 1.)

Curious, *i.e.*, cautious:

" . . . that we see men are more *curious* what they put into a new vessel than into a vessel seasoned." (*Adv.*, 56.)

" . . . Old men are *curious*,
Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase."
(*Every Man in His Humor*, I., 1.)

In Bacon's *Catalogue of Astringents, Openers, and Cordials Instrumental to Health*, he names *mint, myrobalanes, coral, saffron, cloves.* And in those to stay the motion of the humors, *coral* and *pearls.* And, among the astringents which by cherishing and strengthening of the parts do comfort and confirm their rightful power, "*a stomacher of scarlet cloth.*" (*Medical Remains*, I., 428.)

" Seed *pearl* were good now boil'd with syrup of apples,
Tincture of gold, and *coral*, citron pills,
Your elicampane root, *myrobalanes.*
. . . . . .
Some English *saffron*, half a dram would serve;
Your sixteen *cloves*, a little musk, dried *mints*,
Bugloss, and barley meal . . .
And *these applied with a right scarlet cloth.*"
(*The Fox*, III., 2.)

Among the *Apothegms* (published 1625), appears the following:

"A fellow named Hogg, who importuned Sir Nicholas Bacon to save his life, claiming that there was kindred between Hog

and Bacon. 'Aye,' replied the judge, 'you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it is well hanged.'"

And something like it appears in *Neptune's Triumph*, a masque written by Jonson:

"The ointment that witches use is reported to be made of the *fat of children* digged out of their graves." (*Nat. Hist.*)

> "I had a dagger; what did I wish with that?
> Kill'd *an infant to have his fat.*"
> (*Masque of Queens.*)

"It is said that witches do eagerly *eat men's flesh.*" (*Nat. Hist.*)

> "A murderer yonder was hung in chains,
> The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
> I *bit off a sinew.*" (*Masque of Queens.*)

"Physicians do wisely prescribe that there be preparatives used before just purgations; for certain it is, that purgers do many times great hurt, if the body be not accommodated both before and after the purging. The hurt that they do for want of preparation before purging is by the sticking of the humors, and their not going far away; which causeth in the body great perturbations and ill accidents during the purging; and also the diminishing and dulling of the working of the medicine itself, that it purgeth not sufficiently; therefore the work is doubled; to make the humors fluid and mature, and to make the passages more open; for both thus help to make the humors pass more readily." (*Nat. Hist.*, Art. 65.)

> " . . . Hence we do conclude,
> That whatso'er hath fluxure and humidity.
> As wanting power to contain itself.
> Is humor. So in every human body,
> The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part, and are not continent,
> Receive the name of humors. Now, thus far,
> It may, by metaphor, apply itself
> Unto the general disposition:
> As when some one peculiar quality

Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluctions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humor."
(*Every Man Out of His Humor.*)

"The most pernicious infection, next to the plague, is the smell of the jail." (*Nat. Hist.*, Art. 914.)

"The very stench of 'em would poison me. I should not dare to come in at their gates. . . . A man were better visit fifteen jails." (*Cynthia's Revels.*)

"And that the same heart likewise of an ape, applied to neck or head, helpeth the wit, and is good for the falling-sickness." (*Nat. Hist.*, Art. 978.)

"Another a flay'd ape clapp'd to his breast." (*The Fox*, II., 3.)

"Gold incorporates with lead in any proportion. Gold incorporates with copper in any proportion, a common alloy. Gold incorporates with brass in any proportion. And what is said of copper is true of brass, in the union of other metals. Gold incorporates with tin; an ancient alloy." (*Physiological Remains*, I., 143.)

" . . . This night I'll change
All that is metal, in my house, to gold;
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper." (*The Alchemist*, II., 1.)

ALFRED WAITES.

WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?

I.—THE LEOPOLD SHAKESPEARE.

THE merits of this edition are two. FIRST: It is the Text of Professor Delius, which is as good a text as any. SECOND: It is illustrated. The engravings or vignettes are indented in the text, which, in our opinion, is the real way to graphically illustrate Shakespeare; and, being the work of artists who understood the situations they portrayed, are really helpful and suggestive. So far we have nothing but commendation for the Leopold. A third feature, upon which we wish to stand noncommittal, however, is the fact that the plays and poems are arranged after a purely conjectural "chronological" order. Of course the editor of the Leopold Shakespeare has as much right as had his predecessors, Heminge and Condell, to arrange the plays conjecturally (that is, arbitrarily). But, since readers have grown accustomed to the Heminge and Condell arrangement—which at least grouped plays with plays and poems with poems—we fail to see any decent reason for rearrangement, especially as the Leopold "conjectural chronological" results in tucking the *Sonnets* in between the *Romeo and Juliet* and the *I. Henry Sixth;* the *Lucrece* between the *III. Henry Sixth* and *The Taming of the Shrew;* the *Venus and Adonis* between *The Comedy of Errors* and the *II. Henry Sixth;* while *The Passionate Pilgrim* is sandwiched in between the *II. Henry Fourth* and *The Much Ado About Nothing* (the name of which latter play might probably afford a reasonable title—as some have alleged—for the entire Furnivall system).

But the crowning feature of objection, we fear, to THE LEOPOLD SHAKESPEARE is that its editor is Mr. Furnivall. Not but that Mr. Furnivall, when he tackles a Shakespearian opportunity, is not full of meat, but that his meat happens to be a meat which requires an unusual sort of stomach to digest it, and this, a stomach rather desultory than scholastic. But lest a question of skies not minds may seem to force this opinion from

us, let us copy a criticism of Mr. Furnivall's methods from his own countrymen. In *The Saturday Review* (London) of October 21, 1882, appeared a paper reviewing the Introduction to THE LEOPOLD SHAKESPEARE (which was also used by its publishers in *The Royal Shakespeare*—the same except in larger type) under the title:

MR. FURNIVALL ON SHAKESPEARE.

"See my Forewords to *Shakspere and Holy Writ*, Marcus Ward, 1s." With these noble and convincing words does Mr. Furnivall end his "Introduction" to *The Royal Shakspere*—an Introduction written. as he informs us, in 1877, and "partly revised" in 1881. The revision might possibly have been more than partial with advantage. Not the less is the Introduction, as it stands, a remarkable work, remarkable for kindness and condescension both to its subject and its readers, for a curious mingling of jauntiness and pedantry in style, for a strange method of spelling, and for an extraordinary amount of information concerning Mr. Furnivall, Mr. Furnivall's friends, Mr. Furnivall's works, the New Shakspere Society, founded by Mr. Furnivall, and the paging of certain editions of works in Mr. Furnivall's possession to which Mr. Furnivall refers. Yet with a becoming modesty Mr. Furnivall thinks that he owes "an apology to my readers for the slightness and inequality of parts [the reservation is pleasing] of this Introduction. Most of it has been draggd [*sic*] out of me when out of sorts, in a Hamlet-like mood of putting off, and amid the pressure of other work. All the play-part was dictated to an amanuensis from old notes and recollections, and under constant injunctions to be short. But the intended thirty-two pages have grown to four times their length, and much that ought to have been said remains unsaid." With the concluding part of this apology, surely amongst the most remarkable apologies ever penned, we find ourselves unable entirely to agree. Catching a trick of incongruous quotation from Mr. Furnivall himself, we are inclined to remember those classic words of perhaps the best farce of the age, "On the contrary, I have had quite enough of you." The fact that this incongruity is suggested by our author we may proceed to illustrate, by a few curious instances which, as some of our readers have not yet heard, we will now proceed to relate to them. Mr. Furnivall is kind enough to tell us that he hates and despises Jaques; but, on the other hand, "Touchstone's devotion to Celia and his delightful humor draw me to him. He's worth a score of Jaqueses." We then have Jaques com-

pared to Don John and to "Carlyle in his bad latter-day-pamphlets mood and water," and any mother is invited to ask herself whether Jaques's description of a baby is a just account of hers or any woman's. To this suggestion there is a footnote, "My friend Dr. George McDonald's saying" Just above, another footnote tells us Jaques is Laurence Sterne. Two pages before, "My friend Dr. Ingleby says, 'The moral of the play is much more concrete.'" This has a sweet reminiscence of Mr. Herbert Pocket and Mr. Waldengarver. On the same page we are told: "'I do wish,' says a lady-friend, 'there were more young men like him (Orlando) nowadays, instead of the fashionable dandified creatures, budding Jaqueses ,whom one sees in London ball-rooms now. But then one can't imagine Orlando at a ball, hoping to have the pleasure of the next dance and remarking on the heat of the room.'" From Mr. Furnivall himself, whose voice is surely even more weighty than the voices of his many friends whom he is forever quoting, we learn of Rosalind that at tidings of Orlando "the impulsive girl throws off all her melancholy forever, and jumps into the gayest chaffingest [Mr. Furnivall is by no means ill at these numbers] humor possible. But note the touch, 'alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?'" Does this mean—we hope it does not—that Mr. Furnivall's study of Shakespeare and of the works of the New Shakspere Society has led him to the conclusion, which a dull critic has lately expressed, that these words are a serious expression of alarmed modesty? Robbed of their sheer light-heartedness and invested with the "modesty" which has been demanded for them, they become immodest enough. On this point we hope, since there is nothing to prove the contrary, that Mr. Furnivall is at one with us, as we are in matter at one with him when, repeating "a girl-friend's words," he says that, "with all the reforming, cleaning, and whitewashing in the world, Oliver must have been a poor creature."

It is not fair to Mr. Furnivall's method to dwell too long on any one of the plays, all of which he discusses in the same charming style and with the same charming absence of false modesty either as regards himself or his many friends, quoted both in the text and, more especially, in his footnotes. Amongst many enticing remarks on Hamlet we find that "on this young university man comes the terrible blow of his idolized father's death. I call him young, as his father does, as he himself, Polonius, Laertes, and Ophelia do, too; for, though he is thirty at the end of the few months of the play, yet he cannot be more than about twenty when the play begins." Then in a footnote, with the matter of which, as on a previons occasion,

we agree, Mr. Furnivall, after his own fashion, tells us that, "so long as Shakspere got his main point, his characters right, he didn't care twopence for accidentals." A few sentences further on we are told of Hamlet that "he grieves and meditates and falls in love. He moons and spoons." Then, in a footnote, we have "my friend" Mr. Richard Grant White's opinions, amongst them this amazing one. quoted with approval, that forbidding the First Player to mock Polonius "was of course ironical, like the traditional 'Don't duck him in the horse pond.'" On the next page, again in a footnote, "My friend Mr. Hargrove" presses upon Mr. Furnivall the suggestion—which, of course, has never occurred to anybody before—that Hamlet was hysterical. In the following page Mr. Furnivall is kind enough to give us a paraphrase of Hamlet's speech, "What is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever." The paraphrase is in these words: "I've only killed father. You really shouldn't be put out about a trifle like that. It's unreasonable" On the page after this Mr. Furnivall sums up Hamlet: "'Is there any other man in Shakspere whom we feel such a longing to comfort?' askt [*sic*] the bonniest and handsomest girl I ever lectured to. ('Pite renneth soone in gentil herte.') But, while willing to sympathize to any extent in his weakness (which is my own), and in the ruin of his love, his nature, and his hope, I hold that what Hamlet wanted was some of the Ulysses will." To know that Hamlet's weakness is also Mr. Furnivall's own, is, in itself, a liberal education.

Let us now, emulating Mr. Furnivall's own versatility of mood, turn from grave to gay, from *Hamlet* to *Much Ado About Nothing*, and quote without comment what is perhaps the most remarkable passage among many remarkable passages in this Introduction. Of the end of the play Mr. Furnivall has this to say: "We all know what it means. The brightest, sunniest married life, comfort in sorrow, doubling of joy. And fancy Beatrice playing with her baby, and her husband looking on! Never child 'ud have had such fun since the creation of the world. The poet Campbell's story of this pair was an utter mistake; he never knew a Beatrice. Dogberry we must, alas! pass over, model of Mrs. Malaprop that he is, and of the Red Queen in *Through the Looking-Glass.*" *Much Ado About Nothing* is, Mr. Furnivall tells us in a previous passage, "the central comedy of Shakspere's middle happiest time;" and, it is also pleasing to learn from him, "it's part of the fun that both of the wittiest and sharpest folk in the play should be taken in by the shallow device of the duller people, on whom they, as superior beings, lookt down."

So in the case of *Othello*. Though, as our extracts must have convinced any unprejudiced reader, there is nothing but what is becoming both to Shakespeare and to Mr. Furnivall in his whole treatment of every play, in spite of the matter having been "draggd" out of him when out of sorts; yet here, as with *Much Ado About Nothing*, we cannot but think that nothing in the introducer's dealing with the subject becomes him like the leaving it. "The kiss on which he (Othello) dies, shows where his love still was, and that must plead for him. Behind the nobleness of his nature were yet the jealousy, the suspicion, the mean cunning of the savage. Death to the adulteress was but the practice of his race. (Let us recollect that Gunpowder Plot was discovered on November 5, 1605, and pass to the murder of an earlier king)." We do accordingly pass to *Macbeth*, in which the victim was, no doubt, "an earlier king" than the victim intended by the contrivers of the Gunpowder Plot, and here we find an interesting example of Mr. Furnivall's system of "links" between Shakespeare's different plays. "We have no picture" in *Macbeth*, and this is strange enough, "of the sweet Desdemona listening to her Moor, going through her household tasks, and coming back to hear the wondrous story of his life; no bridal life, however short." The Spanish fleet, in short, we cannot see because it is not yet in sight. On the other hand, there are certain things which have not yet been in sight as to which Mr. Furnivall gives us valuable information. What happens in the play we can all learn by turning to our Shakespeare. What happened before the play we learn by turning to Mr. Furnivall. "Before the play opens there must have been consultations between the guilty pair on Duncan's murder." *Wenn Herr Furnivall sagt so muss es wahr sein;* and now the notion that the first thought of the removing of Duncan is put into Macbeth's head, or into his wife's, or into both, by the strange greeting of the witches must be forever abandoned. But this discovery takes us away from the "links" which are between *Othello* and *Macbeth;* that the chief characters in both command an army, that their temptations are both from within and without—which is of course peculiar—"that the working of passion in both is alike quick, that the victims and murderers alike die, that Othello is accused of witchcraft as Macbeth practises it. . . . The murder of the King and the Ghost of Banquo connect the play with *Hamlet*, while the portents before Duncan's death are like those before the death of Hamlet's father and Julius Cæsar" In a footnote Mr. Furnivall definitively sets at rest a vexed question. "The porter scene," says the writer, and of course he knows,

"is certainly genuine, and the assignment of its grim humor to a fifth-rate comic writer like Middleton is a great mistake. The folk who so assign it don't know Middleton; they just catch up his name from the witch songs, and stick it on to the porter, whom he never had anything like power enough to create." The authorship of yet other passages in the play is in the same fashion disposed of in this remarkable note, which ends with "See my discussion of the porter scene in *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874, Part II." Going on to *King Lear* we find that Mr. Furnivall thinks that "Lear must stand by itself as the first Ingratitude and Cursing Play, tho' it is linkt to the Group before it and the Lust or False Love Group which follows it;" and we presently discover that in "the second Ingratitude and Cursing Group" is *Coriolanus*. . . .

And so on.

And not only this, but Mr. Furnivall has gone further, and annotated his own Introduction (though we cannot discover any difference between the characters of Text and Comment—anything in these Notes which might not equally as well have been Text or in Text which might not equally have been Note), something in this style (we quote quite at random):

Speaking of Shakespeare's probable admission to the Stratford Grammar School in 1571, we are told (p. x.): "I went to a boarding-school at six-and-a-quarter, and recollect still, jumping with delight when the carriage drove round to take me. But after a quarter's taste of the cane, etc., tears came on going back for the autumn half." As to the mortgage of November 14, he notes "see my letter of October 24, 1878, to *The Academy*." To an allusion to the metres, "Some overgrown children pooh-pooh them altogether." [Possibly the writer of this paper is here alluded to.—EDS. S.] To Macbeth, V., ii., 705, we have the note, "I don't accept as later all the parts named." Speaking of Hamlet's communing with old books, our editor says, "I don't press the books point, except they were story-books, such as then existed." Of the supposed friendship of Shakespeare for somebody or other mentioned in the Sonnets: "Happily not ending like that of Sir Leoline and Lord Roland de Vaux in Coleridge." To *The Merchant of Venice*, II., ix., 91, "Portia implies Shakespeare's rise into the society of such English Ladies as he'd not known in earlier life." To *King John*, "My friend Mr. W. Myers, great at amateur theatricals, says that even *I. Henry IV.* is a play that 'does not play itself.'"

If our limits forbade not, we might proceed with these quotations indefinitely. But enough is enough; especially of Mr. Furnivall. Sufficient has been cited to suggest that the collector of Shakespearian curiosities, rather than the Shakespearian student, will seize upon The Leopold Shakespeare and find place for it upon his shelves, along with Bowlderized Editions, Mr. Ireland's "Vortigern," the great "Donnelly Cryptogram," or (to go into general literature) the famous Willstach Edition of Dante. As to Mr. Furnivall's division of the plays into "Periods" and Groups the reader must, of course, judge for himself. SHAKESPEARIANA has heretofore admitted a very full discussion of their merits as settling chronological questions,* and it is unnecessary, perhaps, to renew it. If the reader believes that Shakespeare divided his plays into the following, viz.: The *Unfit-Nature-or-Under-Burden-Falling* Group; the *Sunny-or-Sweet-Time* Group; the *Lust-or-False-Love* Group; the *Re-union-or-Reconciliation-and-Forgiveness* Group; the *Ingratitude-and-Cursing* Group, he will probably believe so to the end of time. If he should conclude that it was Furnivall, rather than Shakespeare, whose powerful mind conceived the division, the matter can hardly attain a more than whimsical importance to anybody.

For a large amount of contemporary information, however, as to various things, we must agree with the *Saturday Review*, certainly, that The Leopold Shakespeare is an episode in Shakespearian criticism not to be negligently appreciated. If ever a commentator should attempt to rise to the dignity of his subject, it would seem as if he should so rise with Shakespeare for his Text. Whether Mr. Furnivall ever did, or ever will, so rise, is a question apart from the purposes of this review. But in the meantime serious students will not, perhaps, look to Furnivall for either elevation or assistance.

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* Vol. IV., p. 535.

Reviews.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(18) DELIA BACON. A Biographical Sketch. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 340.

(26) THE MERMAID SERIES. The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists. Edited by Havelock Ellis. London: Vizetelli & Co.

(19) THE TRUE STORY OF HAMLET AND OPHELIA. By Frederica Beardsley Gilchrist. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 340.

(23) SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIC ARTIST. A Popular Illustration of the Principles of Scientific Criticism. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 12mo, cloth, pp. 368.

(32) SHAKESPEARE UND SHAKSPERE. Zur Genesis der Shakespeare Dramen. Von K. F. Graf von Vitzthum von Eckstadt. Stuttgart: Verlag der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung. 8vo, cloth, pp. 264.

(35) SIR ANTHONY SHERLEY THE AUTHOR OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. By Scott Surties. London: Henry Gray. Cloth, pp. 42.

(20) IS THERE ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND BACON? Philadelphia: Henry B. Ashmead. 12mo, paper, pp. 192. Second edition, enlarged. London: Field & Tuer.

(25) THE SHAKESPEARIAN MYTH. William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence. By Appleton Morgan. Third edition. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 342, xviii.

(24) WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. A Literary Biography. By Karl Elzé, Ph.D. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. London: George Bell & Sons. Cloth, pp. 587.

(34) ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION SERIES. Henry the Fifth. By Rev. J. A. Church. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Cloth, pp. 155.

(33) AN EXPLANATORY AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE NOTED NAMES OF FICTION. Including Familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames Bestowed on Eminent Men, and Analogous Popular Appellations often Referred to in Literature and Conversation. By William A. Wheeler. Nineteenth edition. With Appendix. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 440.

(37) CHARACTER STUDIES IN MACBETH. By George Fletcher. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 12mo, pp. 110.

(38) THE ALBION EDITION. THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. With Life, Glossary, etc. Prepared from the Texts of the First Folio, the Quartos, and compared with Recent Commentators. By the Editor of "The Chandos Classics." London and New York: Fred. Warne & Co. 12mo, pp. 1136.

(39) A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATRE, on the West End of the Bankside, London, 1595. From a Sketch made by John De Witt, Canon of St. Mary's, Utrecht, who visited London in 1596. Sheet, 10x12. New York: L. L. Lawrence.

(40) THE PLOTS OF SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH PLAYS. With Index of the Principal Characters. By Henry Gray. London: Griffith, Farron, O'Keden & Welsh. 16mo, cloth, pp. 117.

(18) Heaven, in matters Shakespearian, as in matters theological, appears to be the great congregation of the Orthodox. The way of the Baconian is always a hard one. But in the case of the poor lady, whose wan and careworn face is now presented for the first time in frontispiece, it seems to have been a very piteous and very thorny way indeed. Miss Bacon's tragic story: how her theory carried her to England: of her labors, poverty, privations there, the general opposition of her family (wrongly criticised—as it now appears—for harshness and cruelty even therein). her overt act in attempting the ocular proof at the grave of Shakespeare itself in Stratford chancel, and of the last scene of all, that strange, eventful history—all this is well known! The reader who turns these leaves for new matter finds it in the letters of Carlyle, Emerson, and Hawthorne, and Miss Bacon's responses thereto, and it will probably occur to him that, had Miss Bacon written her book in the graphic and vigorous style of her letters, the late Mr. O'Connor would never have been known as the only soul who ever got through it. Emerson, it seems, was always writing Miss Bacon nice letters—most readable, even at this date, thirty years after their occasion has perished—letters full of promises of help. But whatever help they brought must have been sentimental only. As Hawthorne himself says (warning Miss Bacon to look for little that was substantial in that direction): "If anything can be done" (he writes) "Mr. E. ought to feel himself bound to do it—that is, if he were a man like other men; but he is far more than that and not so much." (p. 213.) And so it happens that Mr. Hawthorne is the hero of Mr. Bacon's fascinating biog-

raphy. His (Mr. Hawthorne's) practical assistance, in hard cash, contrasts very pleasantly with Mr. Emerson's beautiful language: and the airy insouciance with which the philosopher tells the starving enthusiast in her London garret that the manuscripts on which she depended not only for announcing her theory to mankind, but for daily bread, have disappeared forever, has never, we think, been equalled in English prose literature! Upon reading Miss Bacon's third paper, however, this extraordinary man did say one practical thing (and we cannot help thinking it as applicable to the Baconians of to-day as it was to Miss Bacon then), viz.: "Of course, we instantly require your proofs. But, instead of hastening to these, you expatiate on the absurdity of the accepted biography. Perfectly right to say once, but not necessary to say twice, and unpardonable, after telling us that you have proof that this was not the man, and we are waiting for that proof, to say it thrice. There is great incidental worth in these expatiatings; but it is all at disadvantage, because we have been summoned to hear an extraordinary announcement of facts and are impatient of any episodes. I am sure you cannot be aware how voluminously you have cuffed and pounded the poor pretender, and then again and again, and still no end. . . . I am a little shocked by the signature, '*Discoverer of the Author of Shakespeare's Plays*,' which should not be used one moment in advance." (p. 194.) This, however (possibly because Emerson said it), Miss Bacon, it seems, could not understand. She writes Hawthorne, a little later (p. 207): "Mr. Emerson talks about my 'wearing the crown.' He says, 'Yes, wear it, and welcome, and forever more, from the instant your fact is made to appear,' but he recommends that I shall not put it on prematurely." But although Miss Bacon so construes it, it appears that this was exactly the reverse of what Mr. Emerson did say. As to the letters from Carlyle, one has to pause in following Miss Bacon's story and wonder that a man who, in a letter, could write so directly and neatly should prefer in his books to adopt a jargon which, although exactly in accordance with the more recondite rules of the English tongue, was so painfully characteristic and morbidly unconventional as to fail of effect, however it commanded attention. However, we can see that he felt for the poor lady and, although he may have written to Emerson "your woman's mad," to herself he only spoke cheerful and kindly words, pressing her to be "not so shy" of partaking of his and his good wife's hospitality. But poor Miss Bacon, we suspect, much as she longed with her New England training, for a home, was already too far gone on the pace that

kills to relish even the softest and kindest of homes, unless the inmates believed in Bacon, or at any rate, unless they disbelieved in Shakespeare. She was, besides, hard at work, writing in bed to save the expense of a fire, at high pressure: and she accomplished, so far as bulk went, a good deal. The new matter which Mr. Bacon's volume supplies (except the Carlyle, Emerson, and Hawthorne correspondence) is as to Miss Bacon's closing days. And this is important, because the anti-Baconians have always sneered at the Baconian theory as the dream of a crazy woman. Writing of that theory in 1877, we said that the sneer did not seem to us a fair disposition of the subject. first, because it had nothing to do with the merits, and secondly, because, as we read what we could find of Miss Bacon's history, the askance treatment of her theory and the utter damnation of her book were enough to drive any woman—especially a woman who had lived on insufficient food and without stimulants for five years to write it—into insanity. It seems to us that this portion of Mr. Theodore Bacon's volume sustains this latter conclusion. Here is the last scene of all this strange, eventful history (p. 308): On June 12, 1857, Mr. David Rice, surgeon and Mayor of Stratford, wrote to the American Consul at Liverpool, asking "advice or suggestions" touching an American lady, Miss Delia Bacon, who was "in a very excited and unsatisfactory state, especially mentally, and I think there is much reason to fear that she will become decidedly insane." To which Mr. Hawthorne instantly replied, authorizing all suitable expenditure (for it was reported that her means were exhausted), and transmitting to Dr. Leonard Bacon the advices received from Mr. Rice. To this Dr. Bacon replied in a letter (p. 310), too long to quote here, but which those who have criticised Dr. Bacon for his position as to his sister, ought in common fairness to read before saying more. Mr. Bacon then continues (p. 310): "For month after month, notwithstanding intermittent lifting of the cloud which had settled about her, it became more and more evident that the cloud was the darkness of night. . . . In December, under the stress of her heightening malady, she was removed to an excellent private asylum for a small number of insane persons at Henley-in-Arden, in the forest of Arden, eight miles from Stratford." In March, 1858, a son of Dr. Leonard Bacon, arriving in England from a cruise in an American frigate, "remembered the relative, whom he had heard to be somewhere there, but of whose sickness and distraction he had heard nothing, and tracing her to Stratford and to Henley-in-Arden, assumed the responsibility of bringing her back to America, and to her home. . . . She did not linger

there long. Her distraction was complete and hopeless, so complete that only the care and restraint of an institution designed for the treatment of the insane was adequate to control her and to provide for her needs. She was brought very soon to the 'Retreat' at that city of Hartford where so many years of her childhood had been spent, and there she remained until the end." Before her death "she recognized, and said so, that she had been under delusions: although in these solemn hours of meeting and final parting, what some have thought the great delusion of her life was neither spoken of nor thought of. But the bitterness of her soul against those who had loved her most and longest, was all gone, and instead there was peace, and the tender affection of the early days of hardship and struggle. . . . She died, clearly and calmly trusting in Christ, and thankful to escape from tribulation and enter into rest. In the old burying-ground at New Haven she was laid. . . . A cross of brown stone, set there by some of the ladies, who remembered the love and admiration with which they had received her instruction, bears simply the record of her birth and death, and the words 'So HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN.'" As to how much light this touching finalé may throw upon the Baconian theory, or the Delia Bacon theory, we leave everybody to judge for themselves. So much for the new matter which Mr. Theodore Bacon has given us in his reverent and brilliant biography of his always interesting kinswoman. Whatever the merits of the Bacon theory, Miss Bacon was fitter to be its discoverer than its elucidator, its martyr than its apostle to the Gentiles. To pass rapidly over the salient points in this book (and to review it justly would be to transcribe it page by page, so compactly is it written), we find Hawthorne (p. 184) writing Miss Bacon: "We find thoughts in all great authors, and even in small ones, that strike their roots far beneath the surface, and entwine themselves with the roots of other writers' thoughts, so that, when we pull up one, we stir the whole; and yet these writers have no conscious society with one another." Of course it was inevitable that a man who could write like this, must sooner or later become distasteful to an enthusiast like Delia Bacon. Just as the mere skeptics as to the complete accepted authorship of Shakespeare to-day are reviled by those who are not only sure that Bacon was the real author, but that he wrote a cipher in the plays; just so Miss Bacon sooner or later dropped those who would fain have accompanied her on a part of her journey but not on all—Carlyle, Miss Farrar, and finally Hawthorne himself. Nevertheless, Hawthorne continued to befriend her, not with tropes and similes like Emerson

but with hard cash (which, when she would accept no longer, all honor to him, he placed surreptitiously so she could not escape the benefit of it). And there is a certain grimness in the kind words he says at the very last—working it to her praise—that "in almost the last letter I received from her, she declared (me) unworthy to meddle with her work." Everybody, Baconians and anti-Baconians, will be thankful to Mr. Theodore Bacon for this most entrancing volume, which is not only a biography but a contribution to American Literature. Especially is he to be thanked for the portrait, which—reproduced from a daguerreotype of 1853—shows a wan, anxious, but not unyielding face, a mouth tenacious though gentle, but around the eyes that far-off look which physiognomists are apt to pronounce as habitual to the vision that sees beyond the real and the actual—that reads books between the lines, and puts into a text meanings which, if the author ever intended, he at least did not express to the vulgar general of his readers. Who wrote Shakespeare, and who shall tell us? History is silent. Dr. Furness has interviewed even spirits from the vasty beyond, but even they—even to one great Variorum editor—will nothing tell. But let us work away. Who knows when we may materialize something? But anyhow, no matter what we find or miss, we cannot search without adding something to the great cairn of Shakespearian Interpretation and Praise. In *Our Old Home* Mr. Hawthorne—God bless him!—closes his sketch of Delia Bacon, as we will close this review, by imagining that, on Miss Bacon's entry into the Promised Land, great Shakespeare met her "on the threshold and led her in, reassuring her with friendly and comfortable words, and thanking her (yet with a smile of gentle humor in his eyes at the thought of certain mistaken speculations) for having interpreted him to mankind so well."—(26) The "Mermaid Series of the Old Dramatists," which Messrs. Vizetelli & Co., of London, are rapidly issuing. continues to improve, and, when completed, must perforce supersede every other, making thereafter its permanent home in every complete dramatic library. The soberer binding which the publishers have given the latest numbers seems to fit the heavier Ford, Massinger, and Otway, as the lighter filigree did the flippant Wycherley and his associates of the Restoration (at least later volumes have reached us in this more sober dress). For the rest, it can hardly be possible for us to add to what we have already said—namely, that this is the only edition for the library. An interregnum in our book lists has left unacknowledged the following, we believe: *William Congreve,* edited by Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A., with a frontispiece

from the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller; *William Wycherley*, edited by W. C. Ward, with frontispiece from the portrait by Sir Peter Lely; *Nero and Other Plays*, edited by Herbert P. Horne, Havelock Ellis (the general editor of the Mermaid Series), Arthur Symonds, and A. Wilson Verity, with portrait of Nathaniel Field, taken from the picture in the Dulwich Gallery; *Webster and Tourneur*, edited by John Addington Symonds, with frontispiece of the Globe Theatre, from an engraved view of London taken about A.D. 1616; *John Ford*. edited by Havelock Ellis, with frontispiece of the Bankside and its theatres (viz., the Swan Theatre, the Bear Gardens, the Hope Theatre, the Globe Theatre, Winchester House, the Temple, Old St. Paul's and the Guild Hall, thrown into panorama with the Thames, and the Bankside for foreground, a most valuable exhibit of the relative positions of these landmarks); *Thomas Otway*, edited by Hon. Roden Noel, with frontispiece from a portrait by Riley; and the second volume of *Massinger*, edited by Arthur Symonds. with for frontispiece a portrait of John Lowin. from the picture in the Ashmole Museum. At least these are the volumes before us, and they merit a second mention if it be they have already had an earlier one from us. It will be noticed that the frontispieces are carefully and choicely selected, and always from rare and illustrative sources.—(19) Mrs. Gilchrist's "True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia" may be true, but it is certainly new, and if true, Mrs. Gilchrist's inner consciousness is to be awarded great praise for evolution of the facts. The truth, as we now have it, appears to be that, when Hamlet heard the ghost's revelation it resolved him, *not* to remember the poor ghost, *not* to blot out all saws of books, etc., *not* to proceed at once to the putting a quietus upon his uxorious and murderous uncle. but—*not* to marry! It further appears (*teste* Mrs. Frederica Beardsley Gilchrist) that Hamlet upon this resolution fixed. announced it forcibly, not to say profanely, exclaiming, "And shall I COUPLE?—H–ll! This is the *pièce de resistance* of the book, which is nevertheless a readable re-treatment of familiar matter. The reprint. "*The Hystorie of Hamblet, London. printed for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Corne-hill, neere to the Royall Exchange*, 1608," which is given as Appendix, might, however, have changed places with the body of the book. and so better expressed relative values. The book is elegantly manufactured.—(23) One thing at least can be said for Mr. Richard G. Moulton. Let us hasten to say it. At least no review of his books, not commensurate in bulk with the books themselves, can give any idea of his fine work And not having

350 pages of reviewing space, we must refer readers to the work itself. If they halt a little at finding that *The Tempest* is written to illustrate the use of enchantment as an engine of Personal Providence; *Macbeth* to show the antithesis of the outer and inner life, and all that: if they suffer a partial syncope on learning that *The Merchant of Venice*, they have so often seen Booth and Irving play to fascinated houses, is a First Main Cross Nemesis action, divided into a sub-action as to First Main, also Link action, enclosing two Main actions connected by Common Personage and by Link action—action movement, with contrary motion between two main actions, the First Main complicated and resolved by the Final Strain extreme, etc. (we write with our eye on the text): choose to believe Mr. Moulton that these were Shakespeare's conceptions—we say—they will find in this volume a demonstration of their faith quite as intelligible as Mr. Wigston's books on the Rosicrucian and Delphic motives of Bacon in writing these same plays. And perhaps there is no more to be said. Mr. Moulton, we should add, has evolved a system which he calls inductive criticism—which means, as nearly as we can comprehend him, that everything is a standard to itself and should be criticised in terms of Itself—that comparative criticism is not criticism, but simply comparison. Possibly this sort of criticism might be useful in handling Shakespeare, but how would it apply to other literary matter? It would be interesting, for example, to see a critique of Little Bo-Peep, constructed exclusively on the inductive system invented, devised, and worked up by Mr. R. G. Moulton.—(32) We are tempted to take up Count Vitzthum next, as a counterpart to the above. The Count believes in the high value of Donnelly and all his works. So also does (35) Mr. Surties, though he thinks, it seems, Sir Anthony Sherley the real author of Shakespeare. Indeed, so certain is he that "Anthony Sherley and none other was he who wrote these plays," that he barely wastes forty-two and one-half pages—and those of the thinnest—to prove it. Count Vitzthum is of quite another kidney than this silly Mr. Surties. What would the Count say to Dr. Nicholson's demonstration that, by Mr. Donnelly's own figures, his own numbers and "Root numbers," "modifyers," etc., and the privilege of making a number odd or even (by adding a unit in counting up or down a page), the chances are 3,309,000 to one that anybody will be able to use any word in any book in any way he pleases? (Or, as Dr. Nicholson himself more carefully states it, "By the arithmetical law of combinations, Mr. Donnelly's contrivance secures to the operator an almost incalculable number of chances for picking up from the column

any words required for the manufacture of stories.) But possibly the Count has not seen Dr. Nicholson's work!—(20) This writer (Mr. C. F. Steele, we believe) has selected another of the numberless standpoints from which to quash once more the poor Baconian theory. Indeed, one begins to pity so great a man—so industrious, so valuable, and so dignified a man as St. Albans was—in having his name so bandied about by his terrible friends, who set up a claim for him to what he did not value, did not want, did not pretend to! It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Steele could find much that was new to say in gleaning so already over-threshed a field. But he makes a clever point of the contrast between Bacon's heavy and deliberate *Essay on Love* and the master delineation of that master-passion in the Plays.—(25) Mr. Morgan has himself told us (SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol V., p. 485) how this book came to be written; that it still continues to be published, shows that it has life yet. Briefly, it is an extreme statement of the anti-Shakespearian case, and, whether or not Mr. Morgan wrote it on the principle that, just as the best way of abolishing a bad law is to rigorously enforce it, so the quickest way to silence a paradox is to give it the fullest statement—those who wish either to dethrone Shakespeare or to draw the fire of the dethroners can do no better than to drink here. However, we do not read in the Preface of the first edition of *The Shakespearian Myth*, that its author *did* speak for himself, but objectively (and not unfairly, on the whole, since he states pro and con with equal courage), for the Historic Doubt.—(24) A most careful résumé, made with all the late Dr. Elze's method and reach, of Halliwell-Phillipps' results, added to the data already gathered before him: translated into English by the lady who did so much to make Dr. Elze's essays (and so the Dr. himself) known to the English reading public.—(34) It is wonderful how certain real characters there are whom the dimness of time has forever hidden from the histories men read, who yet live because Shakespeare has touched them with his enabling pen. Such a character is Henry V. The Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in beginning what promises to be their invaluable "Men of Action Series," have included a biography of this English King, from the competent pen of Mr. Church, and Mr. Church has gone to Shakespeare. He is bound to say that Shakespeare, and not history, is responsible for the Gad's Hill escapades, for Falstaff and the the rest: sets Shakespeare right as to the English losses at Agincourt: and generally tries to pull back the dramatist within the bounds of historic verity. But, all the same, it is Shakespeare, and not history, who has made Prince Harry and

Henry the Fifth living characters in the perspective.—(**33**) Mr. Wheeler's volume claims place in a Shakespearian library. We have had occasion for years to know that it is a better Index to the characters in the plays than the dozens of volumes which exclude all except Shakespearian fiction, and purport to guide, philosophize, and befriend the hunter for the more exclusive data. The nineteenth edition of a work ought to testify rather to its utility, whatever reviewers can add to such a verdict —(**37**) This work of Mr. Fletcher's was originally published in 1846, and is now reprinted, a prefatory note says, as "so apposite with regard to the Production of Shakespeare's Tragedy at the Lyceum" as to be "a matter of current interest." We have not as yet had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Irving's version of Macbeth, but, if the burden of the critics upon that play is be be believed. this book. in insisting upon Shakespeare as he wrote it, not as it is made over, would seem rather inapposite than apposite. Mr. Fletcher's book itself is interesting as of a date before the æsthetic school arose: is fairly readable, but not, it seems to us, exhaustive: certainly not fresh. We are in accord with its trend, however, and, apropos of Mr. Irving, are reminded of the wise saying that a version of a Shakespeare play, made by an actor who is to take a leading part in the production of that version, is bound to be unsatisfactory to somebody. It is the actor's business to make his own parts prominent: to give himself an appearance, let us say, in each act (or scene, maybe), and if Shakespeare has not done so already, he will correct Shakespeare, certainly to that extent. Shakespeare himself, if we are to believe history, took minor parts in his own plays—"The only actor who ever did such a thing, or ever will," said Charles Reade.—(**38**) Most Shakespeares "printed for the trade" are unsatisfactory, by reason of irresponsible editing, or no editing at all. The present betters that, and—from such examination as we have been able to give it—keeps to the best readings of the best editors, early and modern. The type is clear and the shape a handy one.—(**39**) Most pictures of the interiors of the old Bankside theatres are unsatisfying to exact investigators of early stage arrangements not only, but directly contradictory, not to say independently imaginary. The sketch made by John De Witt, of Utrecht, who visited London in 1596, of the interior and stage of the Swan Theatre, built the year before, can hardly escape being authentic, and the publisher has done well to reproduce it for the benefit of those curious in these matters.—(**40**) Mr. Henry Gray, who has prepared a good many other time-saving hand-

books, both literary and technical, has conceived the idea of giving the arguments or synopses of some of the most famous of English plays in one of the series. Novel as the idea is, Mr. Gray has succeeded in doing it well, so well, in fact, as to make one wonder somebody had not hit upon the idea before him.

Editorial.

We are pleased to see, in the last number of *The Journal of the Bacon Society* which reaches us, an indication that the Bacon Society does not propose to carry further that craziest of all crazy *fiascos*—the Donnelly Cipher! The preceding number had been so full of this ridiculous business that it seemed hopeless to hope that the real objects of The Bacon Society were to be allowed to rest any longer within sight of its deliberations. Those objects, as stated in the original *Circular* sent out by the Founders of the Society (which SHAKESPEARIANA printed in full on page 50 of Volume II.), were:

"To elucidate the real character, position, and genius of Francis Bacon, as philosopher, lawyer, essayist, and poet.

"On the strictest principles of scientific investigation, to inquire, what was the influence of Bacon on the spirit of his own and succeeding times?—what the tendencies and results of his writings?

"To ascertain how much the English language and literature owe to Bacon.

"To come to some conclusion as to the supposed relation between Bacon and the Shakespearian Poems and Dramas."

—objects so eminently reasonable and praiseworthy that several gentlemen of prominence in these investigations unhesitatingly signed their names to the *Circular*, and became members of The Bacon Society.

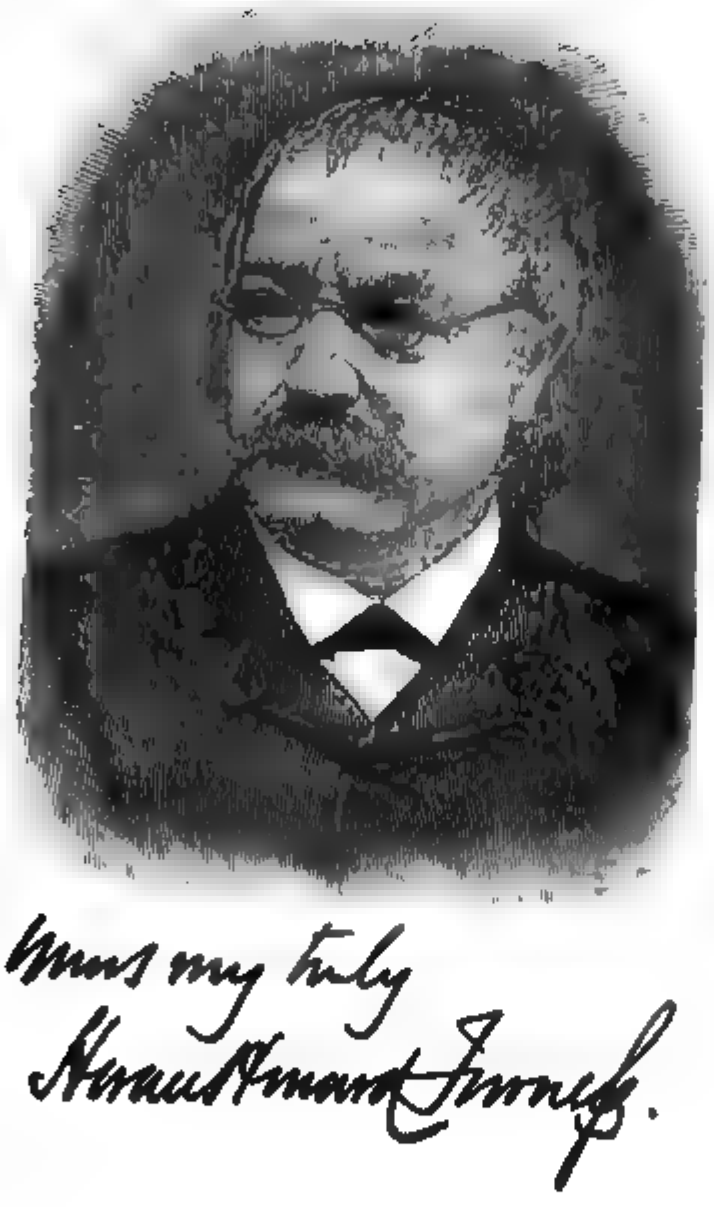
It would be strange, indeed, if the studies of the Society—led back to these lines—should bring its members to utterly reject the theory that Lord Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays. If

it should, let us hope that they would be honest enough, as others have been honest enough, to avow that they had been mistaken—a thing it always requires a certain courage to do. Would the Editor of *The Bacon Journal* himself conclude that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, for example, from the Parallelism, which (among others) he prints at page 151 of his January (1889) issue?

> The argument he *handles*.—BACON.
>
> Is this a dagger that I see before me,
> The *handle* towards my hand?—SHAKESPEARE.

YOUNG gentlemen on newspaper staffs, who carry the burden of knowledge for us, and occasionally (as *Belford's Magazine* says) "put in their home time reviewing books," should remember that at least a summary acquaintance with a thing criticised is often convenient to the critic thereof. Even so eminent a newspaper as the New York *Times*, however, is sometimes misled into admitting the efforts of young persons who forget this axiom. A late effort of one of these, printed in that esteemed contemporary of ours, in kindly pointing out the "superficial" character of the studies of certain members of the New York Shakespeare Society, speaks of the Bankside Shakespeare as containing "the Heyes Quarto and 1623 folio texts of the plays printed side by side." All this sort of thing recalls a curious anecdote, contained in one of Christian's notes to Blackstone (III., 150), somewhat as follows:

"Sir Thomas Moore, when a student on his travels, came across a pragmatical professor in the University of Bruges, who gave a universal challenge to dispute with any person in any science: *in omni scibili et de quodlibet ente*. Upon which Mr. Moore sent him this question, *Utium averia carucæ, capta in vetito namio, sint irreplegibilia?* that is, "whether goods taken in withernam can be replevied before the original distress is forthcoming?" (a knotty question of law which happened to be just then puzzling English lawyers). Our professor, not even having heard of the terms employed, seems to have subsided, and nothing more was heard of his challenges.


Yours very truly
Hiram Hinard Furness.

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Shakespeariana

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THE LESSON OF THE "HENRY IV."

IN reading Shakespeare's Historical plays, we can see, perhaps even more plainly than in the Tragedies, the scientific exactness with which cause and effect are balanced. The theme of Shakespeare's Tragedies is the inner life, and all circumstances are but as a background to throw into prominence the character of the man. Hamlet the prince is overshadowed by Hamlet the philosopher; Othello the Governor of Cyprus is lost sight of in Othello the victim of love, treachery, and honor. Cases in which the cause is mental or emotional demand delicacy of perception and depth of experience to form a correct judgment of the adequacy of the corresponding effect. But in the Histories the outer life is portrayed. We are told not only what the characters think and feel, but also what they do, and, as the standard for action is more precise than that for being, we can judge then more exactly and possibly more fairly. We can weigh their acts in an accurate scale, we can measure a deed and its result, and we can therefore easily estimate the moral value of the play.

Broadly stated, the historical dramas teach the old doctrine that evil will work out evil, and good will produce good. In no play, in no character is this law violated. What the man sows, that he reaps. According to Shakespeare, it makes no difference what a man thinks he is sowing, or how hard he tries to blind himself or others to his own deeds and motives. The treacherous John strives to deceive himself by high-sounding words of "Our strong possession and our right." But time and force compel him to yield his strong possession to France, and to resign his right to the people. The artistic Richard listens to flattery, robs the banished Bolingbroke, and loses all Wales by his procrastinating irresolution. He pays the price

of his graceful weakness and of his foolish jobbery with his crown. This temperament reaps poems, not kingdoms.

In none of the English historical characters is this law of cause and effect more evident than in Henry IV. In him we have a man of mixed good and evil. He is neither entirely black nor pure white: no consummate villain like Iago, no pious dreamer like Henry VI. He is too good for hell, too bad for heaven; so he appeals to that "fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind." Again, the fact of his being, morally, the average man, makes him a more forcible illustration of the principle of justice than a worse or a better character could be. We expect villains to be punished, and saints to be rewarded, but those of us who live "in the mean," rely upon our virtues to save us from the consequences of our vices. Shakespeare, however, held no such creed of possible evasion. The good and the evil qualities of Henry IV. work out their natural rewards and punishments. His actions produce their legitimate results, both upon his own character and upon surrounding circumstances. The effect follows the cause with mathematical exactness.

From the time we first see Henry before the throne of Richard, to the hour of his death in the Jerusalem chamber, he shows one purpose, one end; he means to be King of England. He is, in that sense, a man of one idea. His goal was before him, and he hastened towards it, often by indirect and crooked paths—but always forward—and at last he shook the crown from the weak grasp of his cousin and set it with firm hands upon his own head. He had gained his object; his tools were boldness and policy. He uses them both with such facility that we know not whether to admire more the force of the soldier or the smoothness of the politician. He comes before us, boldly challenging Norfolk to combat:

> "Now, mark my greeting well; for what I speak
> My body shall make good upon this earth
> Or my divine soul answer it in heaven,"

and charging him with plotting the death of his uncle, the

Duke of Gloster. Yet in the next scene his father, Gaunt, acknowledges that Gloster's death was planned by the King. It is hardly credible that the son was ignorant of what the father knew. What, then, was Bolingbroke's object in this false accusation? At whom was he hurling threats and defiance? At no less a person than the King himself, who dares neither to deny nor avow his crime. He feels the weakness of his position and the mortification of knowing that Bolingbroke realizes it also. Yet, while the Duke threatens him under cover of Mowbray, he outwardly grants him the courtesy due the King. Before the contest begins, he says:

> "Let me kiss my sovereign's hand
> And bow my knee before his Majesty;"

while to the sentence of banishment he replies: "Your will be done." Yet even in the natural grief at his exile he was not unmindful of the effect of his appearance upon the crowd. Richard's eyes, sharpened by jealousy, could see

> "How he did seem to drive into their hearts
> With humble and familiar courtesy
> What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
> Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles.
> * * * * * * *
> Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench,
> A brace of draymen bid God-speed him well,
> And had the tribute of his supple knee,
> With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends.'"

After the departure of this daring schemer, the heedless King steals his inheritance, and with it leaves the country to carry on a fruitless war in Ireland. Is it any wonder the "banished Bolingbroke repeats himself"—joins Northumberland and his cause and hastens to Berkeley? There he first declares upon what pretext he comes to England. To Berkeley, who addresses him as Lord of Hereford, he replies with dignity:

> "My Lord, my answer is—to Lancaster,
> And I am come to seek that name in England."

To his uncle, the vacillating Duke of York, he says:

"If that my cousin King be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
* * * * * * *
I am denied to sue my livery here,
My father's goods are all distrained and sold;
What would you have me do? I am a subject
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent."

Surely this has a fair sound. But the case is a hard one—if, as the seeming credulous Northumberland says, "the noble Duke has come but for his own." The wily explanation accomplishes its purpose, and York promises "to remain as neuter." That the Duke is really deceived by his crafty nephew is by no means certain. He cautions him:

"Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake—the heavens are over your head."

But Bolingbroke rejects this advice He has been wronged, and that injury he diplomatically makes the pretext forseizing the crown. Yet to his unchanging purpose, this evil deed determined upon in his mind, he unites perfect courtesy and gentleness. When he meets Richard he says: "My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own." To Richard's long accusation of treachery he answers mildly: "I thought you had been willing to resign." And when Northumberland insists that the deposed King shall read the list of his errors, Henry interferes with: "Urge it no more." Yet we can imagine with what inward contempt he waits while Richard looks in the glass to see if there are upon his face "no deeper wrinkles, no deeper wounds."

The deed is done; the crime planned for months is accomplished; the consequences of the sin begin. Strife, external and internal, comes as a natural attendant of the crown. The method of obtaining it works according to its own nature. and produces political and mental unrest. The throne was seized by sudden rebellion, and it can be retained only by constant warfare. Just as Henry acknowledges, "So shaken as we are

—so worn with care," come the tidings of the trouble with Northumberland. He can but recall Richard's prophecy to that treacherous Duke:

> " Thou which knowest the way
> To plant unrightful Kings, will know again,
> Being ne'er so little urged, another way
> To pluck him headlong from his usurped throne."

The Percys are jealous of the man whom they have raised to power. For him they "wear the detested blot of murderous subornation," for him they "put down Richard, that sweet, lovely Rose," and what is their reward? According to Hotspur:

> " That thorn, that canker. Bolingbroke,
> Rated mine uncle, from the council board
> In rage dismissed my father from the court,
> Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong."

It is not likely that the shrewd King ever gave them any explicit promise; but by accepting their aid in gaining the crown he has given them a claim upon him and upon it. This they are not slow to urge. But he will not brook a rival near the throne. Rather than be dictated to by them, rather than be dependent upon them, he will utterly ruin them.

Is it another example of his far-sighted policy that he seizes the pretext of the Scottish prisoners for an open rupture? According to most authorities, Hotspur was right in retaining for himself all except the Earl of Fife. The King refuses to discuss the matter with the wary Worcester. He gives him simply the answer of one in power:

> " Worcester! get thee gone—for I do see
> Danger and disobedience in thine eye,"

and to the reasonable demands of Northumberland and Henry Percy he replies: "Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it." Between such natures as that of the determined King and that of the impetuous Hotspur, there can be but one result to such a dispute—and that is war. The union of the Percys with Glendower, Mortimer, and Douglas follows: then Henry

rises in arms to overthrow the house through which, but a few brief years before, he ascended to greatness. The lords whom he first taught rebellion have turned his instructions against him; he is threatened with destruction by weapons of his own forging. Such a result of grasping power is inevitable and is proportionate to the effect. It stings the King through his ambition and his desire for undisputed sovereignty. It must seem to him natural, and might look like the consequence of a political blunder.

Shakespeare, however, is not content with that; he is working for something deeper in the nature. He wishes not mere regret for the results of a mistake, but radical repentance for a crime. How this was brought about he shows us clearly in the conversations between Henry and the Prince of Wales. The frank son, rioting at Gadshill and Eastcheap, was an enigma to the reserved father, whose deeds and emotions were regulated always by the rules of state-craft. How bitter must have been the disappointment that could force him to say of Northumberland: "Then would I have his Harry, and he mine." In the long interview with the Prince, before they set out to war, the King laments his unrealized hopes, and joins with this, for the first time, the idea of retribution:

> "Thou dost in the passages of life
> Make me believe that thou art only marked
> For the hot vengeance and rod of Heaven
> To punish my mistreadings—for
> God knows, my son,
> By what bypaths and indirect, crooked ways
> I met this crown."

There is not the slightest attempt here to deceive either himself or his son. He acknowledges his crime, and he fears that the punishment is about to fall upon the two objects which he loves most—his country and his son. He tells him that, as a result of his lack of princely dignity,

> "Not an eye
> But is aweary of thy common sight;"

while his anxiety for the country, when left in the hands of such a ruler, breaks forth in such strong words as:

> "My blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
> In forms imaginary, unguarded days
> And rotten times that you shall look upon."

His two strongest emotions, disappointed affection and harrowing fear for England, show plainly in his dying moments. There is something touchingly human and pathetic in the yearning of the self-contained, proud King for the affection of the free-hearted Prince. Had he been in health and strength he would have said nothing; but he is too ill, too near death, to care for pride or reserve, and in his weakness he shows his heart:

> "Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,
> And thou wilt have me die assured of it."

But he soon passes to thoughts of his "poor kingdom sick with civil blows." His last words contain an acknowledgment of his crime, his repentance, his hope for his son and for his country:

> "How came I by the crown, O God forgive!
> And grant it may with thee in true peace live!"

No one can read this play without perceiving Shakespeare's comprehension, admiration, and sympathy for the King. He understands his personal motives, his high aims, his low means. He respects the ability—misused though it was—which raised the exile to the throne. He grieves with him over the probable future of his kingdom and his son. But at the same time he shows these troubles, not as unforeseen accidents for which no one is responsible, but as direct results of his own actions. The tumultuous condition of England was the natural consequence of Henry's greed for unlawful power. The fate dreaded for his son was the one which he had inflicted upon Richard. Not all his skill as a King, not all his love as a father, can quiet the country, nor alter the son. He has committed a crime against the state, and against an individual, and he must suffer the inevitable result in misery entailed upon his native land and upon his own family. He has sown the wind; he must reap the whirlwind.

AGNES M. LATHE.

HAMLET AND PROSPERO.

IT sometimes seems to me as if Shakespeare wrought out his Prospero as a sort of palin-thought to his Hamlet, so much does the one seem to explain the other, and that which characterizes the one appear to be just what is lacking in the other.

Hamlet is like a "biologized subject" acting on suggestions from without, but Prospero's actions are determined of himself, from within. The one acts under a spell, the other casts a spell. So far as will-power is an element of reasoning, Hamlet is all right, but his *executive* will-power is gone in conduct; Prospero, however, has enough to command and control the supernatural.

Outward things do not shape Hamlet, for he is already made, but they evoke his individuality. They are pressed upon him and we have, so to express it, a plaster-cast of the man. Circumstances only show us how much of an automaton he is; Prospero, though, creates circumstances and is equal to all emergencies. He is master of both the real and ideal worlds. He is self-centered and self-sufficient.

None of Hamlet's company heard his soliloquies. He is known to them only in conduct. The poet put in the soliloquies to show the calibre of Hamlet's mind, and thus to explain why he made him speak and act so wisely and so well. The automatic action of the mind is compatible with the most artistic expression of thought. The poet's reverie is his mind automatically developing and arranging the suggestions of his theme. The philosopher's abstraction is the same kind of mind-action. So, given a mind like Hamlet's, as shown in his soliloquies, the results of its automatic action depend upon the outward suggestions. This shows how Hamlet said so many apt and such diverse things.

Not to make too much of the automatic state of the mental activities, it is without doubt the condition of the greatest susceptibility to all kinds of suggestions from without. For

remember that in this state the executive will-power is "out of gear," and there is no direction from within. The activities thus free from the concentrating constraint of their own proper will-power, turn themselves with a co-ordinated energy to suggestions as offered, and this furnishes an explanation of Hamlet's quickness to discern and ability to divine the meaning of the movements about him. He is never surprised, although he is unable to anticipate afar off what is coming. He sees a thing just when it is imminent, but never shows real fear. He does nothing which is inconsistent with the action of so great a mind in its automatic state.

This state is always induced, beginning with the "expectant mind" and ending with the "dominating thought." Hamlet has a great sorrow, which becomes more than a sorrow, but the state is not fully induced till he sees his father's ghost, though we can see the progress of the induction, from the first word to the King on. He has been, up to his interview with the ghost, in an expectant mind. This expectancy ended, he is dominated by the thought of setting things right.

"Oh, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

is the key to all his conduct henceforth. There is such a tangle —"the time is out of joint"—he can do nothing. He knows what is urged and demanded, but nowhere deliberates *how* to do it. When an opportune occasion offers itself he goes to "quartering thoughts" and all he does "loses the name of action."

He could kill the King as he did Polonius—as he hoped he had killed him. This was the only way in which he could and did kill him. He is in an automatic state of mind when he acts, but must have a suggestion of the impending peril before he can defend himself

The dominant idea and the consequent automatic action make the gist of the arguments of those who claim that Hamlet is insane. He is not insane, because his *thinking* is sound—note his soliloquies. His actions are not the expressions of thinking, as actions generally are—that is, they are not the consummations of deliberative thought.

If we turn to Prospero, we find his realm as empty of men and things as Hamlet's is full. Hamlet has a great sorrow crushing him to earth; Prospero has a great joy—Miranda—arming him over the supernatural. All occasions inform against Hamlet to spur his dull revenge, yet he lives to say "This thing's to do." Prospero not only makes all occasions, but makes them serve his purpose of having Miranda "the top of admiration," the "perfect and peerless, created of every creature's best." When "the spectacle of the wreck touched the very virtue of her compassion," he declared he did nothing but in care of her.

Miranda was not three years old when she came to that cell upon "this most desolate isle." She only had the shadowy remembrance of four or five women who waited upon her. She knew not that her father was better than the "master of a full poor cell." Nevertheless, out of the situation he made an ideal environment in which, after twelve years, was developed a fairer Eden-woman than Milton pictures.

What a master-stroke of the artist to make that little less than human, Caliban, describe somewhat the atmosphere of things! He is talking to some of his drunken fellows when he says:

> "Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
> That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
> Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
> The clouds methought would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
> I cried to dream again."

What must all this have been to the finer sense of Miranda! What she became under the circumstances Caliban—quoting Prospero—tells: calling her "a nonpareil"—and then adds, "She as far surpasseth Sycorax as greatest does least."

All this "change into something rich and strange" is done through Prospero's "art." He rules a realm of ideal forces.

Miranda—the creature of such a realm—when she first hears the story of human conduct in the real world, falls asleep, it is so unreal to her.

Prospero works through Ariel and his "fellow-ministers." Ariel is one who can tread the ooze of the salt deep, or run upon the sharp wind of the north, or do business in the veins of the earth. He performed the tempest to point as he was bade. He was the music that crept by Ferdinand upon the waters as he bewept his father lost. He is the harpy that claps away the banquet, and tells the "three men of sin" that he and his fellows are ministers of Fate. He does all, but Prospero is his master.

Prospero claims Ariel's service on the ground of having released him from the cloven pine in which he had been confined because he was a spirit too delicate to do the earthy and abhorred commands of Sycorax. Caliban complains like a human of the more toil put upon him. He has to be reminded once a month of what he had been. In Ariel the human is pushed to its farthest limit in one direction, namely, the bodiless. In the opposite direction Caliban represents the farthest reach of humanity. He is the body with simply the suggestion of rationality. When you hear Ariel, you are expecting to see a human figure; when you see Caliban, you are expecting to hear rational speech. Prospero commands these two. and all between. Prospero, therefore, has the all-transforming power.

Because Prospero is a father, and his child his "Cherubin," he is beneficent, and for her, and through her, all the reconciliations are made. She is the solution of all collisions. Prospero, being master of the ideal world represented by himself and companions, brings the real world, represented by the ship's crew, under his power and solves its conflicts. Observe how much he did with so little, as compared with how little Hamlet made out of so much.

The two plays themselves bear out this estimate of Hamlet and Prospero. *Hamlet* has really no plot. Young Fortinbras and his soldiery make the merest pretence of a *denouement.* There is no directing spirit among all the characters. Not one

in the play is the bearer of any positive ethical principle. Everything is left to the fate of circumstances. *The Tempest* has the perfect plot. All, from beginning to end, is directed by one mind. "The rules of the Greek stage, as to the unities of time and place, are fully complied with." Verplanck says: "It is among the most perfect (perhaps, in fact, the most perfect) of all, as a work of art, of the most unbroken unity of effect and sustained majesty of intellect." JOHN PHELPS FRUIT.

SHAKESPEARE'S AMERICAN EDITORS.

I.—HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

AT the head of any list of Shakespeare's American Editors must always stand the name we have placed at the head of this article. The son of Dr. William Furness (a native of Boston, graduate of Harvard, ordained pastor of the first Unitarian Church in Philadelphia in 1825, and himself eminent in literary achievement), Horace Howard was born in Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1833, was graduated at Harvard in 1854, studied law and was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar two years later—only to desert it, as many another has done before and since, for leisure and for literature, only to find it the more painful path—painful, that is to say, with the labor that physics pain.

When Horace Howard was a lad of fifteen, as he himself has told us in these pages,* he heard Mrs. Kemble read from the plays, and he dates from the impression he received then, from the lips of that divine lady, his impulse towards Shakespeare study. He has never relinquished it. In 1858 he became a member of the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society, of which he is now presiding officer, or Dean (and long may he so continue !).

The Society in its studies, Mr. Furness himself tells us in his modest answer to our inquiry "as to how he became a Shakespearian student," used the Variorum of 1821, but all that lov-

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* Vol. V., p. 439.

ing care and scholarship had added since was scattered far and wide. To Horace Howard Furness occurred the idea of a New Variorum on the old plan improved, and in due time he submitted his plan to the senior Lippincott, of the great Philadelphia publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co. "That," said Mr. Lippincott, on hearing the plan of a New Variorum opened up by Mr. Furness, "that is a scheme which is full of glory for the editor, but doesn't promise much to a publisher." However, the great publisher and the great editor came together, and in 1871 appeared the *Romeo and Juliet* in a magnificent royal octavo of about 500 pages. To this have succeeded at intervals since the *Macbeth*, the *Lear*, the *Hamlet* (in two volumes), the *Othello*, and the *Merchant of Venice*—magnificent volumes, packed with an exhaustive abridgment of the critical editions up to and including the Boswell-Malone Variorum (the Variorum *par excellence* until Dr. Furness occupied the field), and a complete report of the world's Shakespearian work since upon those plays. Nor has Furness' work entirely the character of a report. He has enriched it also with original and comparative matter, and the whole is a monument not only to his exhaustless erudition and patience, but to American Shakespearian scholarship. Dr. Furness began his great work with an eclectic text, but, as might have been prophesied, and as every modern editor must, he soon became convinced that for all purposes of modern annotation that could or should be useful to critics and to scholars, the text of the First Folio alone was adequate and insuperable. (We say—for annotation and for commentary—there is but one step more to take, namely, for the student to end his labors, where the material for them began: with the Quartos; for whoever and whatever Shakespeare was, it is behind those Quartos that he lurks, and behind them must search be made for him. But for full commentary upon all that proceeded from him, the Folio text is of course the final and the richest.) And, accordingly, the *Othello* appeared with the First Folio text, as have and will all succeeding volumes, the eighth of which—the *As You Like It*—is now about to leave the bindery.

Dr. Furness, as will be seen from the portrait which SHAKESPEARIANA takes pleasure in presenting to its readers herewith, is still in the full prime of life. And as all students of Shakespeare live to a good and gentle old age, we may be assured that the great Furness Variorum will be easily completed and its courtly and gentle-souled editor drink its health at the great completion Dinner.

In 1877, at the Centennial of Columbia College held in the Metropolitan Opera House in the City of New York, Dr. Furness, already LL.D. from Harvard and from the University of Pennsylvania, was created Litt.D. Nor are these all of his honors, for our triple Doctor of Literature is Dean of Philadelphia Shakespeare Society, the oldest Shakespeare Society in the world, member of the New York Shakespeare Society, which, though the youngest, has already done memorable, original, and permanent work, and honorary member of the Deutsche Gesellschaft of Weimar, or rather of all Germany, without whose admirable chronicles the history of Shakespeariana would lack its Inventories.

A sketch of Dr. Furness would be remiss if not noticing the noble *Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems*—fully as valuable as Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's Concordance to the Plays and on an even more exhaustive system—the work of Dr. Furness' late honored wife, and a unique work upon the Portraits (including graphic results of the curious "composite" system of photography as applied to them), by Dr. Furness' son.

Dr. Furness lives in a noble mansion in the historic City of Brotherly Love, and welcomes to an inspection of his treasures all interested in them and in the subject and the studies around which they revolve. His library is richest of all in America both in books and manuscripts touching upon the subject of the owner's life-studies, and its other ornaments are souvenirs, each with its story, of the great poet himself, or of those who attained celebrity by the exposition of his works. The pride of the place, second only in value to Shakespeare's well-worn gloves, is the skull from the Walnut Street Theatre, which Macready, Kean, Forrest, Booth, Irving, the Barretts, Cush-

man, and Couldock have held in their hands, as they mourned poor Yorick, and upon which nearly all of these great actors have inscribed their names.

It is fitting that the noble city of Philadelphia, from one of whose presses issued the first American edition of the great dramatist, should be the home of the learned, courtly, and honored gentleman who has, in a larger and fuller way than any of his contemporaries, linked his name, not only with American Editors, but with the posthumous and eternal history of William Shakespeare.

A. M.

Miscellany.

"ANGELS' VISITS," IN POETRY.

I DO not know that any individual except myself has traced to its source the beautiful but well-worn simile of "angels' visits," the last appearance of which is in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." Singularly enough, the origin of this fancy is in Shakespearian literature, near its fountain-head. The lines in Campbell are very familiar, but for the purpose of accuracy and immediate comparison they are here quoted :

> "Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
> But leave, oh ! leave the light of hope behind !
> What though my wingéd hours of bliss have been
> *Like angel-visits, few and far between.*"

Next in reverse order the simile is found in "The Grave, a Poem," by Robert Blair, published in 1747, shortly before the author's death in the same year. This poet describes one as tired of righteous ways and turning to evil. Then :

> "The good he scorned
> Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
> Not to return ; or, if it did, in visits
> *Like those of angels, short and far between.*"

Still earlier than this, the brevity of angelic visits had formed an image in poetry. John Norris, known in literature as Norris of Bemerton, printed a volume of poetry, essays, and sermons in 1687. In a poem called "The Parting" was this verse :

> "How fading are the joys we dote upon ;
> Like apparitions seen and gone ;
> But those who soonest take their flight
> Are the most exquisite and strong.
> *Like angels' visits short and bright,*
> Mortality's too weak to bear them long."

Here, in the evolution of the metaphor, the infrequency of angelic visitations had not yet appeared, and such also is the case where it is used by a still earlier poet.

In Sir William Davenant's unfinished epic poem of "Gondibert," a pure and beautiful girl, Birtha, is described as the daughter of one of the characters.

"To Astragon Heaven for succession gave
One only pledge, and Birtha was her name,
Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her grave;
And she succeeded her in face and fame."

Birtha's retired life, modesty, loveliness, and attractions are marvellously described:

"She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have outdone,
With untaught looks and an unpractised heart;
Her nets the most prepared could never shun,
For nature spread them in the scorn of art.

"She never had in busy cities been,
Ne'er warmed with hopes nor e'er allayed with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin,
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use for tears."

She had an ideal of love—not a man, but a superior being, of angelic degree—a spirit of the air, the kind to which heavenly creations belong:

"She fashioned him she loved of angels' kind,
Such as in holy story were employed
To the first fathers, by the Eternal Mind,
And *in short visions only were enjoyed*."

It appears to be as well settled as any fact for which tradition is the only authority, that Shakespeare's relationship to Davenant was that of irregular paternity. The resemblance between the parallel lines in Norris, Blair, and Campbell has been often noted, but the resemblance with Davenant's lines seems to have been overlooked. Yet the parallelism there is not merely imaginary; it goes to the very germ of the poetic thought wherever it occurs. Campbell is the only one appropriating the metaphor against whom the charge of deliberate and conscious plagiarism would have the greatest force. But it

is singular—one of the real curiosities of literature—that this image, which is one of the finest in poetry, should be found in its earliest forms in the lines of the poet who was the fruit of Shakespeare's illicit love! E. A. CALKINS.

THE London *Times* of May 11, 1888, printed a telegram from Berlin, dated May 10, as follows: "Dr. Gädertz, of the Royal Library of Berlin, has found a valuable manuscript and drawing relating to a theatre of Shakespeare's time. Although drawings of the exteriors of several ancient London theatres have been preserved, the oldest representation of the interior of such a theatre was that of *the 'Red Bull,'* dated 1672, and therefore not belonging to Shakespeare's date. The date of the original papers which Dr. Gädertz has fortunately discovered is 1596, and they contain important news concerning the old English stage, especially *the Swan Theatre.* A learned Dutchman, John De Witt, Canon of St. Mary's Church, Utrecht, visited London in 1596, and noted many remarkable sights, and he describes Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and other buildings. But the most curious of his reports is that on the theatres. There were four large and splendid playhouses in London about 1596: *the Theatre* and *the Curtain* towards the north, *the Rose* and *the Swan.* We learn that each of these was an oval, beautiful structure, not of wood, but built, or faced, with flint and marble, and of considerable size, the boxes and galleries containing 3000 seats. John De Witt's sketch is also highly interesting and neatly drawn. We see the actors on the stage in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's age, the audience, the 'lords' room,' the doors, and the 'tiring house' in the background."

This telegram did not at the time attract the attention it deserved. The discovery, however, is of great interest as settling the question of the internal arrangements of the Shakesperian playhouses. The drawing made by De Witt has, as already noticed in these pages, been reprinted by L. L. Lawrence, Clerk of the New York Shakespeare Society.

EDITORS SHAKESPERIANA: I supposed from my last communication on *the Bottle-ale Question* it would be understood that I have no chapter and verse "ready to hurl" at anybody. From the nature of the case, my only part in the discussion is to submit conjectures, with the best reasons I can give for them. I have unloaded my entire "burden of proof," and am as ready as any of your readers to be convinced by the authority which Mr. Lawrence has seen fit to reserve.

Bottle-ale appears to be assuming an importance almost equal to *runaway's eyes* in *Romeo and Juliet*. It would be interesting to know by what means Mr. Lawrence reaches his conclusions. I quite agree with him that the epithet *bottle-ale* is one of reproach, though I think my own conjectural interpretation makes small-beer fully as reproachful as "swipes." But will he not tell us just how he reaches the conclusion that the bottle-ale of Shakespeare's day was "swipes" only?

I have said too much on this subject for one who has nothing more to say, but am so much interested in getting any possible light on two passages of doubtful meaning, and so utterly regardless of a "defence of the Donnelly menu," that I hope Mr. Lawrence will oblige me by citing his authority.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

EDITORS SHAKESPEARIANA: If Mr. Trumbull will be contented with one authority for the statement that "bottle-ale was 'swipes' only," I will give him the nearest authority, viz.: the above letter from Mr. Trumbull himself, in which he admits that the epithet "bottle-ale" is a term of reproach. Why, may I ask, except because its condition was notorious? As to conjectural readings, they can of course be "conjectured" *ad libitum*. There is no law or usage to the contrary. But granting that "bottle-ale" was a term of reproach, as Mr. Trumbull says it was, I fail to see any necessity for conjecture. Doll calls Pistol, whom she dislikes, a "bottle-ale" (that is, a disreputable) "rascal," and the clown tells us that "the Myrmydons were *not* bottle-ale houses"—that is, that they brewed and sold good ale, stout enough to account for Sir Toby's very evident condition at the interview. DENNETT LAWRENCE.

AMONG matters of interest reported from Stratford-on-Avon is the resignation, on account of failing health, of the Misses Chattaway, who for seventeen years have been the delightful and helpful custodians of the Birthplace, and made nothing but friends of the thousands of pilgrims to that shrine. These ladies, who are natives of Stratford, were appointed on the recommendation of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. Their careful record of visitors shows a yearly average of twelve thousand, the number during their first year of incumbency having been eight thousand, and of the year just ending, seventeen thousand, of whom about one-third were from the United States. No community furnishes fewer visitors, of course, than Stratford-on-Avon itself, which is natural enough—that which we can see at any time, we sometimes live and die without the sight of. A curious motion was made, however, in the Board of Trustees to admit Stratfordians gratis, in view no doubt of the probability that they would not come, or possibly to awaken a local enthusiasm, which the vicar of the parish claims is sadly lacking at present. At the same meeting the executors of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps tendered the keys of the case of valuable books which had been, by the testators' request, kept locked during his lifetime as a condition of its gift to the Birthplace.

MR. C. E. FLOWER'S claim that the revival of the *First Part of King Henry VI.* at the Stratford Memorial Theatre—which he did so much to forward to the success it was—was the first actual performance of that play since Shakespeare's own date, is vigorously combated by Mr. F. A. Marshall, who claims that that play was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, March 13, 1738, for a benefit night. To this Mr. Flower responds quite as vigorously, claiming to demonstrate that the Covent Garden production was not of the original play, but of an adaptation—as was then the fashion—thereof. Two letters have been printed on either side of this controversy: and, so far as we can see, Mr. Flower has the best of it.

THE New York *Tribune* of June 30 announces that the London Browning Society have reached a poem by their poet which they find it impossible to explain, and have been obliged to ask Mr. Browning himself to expound it to them. This is exactly the advice which SHAKESPEARIANA gave to the Browning Societies last February.

MR. IRA GALE TOMPKINS, of Chicago, writes to SHAKESPEARIANA a pleasant letter (which we regret our inability to find room for), concerning the late William H. Cuyler Hosmer, who, living at Avon Springs, Livingston County, New York, and writing considerable poetry, was known far and wide, some forty years ago, as "The Bard of Avon." Mr. Hosmer wrote, as most modern poets do, too much. But nevertheless he also wrote much worthy to live. He survived longer than any, perhaps, certainly than most, of the catalogue which Griswold gathered in his "Poets and Poetry of America" (what forgotten names they were, Hoyt, Street, Dana, Cooke, Welby, and the like !)—the catalogue into which Longfellow and Poe were only put as youngsters, and which is now even a catalogue no more. Mr. Tompkins sends us a poem on Shakespeare by Mr. Hosmer which deserves reprinting. We can only find space for two of the stanzas—

"Death knows thee not, tho' long ago were blended
Thy bones with indistinguishable clay;
The dead are they whose mission here is ended,
Thy voice is heard to-day!

* * * * * * *

"Heard in the glorious works of thy creation,
Speaking from canvas, tome, and marble lips,
In those deep, awful words of inspiration
That baffle death's eclipse."

IN 1624, eight years after Shakespeare died, the Lord Chamberlain published the following regulations for the benefit of officers, many of them belonging to noble families, when invited to dine with royal persons. "They were to be neatly dressed, with clean coats and boots, and not to enter the room in a half-

drunken condition. They were warned not to drink after each mouthful, as that would make them drunk too soon, nor to empty more than one goblet for every two dishes. They were not to put their hands in the plates, their bones under the table, lick their fingers, wipe their noses on the table-cloth, or drink so much as to make them fall off the chairs or unable to walk straight." Compared with the lofty and strenuous courtesy of the plays, where even enemies accord each other their proper titles and dignities, the above (if authentic) adds another to the constantly accumulating mystery of Shakespeare.

THE director of the Royal Theatre in Munich intends giving his audiences Shakespeare pure and simple; that is, Shakespeare with the most primitive and innocent scenic arrangements. The tragedy of *King Lear* is first to have the honor of being presented with this pure and pristine simplicity. Generally speaking, the stage itself will be more or less bare of any properties whatsoever, and an easily movable colored canvas at the back will afford the necessary key to the understanding of the locality in which the action takes place.

EDITORS SHAKESPEARIANA: I add the following to your post-Shakespearian slang, viz.:

> *King.* . . . But know I come not
> To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
> They are TOO THIN and bare to hide offences.
> (*Henry VIII.*, V., iii., 123.)

W. R.

ON June 6 the Messrs. Farebrother, auctioneers, of London, who had offered the following: "At the upset price of 6000 Guineas. The compact and desirable Freehold Estate, known as 'Hollingbury Copse,' for many years the residence of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., the distinguished Antiquary, and comprising a picturesque and commodious Bungalow Residence with ornamental Grounds of singular attraction. The entirety comprising an area of nearly thirteen acres"—exposed the same for sale, but as the upset

price was not reached, same was withdrawn for further advertisement.

MANY local expressions which Shakespeare used in his plays survive even now. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, we find the word "collied" used to denote darkness. "Brief as the lightning in the collied night." This word is used in Warwickshire, and perhaps even more frequently in Staffordshire, for black and smutty. In the same counties the word "dup" is used also in the same sense as Shakespeare used it, "to lift up." Warwickshire names, phrases, allusions, and descriptions of the scenery of the midland county abound in them. We may suppose that the whole of the forest scenery in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was taken from the Weir Brake. Halliwell-Phillipps mentions that, according to an old plan, the wood must have been very similar in 1599 to what it is now. He says, "The trees reach down from the higher banks to the edge of the water, and the green fern plumes wave themselves whenever a little breeze steals through the branches." The people about here still believe, as in Shakespeare's time, that fern-seed gathered with certain rites on a midsummer day can make them invisible. *Theseus and the Amazon Queen* were well known to the English through Chaucer's "Knight's Tale." It is thought that when Shakespeare wrote "I know a bank where the wild thyme blows," he must have been thinking of the other side of Borden Hill, where there is a bank which is covered with cowslips, violets, etc. This is the only place near Stratford where wild thyme grows. In Act II. the lines,

> "And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
> In very likeness to a roasted crab,"

allude to a local practice of putting roasted crab-apples in the ale. (See also Winter Song in *Love's Labour's Lost*). "The nine men's morris is filled up with mud" refers to a game still played in the Warwickshire fields, squares being cut in the turf, something like a chess-board.—*The Literary News.*

THE Rev. T. P. Wadley, M.A., of Penshore, according to a letter from Mr. John Taylor to *The Athenæum*, is the collector of the following interesting list, which we copy from that journal:

* * * * * * * *

Fluellin (Fluellen, the valiant captain in *Henry V.*, is found in the parish register of Crowle, near Worcester, in 1551, and under another date or two, as 1553, John Flewallin and Annis Browne married.

Cotsall is the old name for the Cotswold Hills in the Stratford and Broadway districts; and this form is found in the plays: "Slender: How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall?" (*Merry Wives*, I., i., 92.)

Broadway, Worcestshire, is near Cotsall, and there in the poet's days lived a branch of the Hathaways. John Hatheway, of Broadway, died in or about 1545; and William Heikes, *alias* Hathaway, of Broadway, died in or about 1597. "There is evidently," continues Mr. Wadley, "a sort of connection between Broadway and Stratford-on-Avon. For the Broadway register states that Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Hall, was baptized in the parish church of 'Stratford uppon Avon,' February 14, 1560. William, son of John Combs, is mentioned as having been baptized in 1551."

In November, 1574, this entry was made in the same register: "Morris ap dun' ap Jhon ap Morris was *puried*," the initial letter of the last word reminding us of Fluellen's Welsh-English, "I will verify as much in his *peard*." Without connecting Captain Macmorris, who quarrels with Fluellen, with Ap Morris *puried* as above, it is quite possible that the youthful Shakespeare might have marked the pronunciation of the Welsh parson Lewis ap Rice, who succeeded to the pulpit of Broadway in 1578.

The will of Thomas Atwood, of Stratford-on-Avon, date 1559, mentions John and Adryan Quine (Quiney), Thomas Bager, and George Bardell = Bardolph. Also at Prior's Salford, on the bank of the Avon. there was Bardell (Bardolph) in 1573.

The parish register of Evesham mentions the following Shakespearian names: "Master Court" (Court, a soldier in King Henry's Army, *Henry V.*, IV., i.), 1546; Thomas Roughbè (Rugby, a servant to Dr. Caius, *M. W. W.*, I., iv.; II., iii., etc.), 1559; John Peto (Peto, an attendant on Prince Henry in the first and second parts of *Henry IV.*), 1584; John Page (Page, *M. W. W.*), 1588; Richard Pratt (Mother Prat, *M. W. W.*, IV., ii., 191, 193), 1569. A man named Court was employed as an apothecary to Dr. Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, and probably lived at Stratford. It was also an old Alcester name.

Beatrice Perkes (Perkes, 2 *Henry IV.*, V., i., 42) was married at Evesham in 1597. Says Davy to Shallow (2 *Henry IV.*, V., i.), "I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill." Perkes was an old Snitterfield (near Stratford) name, and there the poet's grandfather lived; so that it would not be surprising to find that Shakespeare knew other places, as Salford, Harrington, and Evesham, whose early registers record the name. It is interesting to notice, Mr. Wadley observes, that the poet seems to have been connected with the Perkes family. He says: "A Stratford correspondent has sent me a note relating to a settlement of estates at Snitterfield, in consequence of the marriage of Robert Webbe and Mary, daughter of John Perkes, A.D. 1581." Alexander Webbe, who died in 1573 and was buried at Snitterfield, was the poet's uncle, having married Margaret, daughter of Robert Arden, maternal grandfather of William Shakespeare. The Snitterfield Perkeses had relations of their own name at Feckenham in the Fladbury district, and *à propos* to "Clement Perkes of the hill" occurs the following curious coincidence of name: 1568, "Clemens Perkes filius Joh'is Perks de ffladbury baptizatus fuit undecim die Januarii," and 1596, "Clemens Perkes fs (filius) Joh' Perkes bap. fuit." I may here remark that in the same register (Fladbury) is found, 1596, "Jan. 29th, Elizabeth, dau. of Richard Bottom, was buried;" but whether the lady's father was a weaver is not said. The Prior's Salford early registers have the names *Page*,

Perkes, and that the Page family there was the same as at Offenham is shown by the occasional entry in both registers of the *alias*—Hewes *alias* Page. In Shakespeare's time a family named Vizor, the ancestors of the family of Vizard, well known at the present day at Dursley, resided at Woodmancot, still locally pronounced "Woncot."

"Margery Jourdain, the witch" (2 *Henry VI.*, I., iv.; II., iii.), however obtained by the poet, was an old Snitterfield name —Jourdain or Jurden. A woman named Margaret Jurden, of Snitterfield, who died twenty years after the poet, says in her will that she leaves her "daughter Doll" nothing, because she had already given her certain goods. We, of course, think of Doll Tearsheet (2 *Henry IV.*).

In the registers of St. Leonard's parish, Dudley, on the Cotswold, 1624, is the singular and suggestive entry of the marriage of Oliver Hamnett and Isabel Chatterton.

A boy, son of John Braun, January 21, 1595, was christened Fabian (Fabian, servant to Olivia, *Twelfth Night*) at Pebworth in the poet's time.

With respect to Shakespeare's Seacoal, there was an Edmund Seecole of Dailsford, in the neighborhood of the Cotswold, who died in or about the year 1546; and a man named Seacoal of Stanton, near Broadway, in 1669.

Hacket occurs in the register of Quinton, Gloucester, about five miles from Stratford, in the time of the poet; while the register of Badsey, near Pebworth, records the burial in 1602 of Nicholas Hacket, aged seventy-four. At Quinton, near Stratford-on-Avon, the register gives the baptism of a daughter of Robert Hacket, 1592 ("Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot," Induction to *Taming of the Shrew*, sc. ii.)

In *Twelfth Night* occurs the curious exclamation, "Bolts of Shackles." At Badsey Wm. Boult was married in 1599, and the name Bolt occurs in the Pebworth registers not long after the poet's time; while Shacle or Shackles is found there both before (1597) and after. I, of course, lay no emphasis on this coincidence, though Boult appears also in *Pericles*.

The Poynz family (Poins, attendant on Prince Henry, first and second parts of *Henry IV.*) vigorously flourishing in Gloucestershire in Shakespeare's time, and almost as famous as the Berkeleys, with whom they were connected by marriage.

Ebrington parish register, in the neighborhood of Cotswold, has the surname Finton, but not Fenton, in 1629—"rather too late," says Mr. Wadley, but the man had parents, of course. The same register has a Quynie in 1603.

At Bengeworth, adjoining Evesham, the register mentions John Curtis (Curtis, servant to Petruchio in *Taming of the Shrew*, IV., i.).

Seyton announces to Macbeth that the Queen is dead. I believe that in the history from which Shakespeare drew the plot of *Macbeth* Seyton does not appear. He might, however, have remembered the name in his own locality, for in the Offenham register Mr. Thomas Seaton occurs in 1601, and Robert Seaton's burial in February, 1590.

Also in that register is entered John Slye, "a copy houlder" in 1582. However related to Christopher Sly in the Induction to the *Shrew*, it is certain that the writer of the Induction need not have looked beyond the district for the surname. John Slie in the Offenham register was "servant to Lord Rushell;" "Mistress Sly" was buried at Offenham in 1612; and the signature of a Stephen Sly, 1614, is said to be preserved at Stratford in a document relating to the enclosure of Welcombe Fields.

Of "Will Squele, a Cotswold man," a neighbor and contemporary of the poet, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has spoken. That gentleman's long list of places where the Shakespeares were settled (*Outlines*, II., 252, sixth edition) does not include Clifford Chambers, Gloucestershire, which is near to Stratford-on-Avon, where there was a Shakspeare family. John Shakspeare married Julian Hobbyns, widow, in 1560.

The will of William Dumbleton (Master Dombledon, 2 *Henry IV.*, I., ii., 27) is noted in the Index at Worcester Probate Office in 1579; and Richard Dumbleton had a child christened at Bourton-on-the-Hill in 1599.

At the latter place the early registers record also the name of Bates (Bates, a soldier in *Henry V.*, IV., i., 87). Harry Bate occurs, 16 Eliz., at Offenham; and Peter Bate at Warwick, 1595. At the former place Quiclee, a miller, was living 16 Eliz., but whether this name suggested Quickly may be left in doubt. Also it may be questioned whether "Belch" (*Twelfth Night*, I., iii., 47) was a contraction of Belcher, a Pebworth name, 13 Eliz.

Dull (Antony Dull, *L. L. L.*) is a Gloucestershire name; it occurs in Bristol wills, 1575, etc. At Slimbridge, under the Cotswold, Edward Dull was buried in 1645, and Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Dull. in 1681.

Just below "haunted Hilborough" is Bidford Grange. Mariana is not known to have been moated therein, but a squire named Badger was occupier. "And thereby," says Mr. Wadley, "hangs a tale, for Thomas Alwode, *alias* Taylor, of Stratford-on-Avon, in his will, 1543, left a legacy to Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, the poet's grandfather;" and the will also mentions Richard Quynie. The property passed from the Badgers to one of the Brode or Broad family in consequence of his marrying the heiress of the Badger family. The poet's son-in-law, John Hall, in his book "On English Bodies," mentions "Master Broad" of the Grange as one of his patients.

In the register of Throckmorton, a chapelry belonging to Fladbury, there is the entry of the marriage of Richard Wagstafe and Joan Luce under the year 1570 (Dromio of Ephesus: "If thy name be called Luce, thou hast answered him well;" Luce being the name of a female servant in *Comedy of Errors*, III., i., 49, 53).

In *Richard II.* we have the Gloucestershire *Ciceter*, not *Cirencester*.

In sum, then, there are found in the Stratford-on-Avon registers, and those of the surrounding parishes, the following Shakespearian proper names, etc.: Fluellen, Bardell (Bardolph), Court, Rugby, Peto, Pratt, Clement Perkes, Visor, Page, Jourdain or Jurden, Seacoal, Hacket, Poins, Curtis. Seyton, Sly, Squele, Dumbleton or Dumbledon, Bate, Bull, Luce, etc.

JOHN TAYLOR.

Shakespeare Societies.

MAY MEETING OF THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—The President, Appleton Morgan, Esq., in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Dr. Thos. R. Price read the paper of the evening: "On the Dramatic Construction of *The Winter's Tale*." This play, said Dr. Price, as compared with the great dramas that preceded it, *Macbeth* and *Othello*, was distinctly a failure. It bid defiance to dramatic law. Within two years a great actress had produced it in London and New York in defiance of the critics, and those critics were, when they saw the play, forced to acknowledge the correctness of Miss Anderson's judgment. Yet, after seeing it, the speaker was more puzzled than ever. At the very zenith of his powers Shakespeare had apparently written the worst of his plays. But suppose he meant it to be more than a play? In that case it was a successful attempt to write a play on new lines, and has all the fascination of a daring experiment. Shakespeare in it constructed a unity in a duality—it is a dramatic diptych, it consists of a tragedy and a comedy, each with a separate plot, in one drama. The charm of it lies in the opposing emotions. Shakespeare's diptych is composed of a perfect tragedy and a perfect comedy, joined together by the actions of personages common to both, and combined with a novel termination in which the stories of both are completed. Mr. Price analyzed the tragedy of *Leontes* and *Hermione* and the comedy of *Perdita*, *Florizel*, and *Autolycus*, and found that they very nearly answered the strictest requirements of dramatic canons. A discussion by Mr. Fleming and others followed. The Executive Committee reported that Mrs. M. Appleton Baker, wife of G. A. Baker, a member of the Society, had composed a musical piece, under the title of "Shakespeare's Grand March in *Lear*," which she had dedicated to

this Society, and that committee recommended that the Society accept the dedication and publish the music in SHAKESPEARIANA. Report accepted. Mr. Lionel Booth, of Duchess Street, Portland Place, London, projector and publisher of the famous "Booth Reprint" of the First Folio, which first made that invaluable Text accessible to Shakespearian scholars all over the world, was then made an honorary member of the Society.

WM. H. FLEMING, *Secretary.*

THE MUTUAL CLUB OF WOODLAND, CALIFORNIA.—Fourth year, 1888–9. *Secretary's Report.* We have enrolled on our list of membership twenty names, nearly all of whom are members in good standing; one of the number only having left us permanently, because of change of residence. In addition to these, we have seven non-resident members, who have shared in the work with us. Since our first meeting of the year, October 9, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, we have held fourteen meetings. Fifteen articles by resident members have been written; six by non-residents. We have an unusually good report concerning the preparations of papers. No failures, except through oversight or mistake in notifying members of assigned tasks. Our attendance has been more than good; members showing a gratifying interest in the work. We have been criticised because of the comprehensiveness of our "outline of study." It is a criticism hardly applicable to the Club, if one takes into consideration the shortness of its existence. This general grouping of the world's literature must be studied in large sections—*first*, to form a foundation for the more thorough work in each country's literature. Without this groundwork, *analytical* study is impossible, and all efforts must be but superficial, if the analytical element is left out. Let us continue to keep our standard high. Easier work will follow a lowering of our aim, but more meagre and less satisfactory will be the result. Every incentive for exertion has been given us through the course outlined for us by our President this last year. Let us see to it that we aim equally high in our next year's plan. S. E. PEART, *Sec.*

President's Report. We have just finished our fourth year's work; in every way, it has beeen most satisfactory; the study has been diligently and thoroughly pursued; the work laid out has been completed; the members have added to their libraries, in aggregate, about 400 volumes; and what is better, these books have been used to advantage. The members have or are fast becoming thorough, practical, and liberal readers and students. The influence of the Club has been most salutary, and is greater than many suppose; it has stimulated the purchase and use of good books, and more extended study by many not members, and has been an inducement to new organizations of like character. Our plan of work has met with general approval. For the past four years the scheme of the Club has included the following annual "studies": I.—Miscellaneous and General Topics. II.—The Reformation. III.—The Elizabethan Age (to Shakespeare). IV.—The Basal and Contributing Literature of the Elizabethan Era. For the next four years' work I suggest the following annual "studies": V.—The Dark Age of English Literature; or, From Shakespeare to Milton. VI.—The Restoration and Revolution of English Letters; or, From Milton to Pope. VII.—The Period of the Early English Essayists; or, From Pope to Johnson. VIII.—The Period of Early English Novelists; or, From Johnson to the Victorian Age. We should continue, in connection with our scheme of study of the English Language and Literature, the study of contemporaneous literature. I think we should never vary from the original design to make our own language and literature the central study; although, at times, we may find greater thought activity in other people or nations. When the Club was organized, it was agreed that we should, at least incidentally, devote some time of each year to the scientific and critical study of The Bible and Shakespeare. Of the latter I suggest the following "outlines" of four annual titles or subjects, to be considered in connection with the last four annual titles of the regular course: I.—1. *Love's Labor's Lost*, or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—as a very early play. 2. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—a play that must be read, although a play

not so early. 3. *The Merchant of Venice*—a later play, not to be omitted from any course. 4. *Romeo and Juliet*—perhaps Shakespeare's first tragedy. 5. *The Tempest*—one of the latest plays. II.—1. *King John*—early history. 2. *As You Like It*—middle comedy—too good to be left out. 3. *Julius Cæsar*—earliest Roman play. 4. *Macbeth*—of the tragic period. 5. *Troilus and Cressida*—a play likely never to have been placed on the stage. III.—1. *Richard II.*—early history. 2. *Much Ado About Nothing*—middle comedy. 3. *Coriolanus*, or, *Anthony and Cleopatra*—later Roman play. 4. *Othello*—of the tragic period. 5. *Winter's Tale*—of the latest period. IV.—1. *Henry IV.*, Part I.—with an incidental study of *Henry IV.*, Part II., and a glance at *Henry V.* 2. *Twelfth Night*—a great comedy. 3. *Hamlet*—the battlefield of conjectural criticism. 4. *Cymbeline*—of the latest period. 5. *Lear*—the greatest of the tragedies and of all the plays. This course of Shakespeare reading and study is suggested by one of the ablest Shakespeare critics and authors; and of it he writes: "The work increases in difficulty with each year, as it should; but there is good variety in each year. The arrangement seems better for your purposes than to put all the early plays into the first year and go on in regular chronological order." This study of the Bible and Shakespeare can be carried forward during vacation and in connection with the regular work. At least two (I suggest four, two on the Bible and two on Shakespeare) sessions of each year should be devoted to each of these annual titles. It is true, as readers and hearers, we get considerable instruction and information on matters theological and religious; but very little real critical and scientific study of the Bible; and from the stage and current literature we catch fugitive impressions and glean uncertain knowledge of the plays of Shakespeare; but very little that is real, rational, and critical. So much of the current literature on this subject is conjectural, æsthetic, speculative, and most unreliable and "the stage is not, in general, the best place to study our author's characters in." Every careful student recognizes the great difference between the Text characters and

the Stage characters of Shakespeare—the fulness of the one and the incompleteness of the other. This course of study will bring us to modern times; and when finished, a scheme for special and more limited study should be adopted.

CHARLES W. THOMAS, *President.*

WOODLAND, CAL., May 21, 1889.

MELBOURNE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—Shakespeare Prizes, March, 1889. The Committee of the Melbourne Shakespeare Society announces that it is in a position to offer prizes for the most thorough knowledge of a play of Shakespeare, and of Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*. It is intended to distribute the prizes at the ensuing Annual Meeting of the Society, to be held on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, 1889. Prizes amounting to £25 will be open to candidates under the age of twenty on the day of the examination; £10 (in prizes) will be specially reserved for candidates under the age of sixteen on the day of the examination. The other prizes are open to all competitors without distinction of age. The prizes are open to both sexes, and quite irrespective of attendance at any school. The play selected for the examination is *King Henry V.* Gillott Prize Essay.—Through the kindness of Joseph Gillott, Esq., the committee are prepared to offer a prize of £5 5s. for the best essay on "Shakespeare's Thoughts on Music, and His Ideas Concerning Its Functions." There are no restrictions as to age. The essays, bearing a motto, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the author's name, must be sent in to the Secretary before March 1, 1889. It is suggested that competitors should not exceed as much as is contained in twenty-five pages of MacMillan's Colonial Library. The examination will be held on the afternoon of the third Friday in March, and copies of the question paper will be sent to any place in Victoria where a magistrate, clergyman, or other well-known person will undertake to see that the questions are answered without any assistance. The names of intending candidates must be sent to the Rev. John Reid, Secretary to the Melbourne Shakespeare Society, Hotham Street, East St.

Kilda, on or before March 1. When sending in names, country candidates must submit the name of a gentleman who has expressed willingness to supervise the examination. As to the nature of the examination in the play, notice is given that questions will not be asked on etymology. There will be questions as to the meaning of passages and perhaps of words, on the characters and incidents of the play, on the lessons to be learned from it, and historical questions. It will also be expected that the more important speeches be known by heart. Of the Primer a general knowledge will be expected. The Prize Examination is as follows: 1. Quote the passages: (*a*) "In which array . . . gave me up to tears;" (*b*) "Gloucester 'tis true . . . the devil himself;" (*c*) "From camp to camp . . . so tediously away." 2. By whom are the above passages spoken, and in what connection do they occur? 3. Give some account of: (*a*) The sources of the play; (*b*) The date of the play; (*c*) Its place chronologically and artistically in Shakespeare's work; (*d*) Henry's position amongst Shakespeare's characters. 4. Give as nearly as you can in the words of the play: (*a*) Gower's estimate of Pistol; (*b*) An account of Falstaff's death. 5. Write a note on each of the following words: Exhale, guidon, whiffler, kecksies, nook-shotten, linstock, gleeking, let, instance, imp. 6. Explain the historical allusions in the following passages: (*a*) "She hath herself not only well defended, but taken and impounded as a stray the King of Scots;" (*b*) "Think not upon the fault my father made in compassing the crown;" (*c*) "His vanities forespent were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, covering discretion with a coat of folly;" (*d*) "Whiles his most mighty father on a hill stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp forage in blood;" (*e*) "The Emperor's coming in behalf of France." 7. Write a short sketch of the character of Fluellen. 8. Comment on the following phrases: (*a*) "The pipe of Hermes;" (*b*) "Quotidian-tertian;" (*c*) "Dare the field;" (*d*) "The feast of Crispian;" (*e*) "Hedges even-pleached." 9. Give examples from the play of: (*a*) Grammatical peculiarities; (*b*) Alliteration; (*c*) Script-

ural allusions; (*d*) Use of proverbs. 10. Write an account of the theatre and theatrical performances in Shakespeare's time. JAMES EDWARD NIELD, *President.*

THE AVON SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, during the season of 1888–89 have been taken up with special reference to the grammar and rhetoric: also comparatively with each other, and critically. *Hamlet*—Cast, by Mrs. L. K. Burke, Pres.; review and criticism, by Mr. Geo. F. Euler, V.-Pres., and Mrs. N. T. Baum. *Othello*—Cast, by Miss L. Burke; review and criticism, by Mr. Geo. F. Euler, V.-Pres. *Macbeth*—Cast, by Mr. Geo. S. Baum; review and criticism, by Mrs. L. K. Burke, Pres. *Coriolanus*—Cast, by O. W. Jackson, Sec.; review and criticism. by Mrs. L. K. Burke and Miss K. D. Burke. *King Henry VIII.*—Cast, by O. W. Jackson, Mrs. L. K. Burke, Mr. Geo. H. Cabanies; review and criticism. *Twelfth Night*—Cast, by Mrs. N. T. Baum; review and criticism, by Mr. Geo. F. Euler and Mr. Paul P. Davis.

The officers of the Avon are as follows: President, Mrs. L. K. Burke; Secretary, Mr. O. W. Jackson; Treasurer and Asst. Sec., Mr. J. Percy Garvey; Executive Committee, Mrs. L. K. Burke, Mr. Geo. F. Euler, Miss G. Fisher, Mr. O. W. Jackson, Mr. J. Percy Garvey.

THE CLIFTON SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—Following is the programme of the Fourteenth Session, 1888–89: Oct. 13, *As You Like It*, reading; Oct. 27, criticism. Nov. 10, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, reading; Nov. 24, criticism. Dec. 8, *Twelfth Night*, reading; Dec. 22, criticism. 1889: Jan. 12, *Julius Cæsar*, reading; Jan. 26, criticism. Feb. 9, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, reading; Feb. 23, criticism. Mar. 9, 23, *Hamlet*, reading; Apr. 13, 27, criticism. May 11, *The Silent Woman*, reading; May 25, criticism. Oct. 5, President's Address and Business Meeting. It is much to be desired that those who take special interest in any of the undermentioned subjects should, from time to time, bring forward reports on one or more of them, viz.:

Æsthetic Criticism, Anachronisms, Animals, Arts and Sciences, Biblical and Religious Allusions, Classical and Mythical Allusions, Coins, Weights and Measures, Demonology and Witchcraft, Dress and Social Customs, Early Dramatic Representations, Fine Art, Geography, Grammar, Historical References, Law and Heraldry, Meats and Drinks, Medicine and Surgery, Metre and Authorship, Music and Ballads, Oaths and Exclamations, Personal Histories, Plants, Play-craft, Puns and Jests, Rare Words and Phrases, Satire and Irony, Similes and Metaphors, Sources and History, Sports and Pastimes, Trade and Commerce, Tradition and Folk-lore, Various Readings. Two of the characters in each play are chosen for critical comment by the Society generally. The Critical Meeting, at which each member and Associate is at liberty to introduce a visitor, are held at the Secretary's house. L. M. GRIFFITHS, *Hon. Sec.*

THE Biennial Report of the Dunlap Society of the State of New York, organized to bring together all those interested in the history of the American theatre, and to issue such books and pamphlets as may throw light upon such history, is before us, by which it appears that the Society, organized in 1885, has already printed two original early American plays, viz.: *The Contrast* and *The Father*. The purposes and spirit of this Society are in accord with those of the New York Shakespeare Society, of which it seems to be an exact contemporary, both having been incorporated in the same year, and SHAKESPEARIANA will always be glad to register the proceedings of the one as well as the proceedings of the other.

THE BALTIMORE SHAKESPEARE CLUB during the past year has listened to the following papers by members: "Cassius, Soldier and Gentleman," A. H. Taylor; "The Wit of Shakespeare and of Molière Contrasted," W. T. Brantley; "Green-Room Gossip on Shakespearian Conceptions," Alfred Allen; "Viola," Henry P. Goddard; "The Real Othello of History," Victor Smith; and three papers condemnatory of the Baconian theory, by E. P. Allen and Mrs. Wheelock and Miss Sauerwein.

"THE SHAKESPEARE" and "THE STRATFORD" clubs of Concord, New Hampshire, united upon the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday with certain other literary clubs in their town, and listened to a lecture by Mr. Woolson upon "The Homes of Shakespeare." These clubs will also unite in appropriately furnishing, decorating, and stocking with books a room in the Fowler Library (lately presented to the town by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Fowler, of Boston).

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA held its Thirty-seventh Annual Dinner at the University Club, April 23, 1889. The menu was elaborated with quotations from *I. Henry IV.*, the play which had been its last winter's study. Following in the track of this venerable Club, of which Dr. Furness is Dean, is THE PHILADELPHIA SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY (Secretary, A. J. Hemphill, Esq.), which also illustrates its menu with apt Shakespearianisms. And both were delightful and memorable occasions.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF THE NEW CENTURY GUILD (Philadelphia) is conducted by Mrs. Brandon L. Keyes The plan pursued is that of informality, the general idea that the conversation is to be directed to a certain selected play being the only rule, and that not a rigid one, at its bi-monthly meetings. As vacation approaches a set of written questions are distributed to the members for consideration in the summer leisure.

Reviews.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

*** Editions of Shakespeare sent to us are reviewed in leading articles under the title "WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?" Other volumes are noticed in numerical order of their receipt.

(22) A HISTORY OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE (1660–1780). By Edmund Gosse, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Cloth, pp. 440.

(29) SHAKESPEARIAN EXTRACTS FROM EDWARD PUDSLEY'S BOOKE. Temp. Q. Elizabeth and K. James I. Which Include some from an unknown Play by William Shakespeare. Also a few unpublished Records of the Shakespeares of Sutterfield and Wraxall preserved in the Public Record Office. Edited by Richard Savage. Stratford-on-Avon: John Smith. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 12mo, vellum cloth, pp. 83.

(36) SHAKESPEARE'S PROVINCIALISMS. Words used in Sussex. By Scott Surtees. Densdale-on-Tees. 12mo, paper, pp. 8.

(37) THE LONDON STAGE: ITS HISTORY AND TRADITIONS FROM 1576 TO 1888. By H. Barton Baker, author of "Our Old Actors," etc. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 2 v. 12mo, cloth, pp. 296–323.

(38) THE JEW IN ENGLISH FICTION. By Rabbi David Philipson, D.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 156.

(39) SIR THOMAS WYATT AND HIS POEMS. Presented to the Philosophical Faculty of the Kaiser Wilhelm's University at Strassburg, for the acquisition of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. By William Edward Simonds, Instructor in German, Cornell University. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Sq. 16mo, pp. 156.

(40) THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE, Vol. V. THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO AND JULIET. With an Introduction touching the Question as to the Medical Acquirements of Its Writer. By B. Rush Field, M.D. New York: The Shakespeare Society of New York. 8vo, pp. 225.

(41) MR. DONNELLY AND HIS CRITICS. By William D. O'Connor. New York: Belford, Clarke & Co. 12mo, pp. 105.

(42) A REPLY ANSWERED. Ignatius Donnelly's Reply Answered by the Rev. A. Nicholson, LL.D., Incumbent of St. Albans, Leamington. Warwickshire Stratford-on-Avon: Edward Fox, 1 High St. 8vo, paper, pp. 8.

(22) It would be a very difficult task, indeed, to speak anything but praise of these two volumes, which Macmillans have so handily and tastefully bound, Mr. Saintsbury's "History of English Elizabethan Literature" and Mr. Gosse's "History of Eighteenth Century Literature." Each is worthy of the other, but upon Mr. Gosse's book one can hardly dwell without enthusiasm. Never did we so regret our own limits as in opening these delightful books. This is an age of reprints and revisals: but rarely do we get such works as these, which supersede so completely all prior attempts at their plan and scope. Mr. Gosse's work on Eighteenth Century Literature is divided into twelve chapters, the captions of which indicate broadly the mode of treatment. These are: Poetry After the Restoration; Drama After the Restoration; Prose After the Restoration; Pope; Swift and the Deists; Defoe and the Essayists; The Dawn of Naturalism in Poetry; The Novelists; Johnson and the Philosophers; the Poets of the Decadence; the Prose of the Decadence; Conclusion. Mr. Gosse separates the literature of the 120 years covered by his studies into these nearly equal periods. Each of these, he says, "is dominated by one figure of far greater intellectual prestige than any other of the same period. No one will question that the first of these is the generation of Dryden, nor the last that of Johnson. It may not, perhaps, be quite so readily conceded that the age of Anne lay under the tyranny of Swift. It will, however, be found, I think, upon close examination, that neither Pope nor Addison has an equal claim to be considered the centre of the action or the hero of the story." Under each of his central figures Mr. Gosse has arranged the field, as it were, of each phase; and, while entirely original and possibly open to the demurrer that it subordinates certain leaders unexpectedly, we doubt if a reader of this charming and entrancing volume will, on the whole, quarrel with Mr. Gosse's treatment.

(29) This volume brings pause. A manuscript, whose source is not indicated save that it "more than twelve months since, came into the possession of the writer," contains "copies of old poems, subjects of history and religion, with extracts from the works of the old classical and mediæval dramatic and other authors. Much of this matter," continues the present editor,

" may be entirely new to the present generation, either from its never having appeared in any printed form, or from having been copied from works now unknown to us." A facsimile of the heading, in the blackletter script of the date, is as follows: "*Jesu esto mihi Jesus. Edward Pudsley his Booke.*" From his knowledge of the calligraphy of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., "and noting the dates in the headings of memorandums upon the last two pages," the editor says he has not the least hesitation " in stating that the Shakespearian extracts were made during the lifetime of our great Poet." These extracts are categorically arranged in the book as from *The Merchant of Venice, Irus, Titus Andronicus, Romeo and Juliet, King Richard II., King Richard III.. Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Hamlet.* The owner of the book and maker of the extracts is identified as a Pudsley of Langley Mill Pool, in 1604. The opinion of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is cited to the effect that " there is nothing to show that Shakespeare had not meditated a complete edition of his works under his own superintendence, while in his retirement at New Place, and that the preparation of such an edition was prevented by his untimely death," and the editor surmises whether or no these Pudsley extracts may not have been made from Shakespeare's own manuscripts or from some Quartos as yet unknown to Shakespearian students. And into these queries Mr. Savage goes with great shrewdness and much erudition. What interests most, of course, is the further question whether the " IRUS " was also a Shakespeare play. After a careful reading we must confess that the evidence is confined simply to the order in which Mr. Pudsley quoted from that, to us, unknown play. They will not, we think, be accredited to Shakespeare from any internal evidence. They run thus: "*The faultes of many are bueried in thier humour : To drink to one is meant what health the wyne doth worke, shalbe employed to thier comand and proper vse . this ye first intent of drinking to one : Yor hart is greater then yor person : Dearer then ye poungranet of my ey : Coming out of his moueables—an angry man ye lyke one that is troubled wth ye gowt so tender that he cryes out before hee be toucht.*" (36) A contribution to the Dialectec examination of the plays which is of value. (37). In the winter of 1887–88, Dr. Philipson delivered in Baltimore, in course, the lectures on " The Jew in English Fiction " here collected, discussing the dramas and novels of prominent English writers, wherein Jews play important rôles, and investigating in how far the Jew. as portrayed, has been misunderstood, and where the conception of the writer is correct. The

book has for one of its avowed purposes the object of setting aright the generally false notions of the world on the subject of Jews and Judaism, as these notions are given expression to in these works. The clear and plain exposition of many a point will, without doubt, be welcomed by many who entertain the opinions they have of the Jews, not from wilful prejudice, but from misinformation and misconception. The book consists of nine chapters, as follows: I. Introductory. II. Marlowe's *Jew of Malta.* III. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice.* IV. Cumberland's *The Jew.* V. Scott's *Ivanhoe.* VI. Dickens' *Oliver Twist* and *Our Mutual Friend.* VII. Disraeli's *Conings by* and *Tancred.* VIII and IX. George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda.* The learned Rabbi's handling of Shylock is based on his theory that Shakespeare tried to make Shylock out more sinned against than sinning, and catered as little as possible to the hatred of Jews so dominant in his time. We are surprised that the learned Rabbi should not have mentioned Dr. Ihering's *The Struggle for Law*, certainly a most Titanic and momentous volume, which in two years from its appearance was translated nineteen times into sixteen different languages: beyond which there is little to be said about Shylock and his cause. And Rabbi Philipson would be interested, too, in Mr. Morgan's *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, wherein Mr. Morgan—in a clever "Opinion" on an assumed appeal in Shylock's case "to the Supreme Court of United Italy"—demonstrates not only that Portia's rulings were every one of them illegal, but that, according to the Venetian statutes, she had no right to sentence Shylock "to become a Christian," or to divide his fortune between the State and Jessica. The utmost she would have had a right to do, had her rulings on the trial been correct, would have been to have declared his estates escheated. She had no jurisdiction to confiscate his religion. (39) No scholar of Middle English can afford to neglect this work, which strikes us as a careful, scholarly, novel, and, in every way, most admirable study of the English which Shakespeare's predecessors wrote, and which Shakespeare found to his hand when he began to build upon it his own perfect superstructure. And we must not omit to say that the publishers, Messrs. Heath & Co., are issuing a most useful series of these language helps: from the Shakespeare, by Prof. Corson, down to Wordsworth and Browning, by competent teachers.

(41) Mr. Wm. D. O'Connor, of Washington, died in May last of cerebral or spinal maladies, and his friends could certainly have done his memory no more lasting injury than to have allowed this volume to get into print. For, if he wrote it, it is

simply a sick man's frenzy. If the revenue were needed, surely it could have been printed anonymously. The book is a frenzied, malicious, viperous and vituperative attack—something between a scream and a curse—upon everybody of any prominence, who, from any standpoint or for any reasons, have ventured to disbelieve in the Donnelly Cipher, and who, accordin to the writer, are "assassins," "asinine Ananiases," "dunces" "Snarleyows," "toadies," "manikins," "ossified intelligences," "men without perception or receptivity," "Philistines," etc., who have "breakfasted daily on fried handsaw split up the back and a dozen of stewed gimlets," etc., etc. Such treatment of the question as this, of course, merely places it beyond discussion at all. That Donnelly himself elected to reply to the critics of his big book (none of whom reviewed it unkindly, or with personal animus toward Donnelly himself) with the grossest personal calumny and abuse, only served to sink Donnelly himself out of sight along with his "Great Cryptogram." It is to be regretted that the friends of Mr. O'Connor should have consented to the burial of Mr. O'Connor's reputation along with Donnelly's. (42) Our regret at being obliged to once more recur to Donnelly is mitigated by the impression that the present recurrence is final, and that no more attention to him will be necessary. Readers of SHAKESPEARIANA will recall that the Rev. A. Nicholson, D.D., of Leamington, England, was sincere enough to give the Donnelly figures a careful analysis, as the result of which he stated that "*by the arithmetical law of combinations, Mr. Donnelly's contrivance secures to the operator an almost incalculable number of chances* (viz., 3,309,000 to 1) *for picking up from the column any words required for the manufacture of stories.*" To this statement (respectful enough, and calm enough, one would suppose) Donnelly sent out a "Reply" in the vein he has seen fit to recently adopt, of which Dr. Nicholson says: "I am surprised to find that, because I cannot accept his arithmetic, Mr. Donnelly assails me in terms of violent abuse" (Dr. Nicholson should not have been surprised), adding: "As Mr. Donnelly resorts at once to personal invectives, it would appear that reasons for *The Cryptogram* do not abound; and, as he does not impute to me ignorance of the working, but conscious fraud, it appears by Mr. Donnelly's account that I at least understand his *Cryptogram.*" But Dr. Nicholson's patience is inexhaustible, and he reads Donnelly, with perfect temper, until he finds the following challenge: "Why did not Dr. Nicholson proceed to show that these words could be brought out from the beginning and ends of scenes by 500 or 450, or any other number? . . . Now

let Dr. Nicholson show that 500 and 450 will bring out these words fourteen times more—yes, even once more." The present pamphlet is an acceptance of this challenge: and, in the Donnelly method, Dr. Nicholson brings out of the text every word which Donnelly asked for. by using the numbers 500 and 450, which Donnelly asserted were not cipher numbers: after accomplishing which, in two or three solid pages of figures, adding that "*any narrative can be brought out, according to the rules of the Cryptogram, say by the date of the First Olympiad, or William the Conqueror, or the flight of Mahomet, or of Hengist and Horsa!*" We may add that in November last a member of the Bacon Society challenged Dr. Nicholson (1) to draw a given one of Donnelly's sentences. out of a given page of the First Folio by substituting, for any member used by Donnelly in extracting that sentence, any other number; and (2) to produce, with Donnelly's numbers, a story totally disconnected with Bacon and Shakespeare. Dr. Nicholson accepted the challenge. Under (1) he produced the sentence: "Sir Thomas Lucy look upon it as a bold plot," by using the date of the Hejira of Mahomet to Mecca as a modifyer: and under (2) he produced the sentence (referring to the now pending appeal of Dr. King, the Bishop of Lincoln): "Bishop King doth peril the loss of his See. They stick not to send back the cause by Writ to the Archbishop. The judgment of his Grace is not certain." (*The London Literary World*, Nov. 23, 1888, and Jan. 4, 1889) This appears to have silenced the Bacon Society at the time. Whether Dr. Nicholson's present pamphlet will silence Donnelly or not, remains to be seen.

Editorial.

THE heated term, when our overworked friend, the General Reader, is taking his *far niente*, is utilized by the magazines for getting their purely literary contributors "out of the way;" and so, not unnaturally, Shakespeare comes in for considerable attention. The Silly Season of 1888 was appropriately appropriated to a Cipher in the First Folio. The corresponding period of 1889 has, contrariwise, been distinguished by a genuine, even if a rather convoluted, orthodoxy.

In the July *Blackwood*, Mr. Oscar Wilde finds excuse for much callow and amiable chatter anent the theory that our constant friend, "Mr. W. H.," of the *Sonnets*, was "Willie Hughes," a pretty boy-personator of female parts in one of Mr. Shakespeare's theatres, whom a rival manager tempted away to join an opposition company—a theory no better and no worse than any other in the plentiful list which Mr. Wilde rattles off with all the *gusto* of an original cataloguer. Mr. Wilde has discontinued some of his stained-glass attitudes, but does not as yet, we fancy, smoke very strong cigars. A prior issue of the same monthly had contained a Clinic on "Falstaff's Death Bead," by way of ascertaining what that fat person may have died of, according to the symptoms, "nose as sharp as a pen," "playing with 's fingers' ends," etc., etc.—altogether a very fair sample of that "Anatomizing of Shakespeare" so peerlessly burlesqued in Mr. Browne's dissertation "On Juliet's Nurse's Deceased Husband—With an Enquiry into his Character, and Touching the Question as to Whether there is any Warrant for his Widow's Statement that He was a 'Merry man.'" In refreshing contrast to these is the capital paper, "Shakespeare and Venice," in the July *Quarterly Review*.

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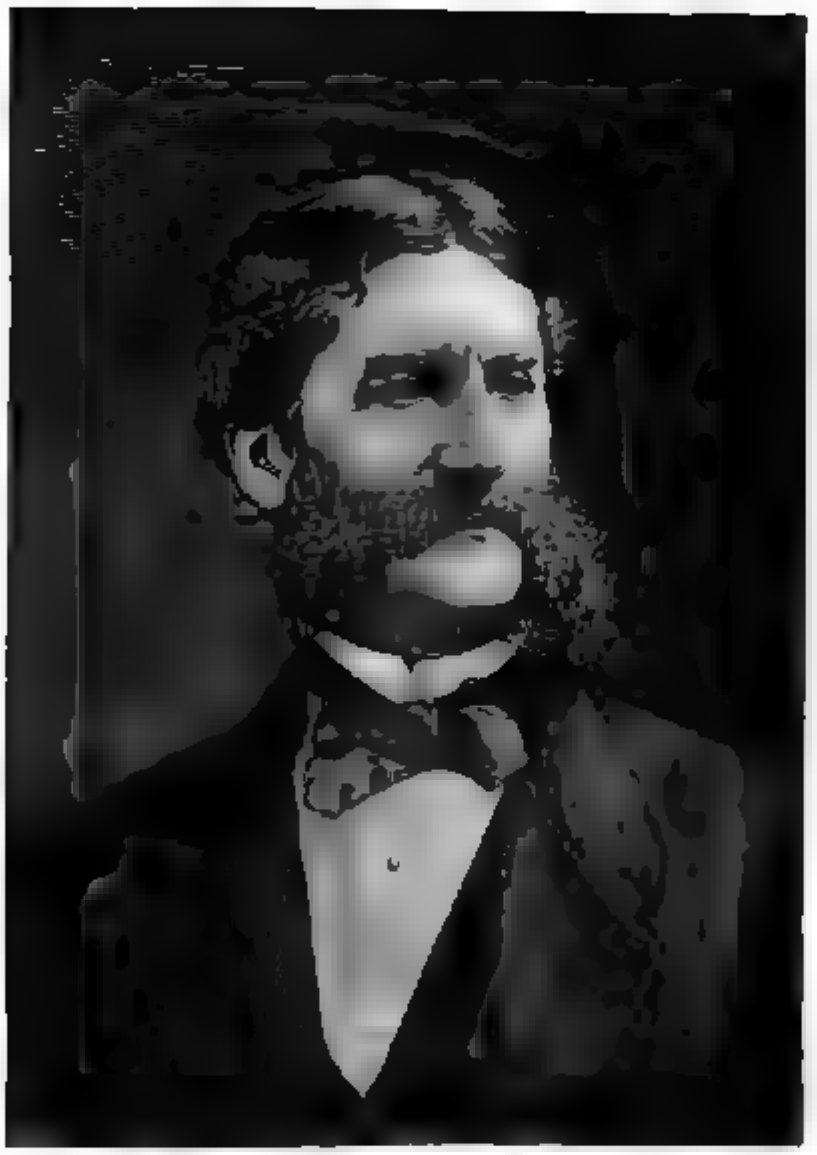

Richd. Grant White

By courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Shakespeariana

No. LXIX. SEPTEMBER, 1889. Vol. VI.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

ON October 8, 1600, Thomas Fisher, a young stationer who had taken his freedom on June 3 of that year,* entered for publication *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Stationers' Register as follows:

[A.D. 1600] 8 Octobris.

Thomas ffyssher Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Rodes | and the Warden, A booke called *A Mydsommer Nightes Dreame* . . . . .vj^{d}.†

From the statement upon the title-page below the publisher's device—"Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to | be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart | in Fleeteftreete, 1600"—it seems that Fisher then kept a stationer's shop and had employed some one else to print the book for him, and that it was issued during the calendar year 1600.

About the same time there appeared also another quarto edition of the same play, bearing the same title-page, except that the publisher's device thereon was a different one and followed by the words, "Printed by Iames Roberts 1600," instead of those above quoted.

This Roberts quarto corresponds, page for page, with the Fisher, excepting in the leaves G and G2, which, in the Fisher quarto, appear to have been set up a line short, thus making the top line of page G3 *recto* become the fourth line of that page in the Fisher. With the end of the latter page, however, which concludes with the same final line in both quartos, the discrepancy ends.

The principal difference between the two quartos is in the spelling, which is more modern in the Roberts than in the Fisher.

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* Register Stationer Co., iii., 174. † Ibid., iii., 174.

It is demonstrable, from internal evidence, that the printers who set up the Roberts quarto must have used the Fisher quarto, and not manuscript, for their copy. Pages B *verso* and B2 *recto*, in some copies of the Roberts quarto, are identical with the corresponding pages of the Fisher quarto, having the same peculiarities of spelling and having been evidently printed from the same type and the same form, while in other copies of the Roberts quarto these two pages have the more modernized spelling which characterizes the rest of that edition.

This can only be explained upon the theory that the Fisher quarto was first printed, and that the forms used for printing these two pages of it were afterward used to print the corresponding pages of the first issue of the Roberts quarto. But certain typographical errors which could not have originated in manuscript are found in both quartos, as, for example, the inversion of lines 2115 and 2116, which the sense requires should read :

2116 "And the owner of it blest
2115 Ever shall in safety rest."

It is very evident that by an error of the printer who set them up in the Fisher quarto these lines were transposed, and that the printer who copied the error in setting up the Roberts quarto got it from a printed page of the Fisher quarto, and not from any manuscript.

It is universally conceded that the text of the folio must have been printed from a copy of the Roberts quarto corrected in manuscript, and which had probably been used as a prompt-book in the Globe Theatre. This is shown by the number of errors peculiar to the Roberts quarto which are reproduced in the folio. The most striking of these is the transposition in the Roberts quarto of line 916 of the Fisher quarto, so that instead of coming in its proper place after line 915 it is put before line 914, making the whole passage read :

912 "*Tita.* I pray thee gentle Mortall, sing againe,
913 Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
916 On the first view to say, I sweare I love thee.
914 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
915 And thy fair vertues force [perforce] doth move me"

This transposition, which was evidently made by a slip of the printer in setting up the type, has been followed in the folio. A number of other instances where evident errors in the Roberts quarto have been followed by the folio will be found collected in Mr. J. W. Ebbsworth's Introduction to Grigg's Fac-Simile of the Roberts Quarto of A Midsummer Night's Dream, where the two propositions, 1st, that the Roberts quarto was printed from a copy of the Fisher quarto, and 2d, that the folio was printed from a copy of the Roberts quarto, are fully discussed and demonstrated.

The most noticeable feature connected with the Roberts quarto is the fact that it is not entered upon the Stationers' Register, and must therefore have either been printed without a license or under the license issued to Fisher. The effect of Fisher's license was to confer upon him the exclusive right to print the book therein described, and as the Roberts quarto differed from Fisher's only in having certain typographical errors, and more modern spelling, it was practically a reissue of the same book, and the license applied to it as well as to the original publication. Now if Roberts had ventured to republish Fisher's copy without his consent, he might naturally have expected the latter to "make a Star-Chamber matter of it," * especially as we know, from a subsequent entry made by him in the Stationers' Register,† that Fisher continued a member of the Companye of the Stationers as late as Oct., 1601. It is therefore a fair inference that the Roberts quarto was printed under the license issued to Fisher, and by his authority, not later than March 24, 1601, which, according to to the calendar then in use, was the last day of the year (1600), which appears upon its title-page. The issue within five months and a half after the printing of the play was licensed of a second edition, all of

* See Introduction to Vol. III., Bankside Shakespeare, p. 17.

† This entry is as follows: "24° Octobris (1601), Matthew Lownes, Thomas ffyssher Entred for their Copye under the handes of the Warden, a booke called the ffyrst and second partes of the play called Anthoni and Melida. . . . vj^{d} *Provided*, that he get lawful licens for yt."

which except two pages was printed from type newly set up, is pretty good evidence that the first edition was exhausted much more rapidly than the publisher anticipated, and the fact that the forms of two, and of only two, pages of the original edition were used in printing the second shows that only these two forms were obtainable by Roberts, who was doubtless prevented from getting more of them by the fact that the others had been already broken up and the type distributed. This, of course, would not have been done until as many impressions had been taken from them as the printers thought would be required for a long time. The modernization of the spelling was probably the work of the printer who set up the new forms, done upon his own responsibility, and the spelling of the two pages of the Fisher quarto which were utilized by Roberts was altered after the issue of a few copies, so as to secure uniformity. The early exhausting of the first edition, which was the more correct of the two, as having been set up from manuscript most likely furnished by the author, would explain why the players seem to have used a copy of the Roberts quarto for their prompt-book. If the two editions had both been on sale at the same time the preference would naturally have been given to the Fisher quarto as the more correct as well as authorized edition.

II.

Shakespeare was not only a poet, but a humorist as well. Besides the fanciful imagination that "bodies forth the form of things unknown" and the poet's pen that "turns them to shapes," he had also a very keen sense of the ridiculous. This latter faculty served to "beget a temperance in the very whirlwind of his passion" and saved him from that o'erstepping the "modesty of nature," which, while it makes the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; and it must have made him fully conscious of the many difficulties that necessarily attended the hazardous undertaking of attempting to introduce the Warwickshire fairies upon the dramatic stage in this play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In order to fully appreciate the difficulties of the enterprise, we must understand, first, what it was that he had to do, and, secondly, the means at his command with which to accomplish it.

The fairies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are not the fays or fairies of romance like Spenser's Faery Queen, Gloriana, or King Arthur's sister, Morgue la Faye, or the Princess Tryamour in the "Romance of Sir Launfal," or her who unfolded the future to Thomas of Ercildoune beneath the eldyn tree. all of whom are represented as being of the human race, differing from ordinary mortals only in their superlative beauty of form and feature and in their endowment with powers beyond those allotted to men. The fairies of the play, on the contrary, are the elves or fairies of folk-lore with which the people of all England, both rich and poor, and of high and low degree, were already more or less familiar from the tales constantly repeated from their very childhood. These fairies had thus acquired with the people of his day as distinct a personality as that which the most familiar personages of history possess for our minds now, so that a dramatist who should then have represented an Oberon or Puck differing in any respect from the popular notion in regard to him, would have been open to the same criticism that would be encountered by one making a wide departure from the well-known facts of history in such plays as *Julius Cæsar* and *King Richard the Third*. In the one case as in the other, his task was merely to represent, illustrate, and embellish characters already well known, and he was therefore obliged to preserve their identity at all hazards. Julius Cæsar must always be recognizable as the conqueror of the world, and King Richard as the hunchback tyrant. Now let us consider for a moment what was the popular notion about the appearance of the English fairies. "The Fairies of England," says Mr. Keightly in his "Fairy Mythology,"* "are evidently the Dwarfs of Germany and the North, though they do not appear to have been ever so denominated. Their appella-

* p. 281, ed. 1884.

tion was Elves, subsequently Fairies; but there would seem to have been formerly other terms expressive of them of which hardly a vestige is now remaining in the English language. They were, like their northern kindred, divided into two classes: rural Elves, inhabiting the woods, fields, mountains, and caverns; and the domestic or house spirits, usually called Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows."

However conflicting the local traditions and beliefs might be in other respects, they all agreed in one particular. The elves were very little people. Gervase of Tilbury, nephew of Henry II. of England and Chancellor of the Holy Roman Empire under Otho IV., writing about the beginning of the thirteenth century, describes a kind of goblins in England called *Portuni* as less than half an inch in stature, but with faces wrinkled like those of old men. And the author of "Round about our Coal-fire," an old tract quoted in "Brand's Popular Antiquities," but now, so far as known, no longer extant, says:

"My grandmother has often told me of fairies dancing upon our green, and they were *little, little creatures*, clothed in green.

"The moment any one saw them, and took notice of them, they were struck blind of an eye. They lived underground, and generally came out of a mole-hill.

"They had fine music always among themselves, and danced in a moonshiny night around. or in a ring, as one may see at this day upon every common in England where mushrooms grow."

This is a pretty good epitome of the popular belief which prevailed throughout England concerning the rural elves or fairies from long before Shakespeare's time, and which doubtless continues to be held in some parts of the country, among the peasantry, even down to the present day. Ideas as to their size differed somewhat, but from all we can gather they were generally thought to be from six inches to two feet in height. The Hobgoblins or Robin Goodfellows were supposed to be rather larger. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," * writ-

* p. 47.

ten about 1621, after referring to what Parcelsus says about the fairies, which in Germany "do usually walk in little coats some two foot long," adds, "A bigger kind there is of them called with us Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows that would, in those superstitious times, grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work."

Although these Robin Goodfellows were sometimes spoken of as a class of fairies, as evidence the quotation from Burton above given and the following from Nash's *Terrors of the Night*, 1594, "The Robin Goodfellows, elfes, fairies, hobgoblins of our latter age, which idolatrous former days and the phantastical world of Greece ycleped fawnes, satyrs, dryades, and hamadryads, did most of their merry pranks in the night," yet it would seem that shortly before Shakespeare wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream* there had grown up a disposition to personify the whole class of Robin Goodfellows in one particular sprite bearing that name. He is described in Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory*, printed in 1590, as "famoused in every old wives' chronicle for his mad and merry pranks," and is thus spoken of by Reginald Scott* in 1584: "Indeed your grandam's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk before him (Incubus) and his cousin Robin Goodfellow for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight, and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or goodwife of the house, having compassion on his nakedness, laid away clothes for him beside his mess of white bread and milk, which was his standing fee." The fullest and most interesting account of him, however, is found in an old and very rare black-letter pamphlet printed at London in 1628, entitled "*Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests*," which Mr. Collier reprinted in 1841 for the Percy Society, as did also the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in his *Illustrations of Fairy Mythology* published by the Shakespeare Society in 1845. While from certain references to the use of tobacco made in one of the songs occurring in the second part of this work, it is evident that

* *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, IV., Ch. 10.

this part was written some years after *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I think Messrs. Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, and Keightly are undoubtedly correct in concluding from internal evidence that the composition of the first part dates back to a period anterior to the play, and that Shakespeare must have either seen an earlier edition of this first part of the book or have been familiar with the traditions it records. In this work Robin Goodfellow is represented as the son of a "proper young wench by a hee-fayrie, a king or something of that kind among them," who early develops a spirit of mischief, and when only six years of age runs off from home in order to escape a whipping, which his mother had promised him. He is endowed by his fairy parent with the power of transforming himself into whatever shape he pleases, and at once engages in a series of pranks such as are related of himself by Puck in the play. In the second part he is mentioned as being on one occasion much offended because a maid whose work he had been doing for her, observing that he was rather bare of clothing, sought to express her sense of obligation for his kindness to her by making him a waistcoat. His appearance was believed to be that of a child of six years old, whose costume consisted of a broom, usually carried on his shoulder, and nothing more.

It is worthy of notice that in the second part Robin's father is several times called "Obreon," while in the first he is never distinguished by a proper name.

Such was the material which came ready made to Shakespeare's hand. A touch of his magic genius endowed the humble fairies of the simple country folk with all the qualities and possessions of the fairies of romance with which the nobility had been made familiar through Spenser's Faëry Queen, and transmuted them into those Fairies of Poetry, which are of all creations of the human imagination the most fanciful and charming. He transported them to Fairyland, where he set up a kingdom for them, and as Puck was the only one of these elves who up to this time possessed a name and a personality, he had to provide them with a king and queen.

About the year 1570 appeared an English translation, by Lord Berners, of the old French romance of Huon of Bordeaux. One of the characters in this was Oberon, the King of Fairyland. Dr. Grimm has shown that this Oberon is evidently the same as the dwarf Albrich who figures in the Nibelungen Lied. In translating the name into French the first syllable, *Al*, naturally became *Au*, and the German diminutive *ich* was changed to its French equivalence *on*, which gives us Auberon; the transition from which to Oberon is obvious. That this derivation is correct is demonstrated by the great similarity between this Oberon in Huon of Bordeaux and the dwarf King Elberich in the old romance of Ortnit or Otnit in the German Heldenbuch. According to Oberon's account of himself in Huon of Bordeaux, he was the son of Julius Cæsar and a fairy known as "The Ladie of the Secret Isle," whose elder son is incidentally mentioned as the father of Alexander the Great. We are further told that at Oberon's birth the fairies all bestowed wondrous gifts upon him, but one of them, who had not been invited to be present upon the auspicious occasion, declared that he should stop growing when he attained the age of three years, and in consequence, although he lived for many centuries, he always preserved the same very juvenile appearance, but, as some compensation for this, his face was the most beautiful on earth. What more natural than for Shakespeare to select this Oberon, so well known to the nobility of his day as a fairy king, through Lord Berners' translation of Huon of Bordeaux, to rule in Fairyland over the rural elves so familiar to the common people? And what more appropriate ruler for these elves, deriving their origin from the Northland dwarfs, than Oberon or Albrich the original dwarf king? The name of Titania, his queen, as pointed out by Mr. Keightly,* is found in Ovid as another appellation for Diana, and was evidently selected because of the belief which widely prevailed in Shakespeare's time that the fairies were the same as the nymphs described in Greek mythology as attending on that goddess when she hunted

* *Fairy Mythology*, p. 325, ed. 1884.

in the woods. Shakespeare likewise gave the elves a new employment. As the dwarfs were supposed to live underground and put into operation the subterranean forces of nature, so these elves of the new Fairyland were assigned to the task of superintending the processes of vegetation and the permutation of the seasons. Titania says to Oberon:

> "the Spring, the Summer,
> The eluding Autumn, angry Winter change
> Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
> By their increase, now knows not which is which;
> *And this same progeny of evils comes*
> *From our debate, from our dissension;*
> *We are their parents and original.*"

The fairy who first appears in the play says to Puck that she

> "must go to seek some dew-drops here
> And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

And Titania says to her attendant fairies:

> "hence;
> Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds."

In order to perform such tasks effectively it would of course be necessary that some of these fairies at least should be decreased in size much below the prevalent popular ideas about them, and hence we are not surprised at learning from Puck that when Oberon and his queen "do square,"

> "all their elves
> Creep into acorn cups and hide them there."

All the fairies, however, could hardly have been quite so small as this, as, for instance, Titania's fairy whom she sent to bear to Oberon's bower in Fairyland the changeling child over whom they had quarrelled. And in order to conform to their language in the play, and not do too great violence to the popular notions about them already adverted to, we are obliged to imagine Oberon, Titania, and Puck as about the size of children not over ten years of age at the utmost.

With such *dramatis personæ* upon his programme, let us now look at the materials Shakespeare had at his command, wherewith to put them upon the boards.

In the first place, as all the actors in Shakespeare's day were of the male sex, he was obliged to have his fairies personated by boys, and all the talking ones by boys large enough to be able not only to commit their parts, but also to recite them effectively. Evidently from design, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed have so little either to do or say—they have not more than three or four words apiece in the whole play—that these parts could readily be taken by very young children. As there was no stage scenery in Shakespeare's day—only properties—all the smaller elves that were wont to

"Creep into acorn cups and hide them there"

could only be *imagined* by the audience, for the gorgeous transformation fairy scenes of the present day, with all their ingenious mechanical contrivances and optical delusions, were yet far distant in the future.

The only stage machinery of his day was the trap-door through which the "ghost rises," and some arrangement of pulleys by which gods and goddesses were let down from the ceiling. The stage was hung around with painted cloths and arras, which, when tragedy was played, were sometimes black. At the back of the stage was a balcony, "which," says Richard Grant White, "like the furniture in the Duke Aranzo's cottage, served 'a hundred uses.' It was inner room, upper room, window, balcony, battlements, hillside, Mount Olympus, any place, in fact, which was supposed to be separated from and above the scene of the main action." It must have been either on or under this balcony that, when Bottom and his company meet for their rehearsal in the wood, Titania is discovered asleep—doubtless upon a portable "mossy bank" like those we sometimes see upon the stage at the present day. Everything else in the way of scenery the audience were expected to "make believe," as, for example, in the old play of *Selinus, Emperor of the Turks*, published in 1594, a stage direction naïvely tells the audience to "suppose the Temple of Mahomet," to which the hero is seen carrying the dead body of his father in a solemn funeral procession. The changes of scene which the audience

were expected to suppose were either indicated by the language of the actors as they entered, or by the introduction of some piece of furniture or property, helped, it might be, as Sir Philip Sidney says, if the supposed scene were Thebes, by "seeing Thebes written in great letters on an old door." Indeed, in some cases, the audience was called upon to imagine not only the change of scenery, but even the existence of stage properties which the management found it impracticable to provide, for in an old MS. copy of Wm. Percy's *Fairy Pastoral*, written about A.D. 1600, we find the following note appended to the list of properties for the play: "Now if so be that the properties or any of them that be outward will not serve the turne by reason of the concurse of the people on the stage then you may omitt the sayd propertees which be outward and supply their places with their nuncupations only in text letters" Still, however, it must be borne in mind that there was a limit beyond which the imaginations of even Elizabethan play-goers could not be safely drawn upon. Although they were as willing to make believe scenery as our children are nowadays to make believe the different apartments of the extemporized houses provided as the habitations of their dolls, yet like these same children they appear to have insisted that the actors in their dramas should be so far as possible correctly costumed. Glaring anachronisms in costumes were indeed freely tolerated, but this was evidently for the reason that even well-educated people had not the knowledge to detect them, for their information about the ancients was derived almost entirely from such classical writers as Plutarch, Livy, and the poets and dramatists, and was not supplemented, as ours is, by numerous pictorial illustrations from authentic sources.

When, therefore, in the play of *Pericles*, the scene of which is laid in the time of Antiochus the Great, one of the characters talks about his pistol, the anachronism does not seem to have attracted enough attention to have been brought to the notice of the author, who might so easily have obviated the criticism by substituting the word dagger for pistol. What the public of that day seem to have demanded was that the actors should

be correctly costumed according to the prevailing ideas of the subject, and especially that the costumes should accord with the supposed rank in life of the various characters assumed. To meet this demand the managers appear to have gone to considerable expense for costumes, it being customary to buy, for stage use, slightly worn court dresses and the gorgeous robes worn at coronations. The Alleyn papers give £16 as the price of one embroidered velvet cloak, and £20 10 as that of another, while Henslowe's diary records the payment of £4 14 for a pair of hose and of £3 10 for "a robe for to goo invisabell." A pound sterling was at that time equivalent in value to about $25 of our money at present, and the largest price recorded by Henslowe as paid for a play was £8, the smallest £4.

In some particulars the stage representation appears to have been realistic to a degree which could not be ventured upon in our time. For instance, from the books of the Whitsunday miracle plays, which were performed annually at Chester until 1577, and of the Corpus Christi mysteries played at Coventry down to 1591, it clearly appears that in the play of the *Fall of Man*, as given in both series, Adam and Eve appeared upon the stage in costumes which accurately corresponded with the inspired description given in the Book of Genesis, and after having eaten of the forbidden fruit they proceeded, in the presence of the audience, to add the historic fig-leaf aprons to their wardrobe—from which we may fairly infer that Shakespeare would have little embarrassment in bringing Puck upon the stage in such costume as would correspond with the popular superstition in regard to his appearance.

In Dr. Simon Forman's description of a performance of *Macbeth* that he saw at the Globe Theatre in 1610, he tells "how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, faëries, or nymphs," etc. The late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, commenting on this,* says, "He could hardly have been mistaken in the statement that Macbeth and Banquo made their first appear-

**Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 8d ed., p. 199.

ance on horseback, a curious testimony to the rude endeavors of the stage managers of the day to invest their representations with something of reality," and adds in a note * that they were mounted "most probably on hobby-horses, for it is hardly possible that there could have been room on the stage of the Globe Theatre for the introduction of living animals." If this view is correct and Macbeth and Banquo did actually come upon the stage mounted on hobby-horses, we may fairly infer that this was not the first or only occasion when they were introduced, but that they probably played quite an important part in the representation of Agincourt in *Henry V.* and upon Bosworth Field in *Richard III.* And if such be the case, it would strongly indicate that the play-going public in Shakespeare's day, while quite ready to imagine any place which the action of the play might require, expected the players who might appear in that scene should faithfully represent in appearance the characters whose parts they took. Now in order to carry out Shakespeare's poetical conception of the fairy tribe and their occupations, it was absolutely necessary that the rank and file of them at least should be extremely small, but the supposition that even the smallest children that might be brought upon the stage to represent them could "creep into acorn cups and hide them there," or make them coats from the leathern wings of the reremice, would involve a degree of absurdity which, unless skilfully thrown into the background, might transform the performance into a burlesque. As our sense of the ludicrous is derived from the perception of incongruities, and as the force with which these incongruities strike us is largely dependent upon their being brought before us unexpectedly, it follows that many things which, under some circumstances, would strike us as extremely ridiculous might, under others, seem perfectly natural, as, for instance: An ancient Greek who, wandering by the seashore on a stormy day, suddenly encountered a solitary stranger delivering an impassioned oration to the roaring waves, would, doubtless, under

* *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 3d ed., p. 348.

ordinary circumstances, have suspected the man of being crazy, but had he been told beforehand that Demosthenes, the orator, was in the habit of frequenting that place and indulging in such exercises for the purpose of training himself to speak before a noisy assembly without embarrassment, he could have comprehended the situation at the first glance, and would most likely have found himself in full sympathy with it. Shakespeare was well aware of this, and having a very keen sense of humor, which must have often been strongly worked upon by the poverty of the stage appointments and resources of his day, we see how, in the play of *King Henry V.*, he took especial pains to guard against the natural effect upon his audience of the absurdity of his attempt to represent

> "With four or five most vile and ragged foils
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous
> The name of Agincourt"

by introducing the chorus before each act, in order to make a direct appeal to their imaginations, and so bring them into full sympathy with the play.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the absurdity is of a different kind, he seeks to counteract it by a different method, which is by throwing it into the background by contrast with other situations intended to strike the beholder as still more absurd. Hence the introduction of Nick Bottom and his company of "hard-handed men of Athens" in their clumsy attempt to adequately represent before the Duke and Duchess on their wedding-day "The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby." It is to be noted that the clowns are introduced upon the stage in the scene immediately preceding that in which the fairies first appear, so that the spectators, having just indulged in a hearty laugh over the incongruity between the amateur actors and the parts which they have selected to perform, are in a frame of mind in which they are not much astonished at the appearance of Puck and a fairy who, if represented by children, probably accorded pretty well with the popular ideas of those characters. The conversation of this pair, describing their respective occupations and

pursuits, unfolds to the auditor Shakespeare's poetic conception of the fairies, and so awakens a sympathy whereby the imagination is more readily enlisted to aid in piecing out the imperfections of the actors and the scenery when "Enter from one side Oberon and her train, from the other Titania with hers." And so we may observe throughout the entire play the consummate skill with which the clowns are always employed to prevent the fairies from appearing ridiculous by constantly presenting, in direct contrast to them, some outrageous absurdities of their own, in comparison with which everything about the latter that might otherwise seem extravagant is completely thrown into the shade. For when once the audience has been duly prepared for what it has to expect in that remarkable interlude to be played before the Duke, when half the face of Snug the joiner must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through its mane to assure them that he is a man as other men are, and when "some one else must come in with a bunch of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine," and finally "some man or other must present Wall and . . . have some plaster or some loam or some rough-cast about him to signify Wall," the height of the ridiculous in histrionic representation has already been attained, and every other absurdity must seem insignificant by comparison.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS.

WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?

II.—III.

THE GRANT WHITE SHAKESPEARE AND THE RIVERSIDE SHAKESPEARE.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, whose "Shakespeare's Scholar" would have made him the foremost—had he not been about the only—American at that time devoting himself to the specialty, turned his attention to preparing an edition of the plays, in or about the year 1860. The publication of it was to have been begun in the year 1861. But in that year all business projects were arrested by the terrible portents of civil war, soon to come and absorb every interest and stagnate all new ventures. So it was not until the country was again at peace, in 1865, that we find the eminent firm of Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, issuing "The Works of William Shakespeare. The Plays edited from the Folio of MDCXXIII., with Various Readings from all the Editions, and all the Commentators, Notes, Introductory Remarks. A Historical Sketch of the Text. An Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama. A Memoir of the Poet, and an Essay upon his Genius. In twelve Volumes. By Richard Grant White." Of this edition a copy lies before us with the publishers' imprint of the year, 1869, and in every respect abreast of the demand for a useful edition of the great Dramas. Subsequently to his death in 1885, Mr. White prepared another edition, which is printed at the renowned Riverside Press in Cambridge, and which is christened, therefore, "The Riverside Edition." Both these editions are in the market, and it is to an examination of the claims of each—not as against each other, for they do not compete, and are both of the highest value—that these papers propose to speak.

Editions of Shakespeare are to be examined with direct reference to the purposes for which they are prepared, and to the uses which they are designed to serve. An edition which has no purpose, and which serves no use, very soon disappears, first

from the market and then from the catalogues. As is pointed out elsewhere in these pages, Mr. White was a singularly practical gentleman. Anything without a use was without any attraction for him. Nobody loved or prized Variorum editions of Shakespeare more than he. But it was because they gave him something to sift from; he was the last man in the world to prepare one. Moreover, he was one of the most combative of men. These two elements in combination often result in disorder. But, in Mr. White, they produced, what is rare anywhere, and most of all in a student of any specialty—a sense of justice! Mr. White might laugh at or scold at his critics (he enjoyed cutting the ground out from under their feet better than either), but he never failed to give them credit for anything they offered which stood the test of his touchstone and the alembic of his analysis. In his preface to the Riverside Edition he was very severe on what we may call here The Echo System of Editing Shakespeare. Editors who furnished editions prepared on that system, he compared to a joiner who, on receiving an order to build a bookcase, should send his customer, not only the bookcase, but all the chips and shavings produced in its manufacture. What the reader wanted, argued Mr. White. was a pure text, made intelligible by as few, instead of as many, explanations as possible; that he might read as much of Shakespeare and as little of his editor, for the time being, as possible: least of all, in all conscience, did he, the reader, have any use for an *olla podrida* of all the surmises, guesses, failures, suggestions, and discarded propositions with which a century of work at the preparation of a pure text had littered libraries and stuffed old bookcases!

We are bound to say that even so magnificent a purpose as this, poised upon such laudable principles, may be pushed too emphatically. It is better to give too much than too little in most things. But in an edition of Shakespeare the maxim is not hard and fast. If commentary is in hand, then by all means let us have too little rather than too much, and let that little be appetizing, stimulating, and suggestive, such as sends the student to another and yet another edition—rather than

creative, dogmatic, and, above all, æsthetic. Let every man be his own æsthetic commentator on Shakespeare, provided he keep his ecstasy to himself. One man's ecstasy over Shakespeare is not another man's ecstasy over Shakespeare, by any manner of means. If, however, annotation is substituted for controversy, let us have plenty of it: provided elementary annotation is reserved for the school editions and not intruded upon readers, who are called to stop every other word and learn with astonished delight that "bonnet" means *a cap*, that "definement" means *definition*, that when Macbeth called his wife "dearest chuck" he means that expression as "a term of endearment," or that, when Macduff says, "in the great hand of God I stand," he means that he trusts in Providence! (Specimens, which, to tread on the corns of no living editor, we take from the ridiculous little "Valpy" edition, now all but forgotten.) Provided this, we say, then let there be plenty of annotation—explanatory, glossarial, and even in the way of interpretation where a metaphor is not readily revealed, or a construction is archaic, unusual, or involved. But the absence of commentary and the plethora of annotation must both be indulged in with discretion.

The edition published by Little, Brown & Co., and known as "White's Shakespeare." was and is one of the most admirable editions ever printed. Indeed the above rules were exactly Mr. White's own. He proposed to first make the text as pure as possible, and secondly, to turn no reader over to his own library for light where light was needed. But, argued Mr. White, in nine cases out of ten, Shakespeare is his own best interpreter. Let the reader finish the scene, and the chances are that any little ambiguity he may stumble upon will be solved for him. Let the reader *absorb*, if he cannot state in words, the definition of an unknown word, the significance of an obscure speech. The mental effort will doubtless be unconscious, but even if labored, the exercise will stand him in the way of experience. Not in these words, but to this effect, Mr. White argues in the preface to the Grant White Shakespeare, and in this line that edition fully lived up to his argument. Mr. White's plan was

to prefix each play with a brief introduction, say four or six pages, mainly historical, with just a faint critical estimate, avoiding subtleties and what the Elizabethans used to call "conceits" entirely. Then followed the *Dramatis Personæ* printed on a page by itself, as given by Nicholas Rowe, who supplied these in almost every case where the first Folio omitted them. Then comes the Text, the entrances in small capitals in a line by themselves, and the speeches in a clear long primer type unblemished by asterisks or note signs. In but two cases has Mr. White used any printers' marks in the text, except where called for by that of the First Folio. These he explains as follows in the prefatory note to the *II. Henry VI.*

"Those parts of this play and the next which are taken bodily from the old plays on which they are founded are marked with brackets in the margin; those which are modifications of the older version, with single quotation marks."

Following the text come the notes, arranged by acts and scenes, and printed in "minion" type, with considerable breaks between the acts, and each note paragraphed, to favor the eye of the student. The method of the annotation was to refer by page. repeat the matter annotated, and then briefly paraphrase or explain it, thus:

> p. 151. "'The cover of the salt hides the salt.' The salt-cellar of olden times was a large piece of plate with a cover, which stood near the head of the table: above it was the place of honor."

Mr. White rarely finds a necessity for more than twenty or two dozen of these notes to a scene—there is no "encumbering with help" about them. To certain of the volumes Mr. White prefixed "preliminary matter" and to the final volume he added "A Dissertation on English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era." A "Table of Readings, etc., first Given in this Among Editions of the Present Century," another table of "The Sources Whence they Are Derived," and an Index to the Matter of the Notes, "Glossarial, Exegetical, Antiquarian, and Historical." In all, a mass of instructive, helpful, and every way

invaluable matter, such as only Mr. White could prepare, every line of which had been subjected to his own impatient estimate of what was surplusage and what was necessary. The twelve volumes are also bound in six, in either forming a desirable library edition of the Dramatist.

II. THE RIVERSIDE SHAKESPEARE. The reader who opens these exquisitely bound volumes, as choice work as ever left the immaculate Riverside Press, will expect a beautiful letterpress, a dainty tint of paper, and a clearness of typography for his eye to rest upon. And he will not be disappointed not only, but expectation will be even bettered. There are six volumes of oblong page, about 46 lines, being therefore properly called unique or pronounced, among the editions of Shakespeare.

We have called "The White Shakespeare" just above described, an edition for the library. Perhaps—though it is difficult to discriminate between two such performances of the same elegant scholar—we might describe the present as an edition for the advanced or casual reader. The twenty years which elapsed between Mr. White's preparation of these had only accentuated his early disinclination to give too much aid to the reader, or to intrude himself editorially upon the reader who came to read Shakespeare. He therefore gives his notes—few enough in his earliest edition—a second sifting—and this time prints them at the bottom of the page. This seems to be the extent, so far, of editorial *prima facie* difference, to put the notes on the page where they are appealed to, or by themselves in the rear. There is all to be said for both plans. Each, too, has its inconveniences. Certainly, if the note is a good one, it is wanted at once. Certainly, if it is an impertinence, let us put it as far out of sight as possible. But then Mr. White's notes are never impertinences. They are like other good things, in that they come too seldom; like joys, in that they never come too soon; like happinesses, in that they leave us too swiftly. Each plan has its adherents; neither can be said to be exclusively the proper one. Of Mr. White's preface to the Riverside Shakespeare, however, we are not obliged to speak so neutrally. Whatever hesitancy one might have in pronouncing between the plan of

Mr. White's two editions, it is certain that Mr. White himself proposed leaving no doubt as to the result of his own Shakespearian experiences. Of this we shall speak in conclusion. Let us, however, say a word more as to Mr. White's two styles of annotation.

Let us turn to that bothersome "dram of eale," which "doth all the noble substance of a doubt to its own scandal." In his first edition Mr. White prints this as it stands, and in his notes says bravely :

> "I leave this grossly corrupted passage unchanged, because none of the attempts to restore it seem to me even worth recording, and I am unable to better them."

But in the Riverside Edition, Mr. White boldly prints the phrase,

> " the dram of evil
> Doth all the noble substance oft adulter
> To his own scandal,"

and then, at the foot of the page, gives one of the longest notes (ten lines) vouchsafed to us in this edition as follows :

> "The original has here 'the dram of *eale;*' and at the end of the next line, *of a doubt*. This passage is found only in the quarto of 1604, where we know it was printed from manuscript. The destructive confusion of the quarto text is plainly the result, in part, of an attempt to make *something* out of copy that could not be deciphered. It seems to me that *eale* is a phonetic error for *evil* (that word and *devil* having been, like *spirit*, pronounced sometimes as two syllables and sometimes as one ; in the quarto we have *deal* twice for *devil*), and that, as to the next line, the form of the letters, hardly less than the general sense of the passage, and the particular words *corruption* and *scandal*, which immediately precede and follow it, indicate the word in this text, which, strange to say, would seem the only possible word that has not heretofore been proposed."

It would seem impossible to give a fairer statement of the differences between the two editions prepared by Mr. White

than by this comparison. Whether we admire the courage which enabled the editor to admit that he could neither better nor suggest a betterment, and therefore refrained from meddling with his master, or the quite equal boldness of printing in the text two words, which, so far as we know or ever can know, Shakespeare never wrote; let us be sure Mr. White would never have adopted the latter piece of boldness without profound deliberation, arriving at the last at unshaken conviction. We must admit, however, that in a Shakespearian commentator the first kind of courage is the more sublime. To edit Shakespeare, and actually let a confused passage alone! Where in the history of Shakespearian commentary will you find another example? To suggest conjectural readings for uncertain passages is one thing, to actually rewrite them is quite another. But between these two, lies the demarking line of editorial methods. Some readers may demand one, and others insist on the other.

Readers of Spenser's Faerie Queen will remember Britomart, in the castle of Busyrane:

> "And, as she lookt about, she did behold
> How, over that same dore was likewise writ
> BE BOLD. BE BOLD, AND EVERYWHERE BE BOLD.
>
> "At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
> Another yron dore. on which was writ
> BE NOT TOO BOLD"

If one could always know exactly how to be bold—and be bold—and be everywhere bold, and yet not to be too bold—one doubtless would always get along without making any mistakes. But, unhappily, the knowledge is not always vouchsafed. Let us, however, admit that Mr. White was always genuine, honest, incomparable, and let us add—impatient of humbug or cant of any sort. This last remark brings us to the preface to the Riverside Edition. Here as a final word (and it was his final word) Mr. White says his say very proudly. He conceals none of his fine contempt for criticastering, and the fights and squabbles of commentators—the small smattering which, equally with the profoundest knowledge, seems to be always a charter

and a license to quarrel—and even goes to the extent of admitting that in preparing the Riverside Edition he had taken counsel of his washerwoman! Of course what Mr. White meant by this is evident enough—and those at least for whom the Riverside Edition was prepared, did and will understand the sarcasm. Of course what Mr. White meant was, not that his washerwoman or anybody's washerwoman could edit Shakespeare as well as a good many of Mr. White's predecessors had edited Shakespeare (though some of them insisted on so interpreting it, nor did Mr. White himself ever take any pains to undeceive them). What he probably did mean, is, what we have already alluded to, namely, that if Shakespeare was to be brought down to the comprehension of every infant who preferred to learn his letters out of the plays instead of a spelling-book, he had better be sent to washerwomen to edit at once; that it perhaps required some elementary education in the reader to read Shakespeare at all: but that if this elementary education was expected to be put into footnotes under the great text, somebody beside Mr. White must be selected for the work; that Mr. White did not propose to do it, or to ask his washerwoman to do it. And most of us will sympathize in this with Mr. White.

The White Edition printed by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. is a work to be studied, the Riverside Edition is for the library and the literary consulting-room. But nobody who reads his Shakespeare under Mr. White's pilotage can well go wrong!

THE VERSIFICATION OF "OTHELLO."

Othello is generally thought to be about the twenty-fifth in the order of composition of Shakespeare's plays, 1604 being the year to which it is accordingly assigned. This chronological disposition of it places it in the author's third period. Only seven of the thirty-eight plays of Shakespeare are longer than this one. It contains about 3320 lines. Of these 725 are unmistakable prose, and there are not a few blank verses whose extreme ruggedness makes them seem at first sight almost an

offence to their more rhythmical companions. The metrically perfect verses in the play are, taking Milton's verse as a test of perfection, not far from 1300. The play contains over fifty Alexandrines, or lines of twelve syllables; though some of these, by applying the law of equivalents, may pass as pentameters. About 600 lines are too long, and about an equal number too short, Milton's verse still being the model. Some insist that many of the verses, lacking smoothness, are mere prose; others that they are, in the best artistic sense, poetry: their ruggedness and irregularity being a necessary characteristic of the workmanship of the consummate artist, Shakespeare, to whom may be applied the "terrific grace" which Schlegel assigns to Æschylus, the Phidias of tragedy, and whose unapproachable mind and art could not be subjected to the restraint of such dead level accuracy of versifying as characterizes Addison. The ruggedness of Emerson's poetry is not unlike that of Shakespeare's, and is often adversely criticised on account of this quality; while it is probable that Emerson purposely broke the even flowing of his verse as a protest against the monotony of what he calls "poetry to put around frosted cake."

Six scenes in the play have each at least one tag rhyme, intentional or otherwise. *The Tempest* has but one tag rhyme, while *Macbeth* has thirty-three, the greatest number of all. Some of these may be, however, the work of a second writer, as *Macbeth* belongs to Shakespeare's third period, when he had nearly given up rhyming.

To criticise the versification of *Othello*, is, in a manner, to criticise the versification of all Shakespeare's plays. To do this in anything like a satisfactory way, would require research among the dramatic writings of many languages, ancient and modern. No one can be sufficiently acquainted with foreign tongues to give really valuable personal impressions of the general literary merits of the principal dramatic compositions of all time. Schlegel, who seems most nearly to have reached such a consummation, acknowledges that the views he gives of noted dramas are often in no sense his own views, but that they are borrowed from trustworthy writers who have made a special

study of some language. It is pretty generally agreed that elegant versification is not of first consideration in dramatic composition, the French alone making it a prominent essential of success in such writing. Shakespeare's thoughtfulness for rhythm varies considerably throughout his composing periods. Alternately rhyming lines are found only in the first and the second of his four writing periods. Alexandrines, never appearing in his early dramas, do appear later and with increasing frequency to the end of his work. Female lines, or those with an extra end-syllable, appear to the number of 700 in a late play, while in an early play there are none. Weak ending lines, or those ending with connectives or other insignificant words, characterize the fourth period, when the poet cared most for the thought, least for how he expressed it. Lines with an extra syllable before a pause are most frequent in his third period. *Othello* well illustrates this fact. The subsequent use of weak endings rendered the practice less necessary. Shakespeare admits into his poetry, besides the standard pentameter, short lines of one, two, or three feet; and rhyming lines of four or five feet. Some insist that all blank verses of four feet are corrupt. Short lines are more frequent in his later plays. Doggerel lines occur in his early comedies, never later. In settling the vexing question of the chronological order of the poet's plays the rhyming test is made use of to a very considerable extent. Those who rely most upon this are able to see a gradual decrease in the use of rhyme from the beginning to the end of his dramatic writings. In support of this claim it is to be observed that *Love's Labor's Lost*, which is universally conceded to be among the earliest plays, contains 1000 rhyming lines; while *Winter's Tale*, allowed to be one of his latest, has no rhyming lines. Great stress is placed upon this rhyming test, because it seems almost never to contradict indisputable external evidence. It would appear that, when Shakespeare began writing, there was in his mind some doubt as to using rhyme or blank verse in dramatic composition; that at first he was considerably inclined to rhyme, but that later on his taste settled on blank verse. In studying Shakespeare's versification one

further point in general is to be noticed; that is, the change of accent in certain words, some of the changes occurring even in his own productive period of about twenty years. An example of the transfer of accent within his own literary experience is found in the word "complete," which he at first accented on the first syllable, but which later on he accents on the ultima.

The first line of *Othello*,

"Tush, never tell me; I take it most unkindly,"

though in fact containing twelve syllables, is a pentameter with two extra syllables, one in the middle of the line before a pause, the other at the end. This peculiarity has already been declared to belong to the author's third period. The second and third lines,

"That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this,"

are smooth and perfect iambic pentameters, such as are invariably found in Milton. The fourth line,

"'Sblood, but you will not hear me,"

is a trimeter with extra end-syllable. The eighth line,

"Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city,"

is hexameter, an Alexandrine, with extra syllable in the middle and at the end. The hexameter has never been a favorite verse in English. Shakespeare uses it but sparingly and, it would seem, for variety. It appears in his third and fourth periods and with various characteristics. The twelfth line,

"But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,"

is the plainest possible Alexandrine. Line fourteen,

"Horribly stuffed with epithets of war,"

presents an early peculiarity of accentuation in the word "horribly." Line seventeen,

"My officer. And what was he?"

has been tampered with, if the position is to be maintained that Shakespeare never uses tetrameter blank verse. In line eighteen,

"Forsooth, a great arithmetician,"

there is a case of resolution in the diphthong "ia." The twenty-third line,

"More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,"

is the third Alexandrine in the plays thus early met with, and is likewise a third variety of that verse. Lines twenty-five and twenty-six,

"As masterly," etc.,

are Alexandrines similar in character. The thirty-eighth line,

"Whether I in any just term am affined,"

is, rhythmically considered, offensive, though mechanically containing five feet. Lines thirty-nine and forty,

"To love the Moor.
I would not follow him then,"

taken together, constitute a pentameter. Line sixty-nine,

"Rouse him. Make after him, poison his delight,"

is a rare example of an utterly unscannable line which yet in effect, under the law of metrical equivalents, is a pleasing pentameter. The word "business" in line ninety-one is an example of expansion, having three syllables. About the middle of scene 2, act I., the line

"Marry, to. Come, Captain, will you go?"

is in no sense poetry. The same act, scene 3, contains the word "bearing," accented on the ultima, a common occurrence. Beautiful thought and happy metre are combined in Othello's speech in same scene,

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them."

In this scene a line by Brabantio,

"I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state,"

satisfies the ear, while it cannot be scanned. Eleven consecutive lines by Iago, scene 1, act II., beginning

"She that was ever fair,"

are a rare example of Shakespeare's indulgence in uninterrupted smoothness of versification. In scene 3 of same act the word "action" is a case of syllabic resolution. Five familiar lines by Iago in scene 3, act III.,

"Who steals my purse," etc.,

are but passable, metrically considered, though it is observable that no character in the tragedy speaks, on the whole, better-made verses than he. There is a mixture of the bad and the good in versification in the same scene, where Othello begins: "What sense had I?" three lines of which are prose-like in the extreme, while the last three, beginning

"I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips,"

have a luxuriance of rhythm equal to that of Milton's line,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Still, in the same scene, ten consecutive lines of uninterrupted metrical smoothness spoken by Othello, are to be noticed, beginning

"Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content,"

and ending with,

"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

In scene 4, act III., it will be observed that Desdemona speaks in prose; but then she is speaking to the clown: though, the moment of the clown's exit, she speaks to Emilia in verse. In scene 1, act IV., Othello speaks in prose grossly and in extreme passion, just before falling in a trance. Much of this scene is prose. Why any, or why not all, are questions not easily answered. Othello speaks lines of great beauty and at the same time of metrical perfection in scene 2, act IV.,

"Yet could I bear that too," etc.

The first twenty-two lines of scene 2, act V., where Othello philosophizes over Desdemona asleep before smothering her, would hardly be so touchingly beautiful if excellence of versification were to share more largely the honors of the composition. As going to show that the poet sometimes presents his most beau-

tiful thought in prose, as well as in unattractive verse, Cassio's allusion to the loss of reputation, near the close of act II., is in point. So also in the same scene the same character says in prose, "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil." It will be remembered that much of the best that Hamlet says is said in prose. How much the spice that variety gives may be answerable for this and for other unexplained practices of the great bard, cannot, perhaps, be estimated. This is clear, that Shakespeare's clowns, nobodies, and fools are but little favored with the embellishments of verse. It would be agreeable to one's expectations if, on the other hand, such embellishments always marked the speech of the author's favorite characters and his mightiest flights of thought; which, however, a careful study of *Othello* at least does not confirm. [It is my intention to prepare for the Cooperstown Shakespeare Club the coming winter and to print in SHAKESPEARIANA a critique on "the versification of *Winter's Tale*," studying the play in the light of Dr. Price's able paper on the versification of *Othello* (Number 8 of the publications of the New York Shakespeare Society), which I had not seen in the winter of 1884–5, when I prepared the above.]

JOHN G. WIGHT.

THE AMERICAN EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

II.—RICHARD GRANT WHITE.*

WHEN the world, hardly more than fifty years ago, began with Cooper and Irving to read "an American book," we can imagine the curl of the British lip at a suggestion that an American opinion might be worth taking. Indeed, the question as to when there began to be any American opinion at all upon matters Shakespearian, might well be made a very perplexing one. Criticism is hardly to be expected unless the thing criticised is at least potentially present. Where there is no sea there are not apt to be sailors. The question as to when American criticism of Shakespeare began, would naturally de-

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*See Biographical Sketch, SHAKESPEARIANA, V. 1, p. 257.

pend upon the answer to a prior question, as to when Shakespeare and Shakespearian history began to be printed and read in America.

Shakespeare himself was alive, and at the very summit of production, when Captain John Smith settled in Virginia. But the Immigrant seems not to have brought a chance Quarto among his personal baggage, and the fad for collecting antiques, which a few years ago turned the old colonies into markets for city dealers, while ransacking the venerable houses and yielding richly in claw-footed furniture and blue china, seems never to have turned up to the light one of these priceless pamphlets or a broadside of the date. The first settlers of these shores brought no books except the Bible and devotional works. There were plenty of copies of Fox's Martyrs, and Baxter's Saints' Rest, and Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs, but no Shakespeares.* Such being the case, it was natural enough that the utterances of Shakespeare's first critics, Rowe, Pope, and Theobald—and the so-called criticism of Rymer, Warburton, and others, who were supposed to be critics—found no echo, a century later, over here. Passing over another century, no outermost circle of the Ireland episode reached these shores, nor did the great work of Ireland's great contemporary, Malone—the first lawyer who took poor Shakespeare out of the clutches of the Poets and Poets Laureate—find in the United States any readers or sympathizers, much less disciples. The silence that follows discovery was noisy compared to the silence of America as to the greatest name in their inherited literature.

But, just about fifty years after the Ireland forgeries, came the Collier frauds, and to the surprise of scholars, up from this side sprang, all at once, without preparation, the Malone for Mr. Collier's Ireland, the critic who was to smash their pre-

* The curious copy of the Second Folio Shakespeare, now in possession of C. F. Gunther, of Chicago, was found in Montana in the house of a squatter family. But while it has been elaborately followed to its earliest owners in England, by Mr. Vining and others (SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. IV., p. 154), its actual transit across the ocean cannot be located.

tensions as Bentley had smashed the Letters of Philaris—basing, on pure internal evidence, conclusions of fact which every other character of evidence, circumstantial, physical, and material, was to confirm and establish beyond gainsay.

When Mr. Collier produced his "Perkins Folio," and its "new readings" agitated all Letters, *a l'instant* a lithe, clean-limbed American warrior, stepped firmly into the field, and took that whole field for his province. And out of that war of pamphlets and pamphleteers, it was to Richard Grant White, the American, that the honor belonged of demonstrating, finally, that William Shakespeare and the Perkins "readings" were not contemporary. Armed *cap-a-pie*, with a perfect equipment at every point, nerved to a great effort, with a presumption against him as a combatant at all, from an unexpected quarter of the universe, Mr. White knew whereof he wrote. First of all, a grammarian and a comparative philologist, an attempt to deceive him by a piece of Victorian, palmed off as a piece of Elizabethan, English appeared to be about as hopeless an effort as would be an effort to satisfy a comparative anatomist like Huxley with a Barnum mermaid or a New Haven sea-serpent of lath and canvas. The records, easily extant, bear witness to the reception accorded to "Shakespeare's Scholar" (under which title Mr. White collected his magazine contributions upon "Perkins Folio" matters), and how speedily the name of the book transferred itself to its author. Its great merit, its absolute exhaustiveness, its minute accuracy, and its shrewd postulates of fact and of logic were immediately conceded. As a rule, mere windfall approbation of a book is of as little value as an estimate drawn from its preface, or its binding, or from personal acquaintance with its author, in divers and sundry suburban newspapers. But, in this case, the first approval of "Shakespeare's Scholar" became its deliberate valuation. And even when, finally, Sir Francis Madden, an expert in chirography, and Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton, a chemist, went to work with the Perkins Folio itself before them—the one with his microscope and the other with his acids—they found the marginalia of that notorious copy of the second Folio as of the

exact dates to which Mr. White, without an inspection but from philological testimony alone, had referred them.

The controversy is dead. If Mr. White's book is dead, too, it is because it closed the work it was written to perform. Time, the fulness of learning, discovery, and the constantly bettering consensus of scholars, (which new elements in solution and induction are constantly accruing), have verified every single one of Mr. White's prophesies, and established the worthlessness of every single one of the "readings" he rejected. This is the highest praise at any time. But at the threshold of the Shakespearian criticism of a continent, it is an achievement in the empire of literature. Since then American scholarship has made great strides. But, just as three centuries of English letters since Shakespeare has not brought English speech back to where he left it in himself, so American Shakespearian criticism has not, to date, done more—and it is difficult to see how it could do more—than Mr. White, at its very threshold accomplished.

About Mr. White's only infirmity was a certain difficulty of temper, which is not altogether an unknown quantity in this Preserve. But, however often this infirmity was allowed to find its way into his first drafts and occasional contributions to his subject matter, it was rarely suffered to appear in their collected and revised forms.

Mr. White's place as a Shakespearian commentator is secure. The value of his work is held to be of the highest. And it is exceedingly doubtful if an annotated edition of the great dramas has appeared since the first Grant White edition, or will hereafter appear, in which Mr. White's contributions, notes, or memoranda have not or will not have a representation.

Miscellany.

At an anniversary meeting of the Grand Rapids Ladies' Shakespeare Club, in response to the toast "Our Sister Societies," the President of the New York Shakespeare Society said: "Ladies, when Ulysses says in the play 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' we know that he was reminding Achilles, sulking and smarting in his tent, that it was, unhappily, human nature to be ungrateful, to forget old friends, old friendships, and old service for brand new ones, and that even an Achilles must not expect the laws of creation to be relaxed in his favor. But the words are Shakespeare's, after all, and not those of Ulysses, and we have come to quote them objectively in their kindly and beneficent sense, and to interpret them that it is loving kindness and good-will and good fellowship which is the one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin! At any rate, we will hope so. Most especially, this afternoon, let us give everybody the benefit of the doubt, and paraphrase it to declare that, anyhow, one touch of Shakespeare makes us kin.

"I should be very sorry to think that this Society could possibly doubt—I am very proud to be assured that it has not doubted, that it could assume the friendship and fellowship of its sister Society—the Shakespeare Society of New York—which I have the honor to represent at your feast. And I am very glad (to pass from the occasion and to speak of that which draws us together) to be assured that this Society agrees with us in the motives for which, and guided by which, it makes its excursions into the fields and pastures of Shakespeariana. I am glad to know that we both go there for pastime and for entertainment, for pleasure and not for pain; not to agonize over the poet, to assign him motives, theories, purposes, philosophies, not to demonstrate that he labored to teach eschatologies and ontologies to his bewildered audiences, not to detect

him in stained-glass attitudes—in Platonic love for a potato or a not too-French French bean; but to enjoy the dramatist whose splendid genius flooded and pervaded the spacious times of great Elizabeth, and to leave the eschatologies and the ontologies and all the other ologies to those who are wiser—and perhaps just a little crazier—than we are!

"No, ladies, it is because Shakespeare was a man, with all the frailties, loves, hates, passions of a man, that his book has survived to us, and that we read him as if he had written for our century and with his own entirely in the background. Had he been the mere æsthetic, or Platonist, or mystic, or howling dervish some would make him, he would indeed have been buried under a curse, and blessed indeed would he have been who left him undisturbed, and cursed indeed would he have been who moved his bones! Do not worship him! Remember him as the wayward village lad who roamed by Avon's banks: roguish, mischievous, troublesome to the Lucys and to the beadles and bumbailiffs of Stratford, in love with its brooks and its beer and its pretty girls. Remember that he left his home rather than draw on its poverty; that he worked hard and amassed a fortune in Elizabeth's London, but that, having won it, his ambition was to return to the home of his childhood and live and die there, the honest, open-handed gentleman, the gentleman of Horace:

"Thrice blessed he, who, far from the noise of trade,
Ploughs with oxen the fields of his ancestors.

"I say, do not worship this man, but remember that what keeps his pages alive for us, is, that we find in them just what he put there, and not what the critics put there. No occult philosophies, no revelations for the cranks and for the Inner-Brotherhood, but the manhood of a man, whose revelation was the revelation of humanity. To him, indeed, did the mighty mother unveil her awful face. But we are not afraid to look at her face as reflected in the pages of her dramatist. Remember that it is because we are men and women with red blood in our veins, that we are kin with Shakespeare and Shakespeare kin with us!

"Ladies, I thank you for the opportunity you have given me and for the place for me you have made upon this afternoon's programme."

EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA: In his series of papers entitled "Did Ben Jonson Write Bacon's Works?" Mr. Waites omits to quote—although he refers to—the tributes to Bacon by Jonson in his *Discoveries*, written after Bacon's death. As these references are of considerable value in the question Mr. Waites has raised, perhaps you will allow me to give them *in extenso*. Jonson says: "Lord Egerton, the Chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked; but his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born that could honor a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward; so that he (*i.e.* Bacon) may be named and stand as the mark and ἀκμή of our language. . . . This made the late Lord St. Alban entitle his work *Novum Organum;* which, though by the most of superfinal men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book

'Qui longum noto scriptori proroget ævum.'

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest." Would Jonson have spoken thus of a dead man if he himself had written the works attributed to that dead man? Mr. Waites says that "so far as these

testimonies refer to Bacon being the author of the *Philosophical Works* they are not trustworthy." Will Mr. Waites tell your readers to what works they *do* refer—the works of the man "who hath filled up all numbers," and entitling him to "be named and stand as the mark and ἀκμή of our language?" I ask this, as Baconians may be cruel enough to say that the works referred to are the so-called Shakespearian dramas.

EDINBURGH, July 16, 1889. GEORGE STRONACH, M.A.

EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA: *Dear Sir*—I am glad to read Mr. Stronach's letter and to answer his inquiries. I omitted to insert the alleged testimonies to be found in the *Discoveries* attributed to Ben Jonson, not because of the slightest disinclination to quote them, but because I was limited to time, the paper appearing in SHAKESPERIANA exactly as it was read before the N. Y. Shakespeare Society, the only additional matter being the Parallelisms.

I said the testimonies referred to were not "trustworthy," and gave my reasons, as I thought, with tolerable distinctness; in substance, that Jonson did not write these alleged testimonies; and that they certainly were not published till after Jonson's death, which took place more than ten years after Bacon's decease, the interval being long enough to have allowed Jonson to publish them if he had ever intended to do so. If they were not written by Jonson there is little relevancy in asking "to what works they do refer."

It would not be difficult to extract passages from Jonson's works with which to compile such testimonies, and I strongly intimated that this was precisely what Toby Mathew did. For instance:

"But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome." This, we must remember, was published after Jonson's death.

Now observe what Jonson wrote in praise of Shakespeare, which was published during Jonson's lifetime:

"Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

But Mr. Stronach says, "Will Mr. Waites tell your readers to what works they (the testimonies) do refer—the works of the man 'who had filled up all numbers,' and entitling him to be 'named and stand as the mark and acme of our language'?" And he asks this "as Baconians may be cruel enough to say that the works referred to are the so-called Shakespearian dramas."

The first part, the question, I have already answered, and respecting the warning, Shakespearians can well afford to be charitable; in the light of recent events, it would be "cruel" to deprive the Baconians of the slightest comfort which they may derive from any source whatever.

Mr. Stronach, however, strenuously insists upon the *acme*, and that requires some attention. After the publication of the *Novum Organum*, Bacon, because of the reputation which he had fraudulently acquired, was, doubtless, often entitled "the acme of our language;" but not by Jonson, for Jonson was, in truth, himself the acme. His statement upon this subject, published during the year preceding Bacon's death, should be deemed conclusive. In the prologue to "The Staple of News," Jonson significantly says:

"Great noble wits, be good unto yourselves,
And make a difference 'twixt poetic elves
And poets; all that dabble in the ink,
And defile quills, are not those few can think,
Conceive, express, and steer the souls of men,
As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.
He must be one that can instruct your youth,
And keep your *acme* in the state of truth,
Must enterprise this work."

The careful reader of "The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon," and the "Authorship of Shakespeare," remembering what an inveterate liar Bacon was, how he lied to Elizabeth, to James, to Essex, to Somerset, to Cecil, and to Buckingham,

must admit that to keep *this* "acme in the state of truth" exceeded the power of any human being.

Yours truly, ALFRED WAITES.

THE Baconian craze is contagious. There has lately been published at Amiens a pamphlet of some 120 pages, entitled *Les Emprunts d'Homere au Livre de Judith*, par l'Abbé Fourrière. According to a notice in the *Revue Critique*, its aim is to prove that the authors who wrote under the name of Homer were of Jewish origin. Here are some of the proofs. There were Jews in the Troad, particularly in the neighborhood of Mount Ida, as is shown by their name — "Idaei, Iudaei." When Homer says that a thing had two names, in the language of gods and in the language of men, by the former he meant Hebrew, and by the latter Greek. If the Aeolic dialect be compared with Hebrew striking resemblances appear, notably the similarity of the digamma and Vau. From the point of view of religion, the *Iliad* should be considered as, at bottom, the representation of a great war against the monotheism of the Bible, etc.—*Athenæum.*

EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA: The paragraph from the London *Times*, in connection with your notice of Mr. Lawrence's reprint of De Witt's interesting sketch of an English Shakespearian theatre in your August issue is erroneous in one important particular. The Swan Theatre was not "faced with marble," but had columns of wood so ingeniously tinted or stained to resemble marble as to deceive any but the closest observer. To make this clear, I append the original letter of Canon De Witt, together with a free translation that has been handed me. Yours very respectfully,

APPLETON MORGAN.

DE WITT'S LETTER.

Ampiteatra Londinij sunt IV visendae pulcritudinis quae a diversis intersignijs diversa nomina sortiuntur: in ijs varia quotidie scaena populo exhibetur. Horum duo excellentiora ultra Tamisim ad meridiem sita sunt, a suspensis signis ROSA et

CYGNUS nominata: Alia duo extra urbem ad septentrionem sunt, viâ quâ itur per Episcopalem portam vulgariter Biscopgat nuncupatam. Est etiam quintum sed dispari et [*sic*] structura, bestiorum concertationi destin atum, in quo multi ursi, Tauri, et stupendi magnitudinis canes, discretis caneis et septis oluntur, qui ad pugnam adservantur. jucundissimum hominibus spectaculum praebentes. Theatrorum autem omnium praestantissimum est ad amplissimum id cujus intersignium est cygnus (vulgo te theatre off te cijn) quippe quod tres mille homines in sedibus admittat, constructum excoacernato lapide pyrritide (quorum injens in Brittania copia est) ligneis suffultum columnis quae ob illitum marmoreum colorem, nazutissi mos quoque fallere posse[*n*]t. Cuius quidem forma[*m*] quod Romani operis umbram videatur exprimere supra adpinxi.

FREE TRANSLATION.

You find in London four beautiful theatres well worthy of remark, which are distinguished by signs as well as by names, in which a daily variety of plays are exhibited for the entertainment of the people. Two of these are southwardly from the centre of the city across the Thames and are called respectively *The Rose* and *The Swan*. Two others are north of these, through Bishopsgate, on what is commonly called Bishopsstreet. There is also a fifth, of a somewhat dissimilar character, in which bears and bulls are kept and fed in cages, to be brought out to be fought with immense dogs, to the great delight of the spectators. But of all these theatres most notable is the one distinguished by the sign of the Swan, and hence called The Swan Theatre. This theatre will seat three thousand spectators. It is built of flint stone (or pyrites), a material which abounds in Great Britain, and is ornamented with wooden columns, so cleverly stained to imitate marble as to deceive any but a very close observer. As its shape seems to be modelled upon the ordinary Roman work,* I herewith send you a drawing of it.

* That is, *oval*, like a Roman amphitheatre.

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*SHAKESPEARE—THE MAN OR THE BOOK?**

THE literary world has been deluged with comment on both man and book: both have gone through all kinds of criticism—rational, scientific, and æsthetic. Both have suffered, and we suffer. To the student of both (and especially of the book) the greatest preliminary difficulty is how to approach the study of Shakespeare and of Shakespearian literature; when and where to begin and what critical investigation to make, preparatory to a beginning. To suggest a solution of this difficulty is the purpose of this paper. I write as a layman, a lover of Shakespeare, and as one who delights in the reading and study of all that is Shakespearian—not as a critic. I believe it is best to determine, each for himself, the authentic biographical data of Shakespeare the man; the causes, as near as we may, for the absence of the ordinary personal facts of his life. I believe we should give careful consideration to the basal and contributing literature of the Elizabethan era; to the contemporaneous life and literature of the Shakespearian age; to the environment of the man and the book. I believe we should faithfully attempt to ascertain the errors of the text, and their occasion: the faults of the author in style, construction, and the borrowed use of literary material, and his apology; the object, design, and purpose of his writings. And then if we must give character and cast to the author of the Shakespearian writings, let us build the man Shakespeare upon the authentic facts; and, in the end, be content to study the book Shakespeare, free from inference and conjecture. Much

* Read before the Mutual Club of Woodland, Cal., April 12, 1886.

of criticism, to my mind, has been and is detrimental to the better understanding of what is Shakespearian. When classified, this much of criticism is found to be wholly inferential. It has made the man Shakespeare an ungrateful son; an oppressor of the poor; a robber of woman's virtue and of man's character; of other authors' productions and other men's possessions; a thief and a refugee from justice—a Shylock and an Iago; a vain coxcomb and the worshipper of titled nobility; a patrician—a descendant of England's noblest families and an ideal of all that is good and grand; a plebeian—the son of a butcher, and a hitching-post at the theatres; a lawyer's clerk, a learned man, a grammarian, a logician, and a philosopher; a man without learning, without principle, and devoid of moral sense; "An upstart crow," "Omnipresent creativeness," "Sweet Will," "Gentle Shakespeare," "Fancy's Child," "Sweet Swan of Avon," the quintescence of wisdom and the perfection of saints!

Words! Words!! Words!!! De Quincey has devoted three closely printed pages to prove that Shakespeare was born on April 23, on the bare fact that he was baptized on April 25; and, at the end, gives us the comforting conclusion that "We cannot do wrong if we drink to his memory on both the 22d and 23d." All the known facts of Shakespeare's life, no doubt, could be recorded in fewer lines. Emerson contends that "Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakespeare in us." Carlyle proceeds to create an ideal hero out of Shakespeare's omnipresent creativeness. When we have finished reading his biographers and critics, we are safe in agreeing with Appleton Morgan, that

"After all, is it not true that Shakespeare—the man—is an ideal to each one of us, and his biography pasture for poets and for dreamers always, with the personal equation always to the fore? We have no use for dates and documents, muniments and pedigrees. Hamlet and Desdemona, Othello and Macbeth —love, rage, jealousy—every human passion—take their places. Who knows, or who can say that William Shakespeare was born in the month of April? And what does it matter if he were or were not?"

And so with every other biographical fact. Why should we lose our interest in the wisdom of a writer, that we may satisfy our idle curiosity in personal detail? Why should we seek to know that Shakespeare was totally depraved? Have we not, as an eternal inheritance, the expression of his genius? In youth, he may have been a moral rake, and yet have been above the average Englishman of his day. And, if a fact, how can this knowledge aid us in the interpretation of his lines? Would it not be quite as interesting, with the aid of the Shakespearian text to decide just how much of the vulture is in us, as to settle just how much of Satan was in Shakespeare? I am satisfied with an ideal Shakespeare, and with the belief that the man Shakespeare, who wrote the book Shakespeare, was born at different times between the days of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," and the date of the First Folio; and I am not sure but some part of him was born since that time.

We know the fact, that there is a meagre detail of his life and character—the almost total absence of personal and literary memorials. It is important to determine how we can account for this condition of affairs. Carlyle has said: "If I say, therefore, that Shakespeare is the greatest of intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakespeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect." And I believe he had no adequate idea of his own intellectual powers. As I shall hereafter attempt to show, I believe his purposes and aims in life were of a more sordid nature, and in a different direction—that he had no thirst for literary fame; and for these reasons, he was careless in the preservation of the usual evidences of his own life and life's work. His was an age of *unconscious intellectuality;* and he, the representative of that age. It was an *acting* and *living* age, furnishing data for history—biographical and national; but it produced no historian. Shakespeare, in this respect, has suffered no more than his contemporaries. In the light of the facts, how stands the case of Edmund Spenser or Christopher Marlowe? Unlike to Richard Hooker, the coming generation gave them no Isaac Walton. Again, the theatre

was the Shakespearian reading-room; and, at the same time, so far as the general public was concerned, it was Shakespeare's printing-press, where was taken his first proof sheets—impressions made on the minds of his attending audience. The theatre was an active agent in producing a literature, but could do little in preserving what it produced. Here was an inestimable power, powerless to preserve its own memorials, or memorials of its playwrights and players. It left its traditions, but no evidence of a fact. It appealed to the social side of man's nature; and man's memory was its only storehouse. Under such circumstances, man naturally would preserve only what would satiate his own selfish appetite, or his selfish mental nature; and that too only so long as it served its purpose. No doubt, on the street and in the coffee-house, the story of the writer and the play was repeated again and again. But who thought of making notes, or of treasuring facts?

Again, the question may be asked, why did not a new generation write the literary history of the past generation? Many reasons may be given in answering this question. Shakespeare devoted most of his time to acting and writing plays, and to the management of theatrical companies and theatres. The publication of his and others' plays, authorized by him, no doubt, was made for a direct use in this line of employment; and not for a general reading public. Again, the Puritan party was rapidly gaining power—a political power, which had no compromise for that which the party condemned. It had no love or admiration for the play, player, or play-writer. The Puritans assumed to believe that the theatre was presided over by his Satanic Majesty, and was the ante-chamber to his dominions. The Puritans, by a most narrow political and social policy, discouraged a broad culture and a refined literature—particularly, Shakespearian culture and literature; and destroyed its evidences and its monuments. Again, at the time when we should expect the literature and literary history of the Elizabethan age to become of interest to a new generation of readers, there began the bitter Parliamentary war, with the Puritan party at its head. In it more attention was given to

their peculiar religion and to religious persecutions than to learning and culture, or to the preservation of literary material. Discord, dissension, and strife were rank and bitter. The contest was less national and more personal. This conflict found its way into the smallest hamlet. Court as well as common life experienced radical changes. There was an almost universal breaking away from the habits and customs of Elizabethan life and thought. Already, through the powerful influence of Prynne and his kind, by an act of Paliament, the theatres were closed, followed by an act prohibiting all performance of plays. To the Puritans, those austere praying men of God, who was Shakespeare but a contemptible play-actor, and what was the great Folio but the despicable play-book—the one to be hated and forgotten, and the other to be consigned to the flames as the works of Satan? If there should have been collected, in and about the theatres, any Shakespearian records, they were not likely to escape destruction. Again, all preserved material would probably be collected in Stratford and London —in and about Shakespeare's home and theatre. But, three years before he died, the Globe Theatre was destroyed by fire; soon after this, most of Stratford was in the same manner laid waste. During the Parliamentary war, Stratford, and, in fact, all Warwickshire, suffered most from the invasions of the contending armies. In 1665 the "Great Plague" broke out in London; and in the year following occurred the great fire. In war and in distress, literature is the first to lose interest and protection—the body and not the mind becomes of first importance. All these events happened at the time when we might expect the compilation of Elizabethan history—instead of which, fate had given England Puritan rage, war, pestilence, and fire. Fate seemed to baffle history, as if to aid destiny in its decree that Shakespeare should be the ideal child of the world and not the historical child of England.

Having ascertained the few authentic facts of Shakespeare's life, and having accounted for the absence of his biographical data, the student must determine whether a knowledge of the personal history of Shakespeare will aid him in the interpreta-

tion of the Shakespearian text. I do not think it will, and I believe a search of it will be prejudicial to the study of the book; and more especially so, if that history is to be gathered from his diversified writings. A faithfully detailed personal history of a writer often diminishes the interest in his writings; and it rarely assists in understanding them—as, for example, those of Lord Byron and Carlyle. I can see no reason why the man Shakespeare should be to us, in reality, just what we may ideally discover in the book Shakespeare. Such a process of popular criticism would, at the most, only lead to hero worship or, at the least, to contempt or indifference, and would only detract from the merit of the Book. To my mind, such criticism is responsible for the prevalent "vague popular knowledge of the mighty poet's cardinal dramas." We have heard his name from our fathers, and we teach it to our children. Early in life, we learn that, to appear wise, one must be able to converse about Shakespeare. For that purpose we have proceeded to pick up here and there, a scrap of criticism, and therewith have been able to air considerable wisdom, without fear of detection. To illustrate, I quote from a paper, several years since, read before a local Shakespeare Club:

"Shakespeare wrote by the light that was in him, and we should read him by the light that is in us. He is a poet, a philosopher, and a master of rhetoric. He possesses poetic inspiration, humor, and eloquence. All these facts must enter into our study of Shakespeare. The psychological, social, and political bearing of each play should be determined as a result of our study. We should seek the personality and individuality of each Shakespearian character: as, for instance, *Hamlet*, may be considered more of a thinker than a man of reflection, more of a poet than a philosopher; the play, *Hamlet*, may be studied as a parallel between thought and action; the play, *King Lear*, as representing the extreme limitation of human ingratitude; the play, *Othello*, as presenting the success of a malevolent heart and the failure of a noble mind; the play, *Richard III.*, as a study of perfidy and crime."

This may not be true criticism, but to the young members of that club it had the ring of criticism, and the sound of wisdom.

When, in private, the writer's position was called in question, he confessed that he had not read one of the plays mentioned in his paper. Some eminent critics have made similar confessions. This illustrates the evil tendency of conjectural criticism.

How many of us have read a moiety of the Shakespeare plays, or studied a half score of them? When we reflect, it is not unreasonable that it should be the case that very few of us have; for there obtains the almost universal belief that in Shakespeare, the man, we have "an English king whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments can dethrone; and do not the most of us pay him the fealty due, without troubling ourselves to read the charter on which his Kingship rests? This King, Shakespeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever?" Under such high-pressure criticism as this, what student can exalt the study of the book? or, through the facts warranted, dethrone Shakespeare, the king? And, how easily is this æsthetic wisdom mistaken for the study and consideration of fact, truth, and principle. Such criticism will have it that Shakespeare is the god of the literary universe; and, worship being a matter of sentiment, study can be no part of the economy of his divine government. On the other hand, we have paid the highest tribute possible to the memory of Shakespeare, the Man, and to our own good sense, when we have read and studied his plays, poems, and sonnets. The "strongest of rallying-signs" is the more thorough understanding of the wisdom of this "greatest of intellects."

Of the same cloth is the advice of teachers and professors, that a library is complete with the *ownership* of a Bible and a Shakespeare. No one is a Christian unless he *owns* a Bible, and no one can hope to be wise unless he *owns* a Shakespeare. The pupil, on this advice, procures a library, and dare you say that this same advice too often leads him to be content with the *ownership?* for, should a hard plodding student dare criticise the style, or call in question the philosophy and history of

these books, he, too often, would be censured into silence by the same teachers and professors. What presumption it would be for a pupil to criticise the immortal Shakespeare! Take down your dust-covered Shakespeare, to learn what strange sounding titles appear in the table of contents! How many of us have, with pen in hand, read and analyzed a single play? Who of us has given careful study to a single Shakespearian character? What reader of Shakespeare has compared history with the Shakespearian record? or transcribed from or marked on the margin of a much read Shakespeare, "every intellectual jewel, every flower of sentiment?" or attempted any real study of Shakespearian morals and manners, philosophy and religion, style and method, social economy and politics? or studied the text in the light of contemporaneous literature and history, and in the light of all past literature and history? I feel sure that a little reflection here, will induce a more diligent study of the text, and will lead to a less reliance upon inferential criticism. And I cannot go amiss in giving Richard Grant White's estimate of this kind of criticism. He says:

> "More inflated nonsense, more pompous platitude, more misleading speculation has been uttered upon Shakespeare and his plays than upon any other subject but music and religion. The occasion of which calamity is that of all subjects which are of general interest—these are the most remote from reason, the most incomprehensible."

We have two books that will live as long as language is guaranteed to man—*our* Bible and *our* Shakespeare. The Bible is the text *for* humanity, and the Shakespeare is the text *of* humanity. The value of these books is less in knowing their authorship, and more in knowing their contents, less in the personal, and more in the impersonal; less in the biographical, and more in the interpretation. It is of secondary importance to us to be certain that Moses wrote the *Pentateuch*, or that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*. When we have ended a faithful investigation of the authorship, we have not reached the beginning of a faithful interpretation. I can discover no reason why we should try to build when and where we have no facts upon

which to build; or why we should give our attention to that which is and must always remain uncertain, and that too at the expense of that which possesses inestimable worth to every student. A conjectural inference is never equal to a reasonable conclusion. The life of Shakespeare cannot become biographical either in literature or history; and in the interest of truth, why not admit it? Why not make the distinction between the personal and the impersonal—the man and the book, and give our whole attention to the interpretation of the text?

All the facts and circumstances point to the conclusion that the plays of Shakespeare were written for an exclusive use at theatres, and therefore, for a listening public—a public seeking present entertainment and personal enjoyment—a public euphuistic in every sense. I can discover no indication that the author of the Shakespearian plays had in view a reading, thinking, reflecting public, or that he intended to submit his writings and compilations to the censorship of criticism. He certainly had no need to follow the rules of construction, or to be accurate in truth or principle, or to destroy all trace of his use of existing literary material. I believe he looked upon his labor as culminating in the acted play; there his hopes and his expectations ended, and he was content with the praise of an appreciative audience and the English pounds taken at the door. In preparing his plays to attain this success, he toiled under the natural condition of things, wholly unconscious of his own genius. His environment was, we know, a real active life and new vigorous literature; a captivating society and an aspiring nation. It needed but a master-mind to direct the thought energies of this regenerate life, this potent literature, this enraptured society, this ambitious nation, to some success in an immediate end and purpose. With this literature before us, what is it but "intensely human."

"Human nature in its appetites, passions, imperfections, vices, virtues; in its thoughts, aspirations, imaginations, in all the concrete forms of character in which it finds expression, in all the depths of depravity to which it sinks—this is what the Elizabethan literature represents and idealizes; and the total

effect of this exhibition of human life and exposition of human capacities . . . is the wholesome and inspiring effect of beauty and cheer. This belief in human nature, and tacit assumption of its right to expression, could only have arisen in an age which stimulated human energies by affording fresh fields for their development, and an age whose activity was impelled by a romantic and heroic rather than a theological spirit."

What the Elizabethan literature is, Elizabethan life was. Shakespeare, the book, is of this literature, and Shakespeare, the man, was of that life. He did not dream that his printed volume would stand side by side with his Bishops' Bible.

Seeking the true interpretation of the text of Shakespeare, we should look at all this just as it is, and not follow that criticism which imports to its author conscious powers of greatness, a purpose, a method, and a system; which finds in the book a personal, social, intellectual, and psychological representation of the man Shakespeare; which attempts to build history and biography on the lines of the author; which seeks to discover and solve hidden mystery where and when the problem is simply to discover truth. While criticism may defy the man, it should not mystify the book. If we *must* build on the lines, let it be in the interest of truth; let our Idol stand on the recorded words of its human representative, and be not surprised if their study convince us

"that this accepted teacher of the world, this beloved master of its heart, was, of all writers of high distinction, the most lacking of purpose of any kind, the most indifferent to truth and right, the most heedless, both in plan and in the use of language, the most careless of consistency in his own designs, the most flagrant violator of the rules which he himself laid down, the most disregardful of decency—a writer, who, having the finest moral perceptions that have yet been manifest in words, and being capable of intellectual life in the highest moral atmosphere, could do his work as if he, like his own Iago, lacked the moral sense."

I think we are warranted by the facts in the conclusion that the Shakespearian plays were compiled, written, revised, and rewritten for an immediate and sole use as a play-book, and for

an ultimate purpose—to increase the wealth of a practical business man. This conclusion will account for many errors of style and construction, errors in the application of principles, errors even in the use of worn and discarded literary material; and will afford a defence against the charge of plagiarism and the want of accuracy in truth and morality, and in purpose. By this conclusion we are not disturbed in our reading by the unmaterialized ghost of an ideal poet and philosopher stalking between the lines, and we have but to devote our energies to the study of the genius of the author in the setting of character. To Shakespeare, the effect on the stage being more important than the nicety or accuracy of expression, the construction was lost sight of. It was the force and effect of the expression, and not its truth, which were demanded. The interest was centred in the player reading his lines—not in the author who wrote them, and not in the composition. And, as to plagiarism, what of it and what is it? No one can deny that Shakespeare utilized openly the labor of other writers, and made use of it without hiding it under seeming originality. Emerson, speaking of this, says:

"He steals by this apology, that what he takes has no worth where he finds it, and the greatest where he leaves it. It has become to be practically a sort of a rule in literature, that a man having shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it; and of him who can adequately place it."

It may be that Shakespeare has done most to establish this rule; but who believes he wrote in view of establishing rules of criticism, or believing that his writings would become classics to some future generation? Again, he was not responsible for the publication of his writings, as we now have them.

I believe that Shakespeare was the guiding genius of what are now known as the Shakespearian plays, poems, and sonnets. Considering England's social, religious, and political status, her increased literary and educational facilities, the improved condition of her common people, her increased wealth, the

rapid growth of her commercial enterprises, the rapid expansion of her political dominions, the cosmopolitan character of her metropolis, the productions of her printing-presses, her military power, her international relations, the tendency to religious tolerance, we may reasonably conclude: that it was possible for some conservative mind to produce the book Shakespeare at the time of its appearance, and at no other time; and that it is more than probable that it was written by Shakespeare—a man free from the bias and prejudice common to college-bred men, and even to men of broad and deep learning. To my mind, the Shakespearian works are the product of a conservative genius, more than the product of some college or university man, or men. Their author need not have been a traveller, nor a scholar able to read the world's literature in the original; for to an English writer London presented the new and the old world, and he had at hand, in English translation, the literature of all peoples. This was the environment of Shakespeare. And even more, he had the literary wealth, the personal influence and direct assistance of a grand company of literature-builders—fathers of modern English prose, such as Sir Thomas More, Roger Ascham, and Richard Hooker; poets, such Edmund Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney; historians, such as Holinshed and Sir Walter Raleigh; chroniclers, such as Hakluyt; romancers, such as Lily; pamphleteers, such as Nash and Green; philosophers, such as Bacon; and above all, dramatists, such as Udal, Richards, Sackville, Still, Haywood, Norton, Edwards, Lodge, Munday, Kyd, Alexander, Green, Chapman, Dekker, Webster, Middleton, Peale, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Chettle, Marston, Daniel, Marlowe, and Johnson. Of all these writers, only one complaining voice is heard against Shakespeare. These writers, like himself, used what suited them best of literary material at hand, and were indifferent and careless in that use and in the preservation of what they produced. Their mind-productions, I have no doubt, were to them but tools in their literary workshops, and not household gods.

"How they grew and flourished! How they wrote and rioted! How they pictured human nature! How they held up its whims and its greatness! How they brought forth the man, the angel, and the devil, and loosed them on the stage! How from one extreme to the other of the great diapason they swept the cords until all mankind trembled—and are trembling—with agitation!"

There is nothing lost by conceding that much may have come to Shakespeare, an offering for a price; or may have been picked up by him on the road from London to Stratford; or may have been inserted to satisfy the coarse taste of the mob in the pit, or the fancy of the attending nobility; or may have been collected from the gossip at the coffee-houses; or may have been changed to avoid giving offence at the court of the Queen or the King, or to conform to the changed relation of England with other nations; or may have been born of the hour and inserted by the players. On the whole, we may grant that much was dictated by policy and inserted from design. As a manager, Shakespeare no doubt received the assistance of abler actors than himself. From them, he must have received wise suggestions, and with his consent, they may have changed, if not improved his lines. His ventures were successful. He was able to employ literary help, as well as to purchase the writings of others. He travelled from London to Stratford. His society ranged from the green-room, if not from the mob in the pit, to the home of the nobility. His associates were college-bred men, and men of learning. Able men around him were wrangling about theology and religion, and discussing philosophy and politics. England had new enterprises, a new diplomacy, and a new religion. He owned a Bishops' Bible, and while at worship his eyes may never have ranged above the English throne: he no doubt read it to a purpose. The stage had its censorship, its enacted laws and promulgated proclamation. London had her gossips, her broadsides, and her taverns—taverns "of every kind, prelatical, Popish, Puritanic, Scientific, Literary, Whig, Tory. Whatever a man's notions might be, he could find in London, in a double sense, a tavern to his taste."

We have the book as it is, and should study it as we would study all other literature of the Elizabethan age, and approach that study as reasonable, thinking students, and not with any preconceived notions, as that it sprung full born from " one of those delicate souls, which, like perfect instruments of music, vibrate themselves at the slightest touch." It is a book remarkable for its natural literary growth. Its errors are the results of well-defined causes. It was not intended as a work on history, or on political economy, or on ethics, or on philosophy. It was written for public recitation and for public hearing, not for private reading and study. It is a text *of* something and not a treatise *on* something, and, above all, it is not autobiographical, any more than all the literature of that time is autobiographical. And, for all there may be a manifest want of honesty and integrity in its author; he may be historically incorrect and purposely wrong; he may have deliberately used falsehood that he might not offend; he may have been an enemy to the common people; he may have done all that were possible to retard the growth of those institutions which are now the pride and glory of the English people; his inspirations may have come, not from the Bible, but from the powers of earth; he may have had no desire to be a martyr to the cause of liberty, or risk the chances of incarceration in the tower, or enjoy the felicity of shuffling off this mortal coil on the block; he was no reformer and therefore no Puritan; it was no matter of doubt with him,

> " Whether 'tis nobler in mind to suffer
> The stings and arrows of outraged fortune,
> Or take up arms against a sea of troubles
> And by opposing end them."

No doubt he could have set to character a Cromwell; but, while he knew well the laws of life, he knew something of the love of life. No doubt his political convictions were measured by the censorship of the crown, and his ideas of ethics limited by court religion. No doubt, Bassanio expresses his idea of Puritanism when he says:

"In religion
What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?"

All this and more may be true. The book may represent all this. The book may be all this. But had it been otherwise, England would not have produced a Shakespeare, or erected a theatre, and the world would have been without the book. As it is we have the book, and before us its delightful study, from which, if desirable, each may build his ideal man Shakespeare.

"But whatever the name, and whoever the author—plays, poems, sonnets, we have them all"—all bound in one mighty book, that age cannot wither nor custom stale; perennial in our hearts and households forever. If word is better than the truth; if the name William Shakespeare is of more value than historical identification of the magnificent literature which the world worships as Shakespearian; . . . then by all means let traditionists hug the name! but be the substance ours—the book!" *

CHARLES W. THOMAS.

"KING RICHARD THE THIRD." †

WHEN Hobbes expounded in his *Leviathan* his celebrated theory of the social compact, and described the natural state of mankind as a *bellum omnium in omnes*, he need not have looked back much more than a hundred years in the history of his own country to find as perfect an example of such a moral and political interregnum as the annals of the dark ages contain. England, during the closing scenes of the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, presented the melancholy spectacle of a country under a reign of terror, whose darkness was unrelieved by the faintest flicker of generous motive or of patriotic devotion. Rival factions alternately raised their candidates to the

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* *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, Morgan, p. 89.

† Read before the Montreal Shakespeare Club, February 7, 1887.

perilous and ephemeral enjoyment of a sovereignty won by bloodshed and destined to perish in blood. King-making had become the only occupation of a nobility which had formerly immortalized itself by its defence of English liberties at home, and by its glorious feats of arms abroad; and, while this murderous game was being played above them, the Commons, helpless and dismayed, neglected their hard-won rights, suspended their petitions and remonstrances, and awaited with fearful minds the issue of this carnival of crime.

In the street scene of the second act of this play, one of the citizens expresses this widespread feeling of terror:

> "Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:
> You cannot reason almost with a man
> That looks not heavily and full of fear."
> (II., iii., 38.)

Such is the dark background of the play, in which the sinister figure of Richard keeps the leading part. In this reign of unbridled ferocity, when men destroy each other like wolves—*homo, homini, lupus*—the fiercest wolf of them all is the terrible Duke of Gloster.

In the following sketch I shall not attempt to inquire how closely the Richard of Shakespeare resembles the Richard of history, but shall confine myself to an examination of this powerful personality as the dramatist has chosen to present it to us.

In order to arrive at a thorough comprehension of the character of Richard, we must not confine our attention to the play which bears his name. In the opening soliloquy he gives us the key to his character and the decision which influences his whole subsequent career:

> "Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
> Have no delight to pass away the time,
> Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
> And descant on mine own deformity:
> And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
> To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
> I am determined to prove a villain,
> And hate the idle pleasures of these days."
> (I., i., 24.)

If, however, we turn to the preceding play of *Henry VI.*, we find that Richard had mapped out his course of action at a much earlier date, and that he was already a tolerably well-developed villain, even for those days, when the "weak piping time of peace" which followed the accession of Edward threatened to throw him momentarily out of his favorite employment. In the third part of that play (3 *Henry VI.*, III., ii.), immediately after helping his brother Edward to overthrow King Henry, he begins to count the obstacles in the way of his securing for himself that consummation of all his wishes, the crown of England; and with cold premeditation he calculates the number of his kindred who will have to be removed in order to make room for himself. At an early age, before he had definitely formulated any schemes of personal ambition, the glitter of the crown exercised a strong fascination on his youthful imagination. When he urges his father York to break his oath to Henry, on the specious pretence that an oath taken before an usurper is void, he endeavors to inflame his father's imagination by the prospect which to himself appeared so radiant:

> "And, father, do but think
> How sweet it is to wear a crown;
> Within whose circuit is Elysium,
> And all that poets feign of bliss and joy."
> (3 *Henry VI.*, I., ii., 28.)

In the midst of the battle which ensues, Richard, after performing prodigies of valor, and thrice making a lane through the serried ranks of the foe to his father's side, encourages him with a similar appeal:

> "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
> A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre."
> (3 *Henry VI.*, I., iv., 15.)

And when the unfortunate York is taken prisoner, crowned in derision with a paper crown, and put to death as a rebel, Richard, undeterred by his fate, is next seen stimulating the ambition of his brother Edward, and assisting him in a second

attempt to wrest the crown from Henry. It is when success has crowned this effort that he begins to see, somewhat dimly as yet, the possibility of turning all this king-making to his own advantage, and to muse on the chances of his reaching that glorious goal of his ambition—"the golden time I look for," as he calls it. He soliloquizes in much the same strain as we have seen him doing in the opening scene of *Richard III.*, and after revolving his schemes of treachery, exclaims:

> "Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
> What other pleasure can the world afford?"
>
> (3 *Henry VI.*, III., ii., 146.)

He passes in review his numerous physical defects, concludes that the lover's part is ludicrously unfit for him, and decides that the only satisfaction to which he can aspire is "to command, to check, to o'erbear such as are of better person" than himself.

Richard's villainy is not, therefore, the result of any sudden determination to play the villain, but is really a case of congenital wickedness, developed by unfavorable surroundings. His own mother declared that his infancy had been "tetchy and wayward," and his school-days "frightful, desperate, wild, and furious." Richard himself tells us that he has neither pity, love, nor fear, and he believes in the truth of the stories which were told concerning his birth:

> "I came into the world with my legs forward:
> The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried,
> 'Oh, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
> And so I was; which plainly signified
> That I should snarl and bite, and play the dog,
> Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
> Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it."
>
> (3 *Henry VI.*, V., vi., 71 and 74.)

No character in fiction or in history could afford a better illustration of Bacon's dictum that "deformed persons are commonly even with nature; for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature; being for the most part (as the Scripture saith) *void of natural affection;* and so they have

their revenge of nature." Bacon goes on to say that "whosoever hath anything fixed in his person, that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn," and concludes that such persons will seek to free themselves from scorn either by virtue, like Agesilaus, Æsop, and Socrates, or by malice.

Richard seems to have enrolled himself in the latter category from the start, and his wonderful talents enabled him to reach the "bad eminence" which he coveted. Whatever influence a sense of his bodily defects may have had on the formation and development of Richard's character, his misfortune in this respect fails to excite in us any of that sympathy and forgiveness which we generally feel for the disinherited ones of the earth when they take their revenge on nature, as Bacon says: nor do I think that Shakespeare intended to produce that effect on his hearers. There are only two passages which seem to contain a touch of pathos. The first is in the third part of *Henry VI.*, where Richard expresses his feeling of utter isolation:

> "I have no brother, I am like no brother;
> And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me; I am myself alone."
>
> (3 *Henry VI.*, V., vi., 80.)

The second instance occurs in *Richard III.*, when the blood-stained king, awakening from his fearful dream on the eve of the battle, cries in a moment of anguish:

> "I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
> And if I die, no soul shall pity me." (V., iii., 200.)

But the passing effect of these lines is quite destroyed by the appalling cruelty and cynicism which everywhere else characterize his utterances.

Very different is the effect produced on us by the very similar expressions of poor Arnold in Byron's drama, when, after enduring the taunts of his unnatural mother, who makes his deformity the subject of unceasing mockery and reproach, and finally drives him from home, he exclaims:

"I have no home, no kin,
No kind—not made like other creatures, or
To share their sports and pleasures. Must I bleed too
Like them? Oh, that each drop which falls to earth
Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung me!
Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,
Would aid his likeness! If I must partake
His form, why not his power?"

But no sooner has he uttered this wish than he relents, and shows his passionate yearning for that love which has been denied him, and which would make him bear all his misery:

"One kind word
From her who bore me would still reconcile me
Even to this hateful aspect."

In Richard's career we look in vain for any moment when affection or sympathy could have diverted him from his fell designs. Indeed, when he dwells on the pleasures which are denied him, we are constrained to think that in speaking of love he means lust, and that the only deprivation which he felt was his inability to "caper nimbly in a lady's chamber."

Again, Richard appears to be entirely free from that excessive and morbid sensitiveness which usually accompanies physical imperfection. Whether this indifference was natural or acquired, his misshapen body habitually excites in him nothing but that jesting and cynical contempt which he feels for the foibles and failings of others. When his "honeyed words" have triumphed over Anne's resistance to his advances, he is merry at the thought that his personal charms have produced an impression on her:

"Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors.
. . . . . .
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost."
(I., iii., 254.)

Nor does he display the slightest concern at the taunts and

gibes of his enemies, who exhaust the vocabulary of vituperative epithets and of loathsome comparisons in their chorus of execrations against him.

In a word, a strong and callous disposition like that of Richard may command our admiration, but can never excite our compassion. Of his admirable mental and moral (or, say, immoral) equipment for the attainment of his ends, we have abundant proof; gifted with an undaunted courage, a quick and penetrating wit, a command of language and a power of repartee which almost invariably turned the tables on his detractors; a Napoleonic promptness of design, and a Napoleonic indifference to the suffering incident to the realization of his designs; a fertility of invention which delighted in difficulties and was flattered with impossibilities; a wonderful tenacity of purpose; a power of dissimulation and a freedom from conscientious scruples scarcely surpassed—he had every qualification for playing the terrible rôle which he had so early chosen.

This enumeration of the salient points in Richard's character will at once distinguish him very sharply from Shakespeare's other great villains: Macbeth and Iago. They all have in common one quality which prevents them from being ranked among vulgar criminals: I refer to their intellectual superiority. In Richard it takes the form of a strong practical knowledge of men and things; in Macbeth it rises to lofty philosophic thought; while in the case of Iago we see it displayed as critical subtlety—the free pay of the pure reason, the *intellectus sibi permissus*. But in most other respects their motives and methods are essentially diverse. There is, indeed, an external resemblance between the careers of Richard and Macbeth, who both ascend the throne by treachery and murder, succeed for a time in throwing upon others the suspicion of their crimes, are both irresistibly drawn from one sin to another, being compelled, after killing their rivals, to murder their accomplices—Buckingham being the analogue of Banquo—and finally, after being disturbed and momentarily paralyzed by the dreadful apparition of the ghosts of their victims, recover their native

courage at the sight of a human foe, and die more nobly than they have lived.

But this superficial analogy must not make us lose sight of the radical differences between the two characters. We have seen that Richard's coronation was the consummation of a life-long ambition. Macbeth, on the contrary, appears to have been a rising and prosperous man, fairly well satisfied with his advancement, until the striking fulfilment of the first part of the witches' prediction set his somewhat superstitious mind a-thinking how the remaining part of the prophecy could be fulfilled. How differently Richard regards such omens. Instead of being guided and impelled by them, he dexterously makes use of them to influence persons more credulous than himself, and contemptuously refers to these devices as "drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams." Again, while Richard scouts the idea of conscience—

> " but a word that cowards use,
> Devised at first to keep the strong in awe " (V., iii., 309),

Macbeth, on the contrary, when he first dimly conceives the possibility of his crime, shudders at the very thought which

> " . . . doth unfix my hair,
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
> Against the use of nature."
> (*Macbeth*, I., iv., 134.)

The terrible inward conflict between Macbeth's sense of honor and duty and his suddenly awakened criminal intent, the revolt of his better nature in the execution of the deed, and the horrors of his remorse after yielding to the temptation, offer the most striking contrast to the conduct of Richard, who feels not the faintest twinge of regret for sins committed or of anxiety about projected crimes. In one of his rare moments of hesitation, when he says, in words which forcibly recall an exclamation of Macbeth's,

> "But I am in
> So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin " (IV., ii., 64),

his perplexity is not due to any of the pangs of conscience which tormented the Thane of Cawdor, but simply to the reflection that his scheme—murdering Elizabeth's two brothers, and then marrying her—was an "uncertain way of gain." And lest we should ascribe this hesitation to any maudlin strain of sentimentalism, he hastens to inform us in the very next line that "Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye."

While the outward circumstances of the lives of Richard and Iago present no such analogies as those we have traced between the lives of Richard and Macbeth, their inner life suggests far more points of resemblance. Both are thorough-going cynics and sceptics, and both of them profess the most unbounded contempt for the weaklings and dupes who are restrained by such empty words as conscience, virtue, and reputation. Richard's cynicism is that of a strong, shrewd man of action, whose life has been spent amid scenes of treachery and violence, and whose acute observation has invariably detected the evil impulses which animate all the actors in the bloody drama, whether they mask their passions under the guise of hypocrisy and obsequiousness, or under that of impudence and effrontery. And so, strongly contrasting with Othello's cynicism, on the other hand, which is the result of a speculative turn of mind, cultivated and widened by travel, and fed with the sentiments of a bad and envious heart, Richard's scepticism reminds us of the brutal incredulity and coarse materialism of Frederick the man of war, the worshipper of success; while that of Iago is more akin to the biting raillery and polished sarcasm of Voltaire the philosopher, the apostle of reason.

Iago's constitutional freedom from superstition is even greater than Richard's: for, while the latter in his waking moments ridicules the "babbling dreams" which "affright our souls," still, when sleep releases the energy of that iron will, and brings the lawless and tumultuous play of wandering thoughts, the influence of his age, surroundings, and education reasserts itself, and his terrified wife is nightly kept awake by his "timorous dreams." The most terrible of these nocturnal visitations occurs on the eve of the battle which decides his fate, and for a

moment terror strikes the hardened heart, and he utters a cry for mercy. He quickly recovers, however, when he realizes that he has been dreaming and that it is but "coward conscience" which afflicts him. On the morning of the conflict he has "a thousand hearts within his bosom," and dispels with scorn the idle fears that are but dreams.

But Iago has no haunting dreams, knows no terrors of the mind, and has so long and so thoroughly reasoned out his philosophical scepticism, that there can be no chance of his ever relapsing into any form of superstition. His pessimistic doctrines are not, like those of Richard, the rough-and-ready generalizations of a soldier; they are the mature convictions of a thinker, who has made a dispassionate study of the human heart, and who has confirmed his conclusions by comparing the conduct of men under various circumstances and in different climes.

Between the methods adopted by Richard and Iago to compass their ends, there is likewise a difference depending on their temperament. Richard is impatient and rapid in action; he has learnt "that fearful commenting is leaden servitor to dull delay," and he hastens from one crime to another, usually by the shortest way, not stopping to hear the cries of his victims, but solely bent on attaining the end which he has in view. Iago, on the contrary, who has no very definite personal ambition to gratify, but who is intent only on wreaking his revenge, displays more than a cruel insensibility to the sufferings of those whom he has vowed to destroy. He takes a positive delight in watching the tortures of his victim, and, like an Italian poisoner, stands by while the venom is slowly taking its effect on the doomed wretch. There is no hurry for him, he has full confidence in the potency of the drug, and he chides the petulant impatience of Roderigo:

> "How poor are they that have not patience!
> What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
> Thou know'st, we work by wit and not by witchcraft;
> And wit depends on dilatory time."
>
> (*Othello*, II., iii., 76.)

The end of Shakespeare's three great criminals is in keeping with their characters, and sufficiently satisfies the requirements of poetic justice. Richard displays in death the indomitable spirit which distinguishes him throughout the whole of his turbulent life of crime, but his last moments are disturbed by the avenging spirits of his numerous victims, and his ears are ringing with the curses which fall on the last representative of a monstrous brood, doomed to self-extermination, and destined to make way for a better order of things. To Macbeth, also, is vouchsafed the death of a soldier, but he is appalled by the paralyzing consciousness of his guilt, and by the conviction that he is fulfilling the very prophecy which lured him on to his sin. For Iago is reserved a more cruel death of bodily torment—the nearest equivalent for the unspeakable mental agonies which he has caused to others and which he is himself incapable of suffering; and however indisposed we may be to advocate the application of the *lex talionis* in real life, we are often grateful to the dramatist who metes out to fiends of such refined cruelty and unbounded malevolence as Iago the only punishment which seems to restore the disturbed moral equilibrium.

"From this time forth I never will speak word."

E. La Fleur.

A STUDY IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

(*Concluded from May Number.*)

IT is to be doubted if a warrior in the present pulpit-stage controversy could more accurately select the standpoint for, or better the logic in, summing up for the defendant than did Mr. Nathan Field.

An anonymous tract, published just before Christmas, 1642–3, deserves mention. It contains a mixture of reason and sarcasm, and voices, I think, the sentiment of the thoughtful men of that day who favored theatres. Its title ran: *Certaine Propositions offered to the consideration of the Honourable*

Houses of Parliament. The following paragraph will give one an opportunity to judge of its tone and temper:

That being [seeing] your sage counsels have thought fit to vote down stage players, root and branch, but many even of the well-affected to that reformation, have found, and hope hereafter to find, playhouses most convenient and happy places of meeting; and that now in this bag-pipe, minstrelsy week (I mean this red pack of leizure days that is coming), there must be some Enterludes, whether you will or no, you would be pleased to declare yourselves, that you never meant to take away the calling of stage-plays, but reform the abuse of it: that is, that they bring no profane plots, but take them out of the Scripture all, (as that of Joseph and his Brethren would make the ladies weep; that of David and his troubles would do pretty well for the present; and doubtless Susannah and the two Elders would be a scene that would take above any that was ever yet presented). It would not be amiss, too, if instead of the music that plays between acts, there were only a Psalm sung for distinction sake. This might be easily brought to pass, if either the court play-writers be commanded to read the Scripture, or the city Scripture readers be commanded to write plays.

Ben Jonson took an active and most effective part in this conflict. In the person of *Zeal-of-the-land-Busy*, a Banbury man, the sleek minister, he holds up Puritanism to ridicule and contempt. While the character may be a little overdrawn and represent an extreme type of a Puritan, it yet is near enough to life to be "the best portrait of a Puritan which remains for us upon the pages of our dramatists."

Bartholomew Fair, in which *Zeal-of-the-land-Busy* appears, was first acted at the Hope Theatre in Bankside, October 31, 1614. It is rather a remarkable play, in that it described, thirty years beforehand, exactly how the Puritans would act when they obtained supreme power. It was not only a drama, but a prophecy. We can readily picture to ourselves the *gusto* with which audiences must have received the nasal disquisitions on the sinfulness of eating pig and the enormity of fairs, and especially the whole of scene third of the fifth act (which certainly could not have been more effectively written for a modern

audience than as it stands in Ben Jonson's trenchant English), and the final discomfiture of Mr. *Zeal-of-the-land-Busy*. Indeed, it is alleged to have been the abounding success of this play which obtained for its author the sobriquet of "Rare Ben Jonson."

Of all the dramatists of that period, not one was so closely allied to his profession as Shakespeare. Not only was he a writer of plays, but also an actor and stage-manager. More, he was a large shareholder in the Globe Theatre Company. The links that bound him to the theatre were therefore many and strong. Under such conditions, we may be sure he felt not only in heart, but in pocket. We may take it for granted that he felt keenly all the attacks upon his profession. So, indeed, we may draw from his *Sonnets*, if we believe them to be autobiographic. It would be natural to soppose that, in common with the other dramatists, he would resist these assaults. The fact is, however, that his allusions to the Puritans are neither many nor bitter. Not in wrath does he write of them. He gives no expression to "quick intellectual scorn" or "eager malice of the brain." But while he indeed hints at the extravagances of Puritanism, he does so in a benevolent, good-humored way; in a temper in perfect contrast to the rancor and bitterness which characterized most of the writers who took part in this controversy. In *Henry VIII.* occurs this passage: "*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure." Some have considered this a reference to Puritan churches at Towerhill or Limehouse, wherever those places may have been. "The Tribulation does not sound in my ears like the name of any place of entertainment, unless it were particularly designed for the use of Religion's prudes, the Puritans."* "I suspect the Tribulation to have been a puritanical meeting-house. The 'Limbs of Limehouse' I do not understand." This seems to me to be singularly indefinite.

*Steevens, quoted by Malone, edition 1821, vol. xix., p. 490.

Where these places were, whether or not there were Puritan congregations there, we do not know. More than that, it is extremely doubtful if Shakespeare wrote this part of *Henry VIII.* I agree with many of the critics that only part of it was his production, and this scene was not. Hence we can dismiss this passage as not containing an allusion to the Puritans by Shakespeare. In *All's Well* there are two passages which beyond any doubt refer to them: "*Clo.* . . . for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one" seq. Malone says: "I apprehend this should be read old Poisson the papist, alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast days. Charbon the puritan alludes to the fiery zeal of that sect."* The squabbles of sectarians are almost always about superficial and non-essential matters. In beliefs which are essential, there is much more of unanimity amongst men of all sects than fanatics either perceive or believe. Shakespeare recognized this fact, and here states it: "*Clo.* . . . Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." Here is a satire on "the obstinacy with which the Puritans refused the use of ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of the union, and perhaps an insinuation that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride."† "The aversion of the Puritans to a surplice‡ is alluded to in many of the old comedies." This passage, like the previous one, does not manifest any petty or unkind feeling on the part of Shakespeare towards the Puritans. I think, like thoughtful men in all ages, he must have regarded a wrangle about ecclesiastical vestments as puerile, and he so, indirectly, characterizes it in these lines. In *The Winter's Tale* the great dramatist puts into the clown's mouth the words, "but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms

* Edition 1821, vol. x., p. 338.
† Johnson, quoted by Malone, edition 1821, vol. x., pp. 341, 342.
‡ Hooker, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, book v., ch. xxix., pp. 347–352.

to hornpipes." The fore-part of this play is a tragedy; the after-part is a pastoral comedy. These words occur in the latter. The clown in the passage quoted is considering the guests for whom he is to provide at the sheep-shearing feast. Amongst them is "but one Puritan, and he sings psalms to hornpipes." The poet may, and probably did, intend a little gentle irony, referring to the drawling, unmusical singing of the Puritans. Or he may mean that this Puritan is not a rigid sectary, and would not mar the happiness and innocent gayety of the feast, for while "he sings psalms" he does it "to hornpipes." In either case there is nothing ill-natured or sarcastic. That would have been out of harmony with this delightful scene, the characteristics of which are sweetness, purity, innocence, and love. While the authorship of *Pericles* is supposed to be an undecided question, there can be no doubt that the allusion therein to the Puritans redounds to their honor. Speaking of Marina, a Bawd says: "Fie, fie upon her! . . . she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her." This sweet, pure girl, by her influence, could entirely transform even the Devil into a Puritan. Here surely is not detraction or depreciation, but commendation. Many have supposed that Shakespeare ridiculed Puritanism in the person of Malvolio. Hunter so thought:"*

". . . Though in other plays of Shakespeare we have indirect and sarcastical remarks on the opinions or practices by which the Puritan party were distinguished, it is in this play (*Twelfth Night*) that we have his grand attack upon them; that here, in fact, there is a systematic design of holding them up to ridicule. . . . Not only does this appear in particular expressions and passages in the play, but to those who are acquainted with the representations which their enemies made of the Puritan character it will appear sufficiently evident that Shakespeare intended to make Malvolio an abstract of that character, to exhibit in him all the worst features, and to combine them with others which were merely ridiculous."

* *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i., p. 381 seq.

[illegible] the players in their [illegible] would have instituted a Puritanical [illegible] of dramatic entertainment, every quality [illegible] excepted, and they unaccompanied, would [illegible] the earth: when these provocations to [illegible] ered, it is with no slight pleasure that we [illegible] ance of our Shakespeare in drawing the [illegible] weening Malvolio."

Ward indorses this view:†

"The anti-Puritanism of Shakespeare [illegible] isolated passage in *Henry VIII.*, which [illegible] hand, be taken into account) most charact[illegible] sketch of character as that of Malvolio."

Gervinus, *facile princeps* among the com[illegible]

"He (Malvolio) is an austere Puritan, [illegible] point him out as such." §

I reject these opinions as being erroneous. [illegible] sure, intimates that Malvolio is a Puritan: "[illegible] because thou art virtuous, there shall be no [illegible] ale?" But he had just a moment before [illegible] Peg-a-Ramsey." When Sir Toby uttered the[illegible] hardly in a mental condition to form a corre[illegible] subject. Malvolio's character is described fo[illegible]

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* *Shakespeare-Characters*, pp. 210, 211.

† *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. i., p. 488.

‡ Gervinus errs in drawing such a conclusion [illegible] While "the ancient Puritans affected this fashion [illegible] 1821, vol. xi., pp. 425, 426) of crossed garters, nei[illegible] stockings were confined to them. They were worn [illegible]

§ *Commentaries*, Translation, F. E. Bunnett, 1877, [illegible]

accuracy by the two women, his mistress and her arch and witty maid. Olivia holds up before him a glass, in which he can see himself reflected. "Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite." When Malvolio finds, and reads, and comments upon, the letter which Maria threw in his path, he manifests himself exactly as above described Maria's estimate of him is equally correct. True, she says, "Sometimes he is a kind of puritan." But this very indefinite description she revises a moment latter: "The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser, an affectioned ass," seq. He was a conceited, egotistical coxcomb. His foible was overweening vanity. Such are qualities of weak natures, and surely no one could charge the Puritans with weakness. Shakespeare's insight into character was too penetrating and too accurate ever to make such a mistake. Besides, he had felt the hard blows the sect had dealt against the players and the plays. Morose, narrow-minded, fanatical, they may have been and probably were, but vain, asinine, weak, never! For this reason I do not consider that in Malvolio Shakespeare has attempted to personify and delineate Puritanism.*

It remains to mention the character of Falstaff. Did Shakespeare intend in him to personify Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, the Lollard martyr, and thereby hold up to ridicule Lollardism, which was simply an earlier form of Puritanism? This subject more properly belongs to the *I.* and *II. Henry IV.*, and will be discussed in the Introduction to those plays.

It has thus appeared that, in the return volleys which the play-writers and actors fired back at the Puritans, Shakespeare took no real part. And yet the temptation to him to do so was

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*I think the interview between the clown and Malvolio (iv. 2), in which there is allusion to "the opinion of Pythagoras," has no reference to religion. It, according to Bucknill (*Mad-folk of Shakespeare*, pp. 322–325), simply "represents a caricature of the idea that madness is occasioned by demoniacal possession, and is curable by priestly exorcism. The idea was not merely a vulgar one in Shakespeare's time, and was maintained even long afterward by the learned and the pious."

greater than to his fellows, Jonson and the rest, simple because his interests were greater. Does this mean that he saw a nearer way, and that, while in his plays he ridiculed with gentleness and good humor the foibles of the Puritan party, he took care that they did not shut up his playhouses; fighting them most effectually from the inside, through an "understanding" with his friends the Lord Chamberlains and the Stage-Censors?

WM. H. FLEMING.

SHAKESPEARE'S AMERICAN EDITORS.

III.—WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

DR. WILLIAM JAMES ROLFE, whose portrait forms our frontispiece this month, was born in Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10, 1827. His boyhood was mainly passed in Lowell, Mass., where he was fitted for college in the public high school. He entered Amherst College in 1845, but after remaining there some three years, in the course of which he was the "chum" of J. H. Seelye, now President of the college, and W. G. Hammond, now at the head of the Law School in Iowa State University, he gave up his studies in order to become a teacher. After doing some work in Kirkwood Academy, in Maryland. he became Principal of Day's Academy, Wrentham, Mass., where he remained until December, 1852. He then took the mastership of the high school just established in Dorchester, Mass., and remained there until the summer of 1857, when he was invited to Lawrence, Mass., to take charge of the high school there. After four years spent in Lawrence, he removed to Salem, Mass., but after being there a year he was offered the mastership of the high school at Cambridge, Mass., where he has continued to reside, though he resigned his position in the school in the summer of 1868. Since that time he has devoted himself to editorial and literary work.

Ever since 1869 he has been one of the editors of the *Popular Science News* (formerly the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*),

and for several years past he has had charge of the department of "Shakespeariana" in the *Literary World*, besides contributing at intervals to other literary and scientific periodicals.

In 1865, Mr. Rolfe published a *Handbook of Latin Poetry* (made up of selections from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace), in conjunction with J. H. Hanson, A.M., of Waterville, Me. The Ovid and Virgil were issued as a separate volume in the following year. In 1867 he published an edition of Craik's *English of Shakespeare*, which has run through many editions. Between 1867 and 1869, in connection with Mr. J. A. Gillet, Teacher of Physics in the Cambridge High School (now professor in the Normal College, New York City), he brought out the *Cambridge Course of Physics* in six volumes, comprising an elementary and a more advanced text-book in Natural Philosophy, in Chemistry, and in Astronomy. This series has since been completely rewritten by the authors.

In 1870 Mr. Rolfe prepared a school edition of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, which was received with so much favor that he followed it up with editions of the *Tempest*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Henry VIII.* At the time he had no idea of editing more than half a dozen of the plays generally read in schools; but others were called for, and soon it became evident that a complete edition of Shakespeare's works, prepared on the same plan, would find a ready market. This "Friendly Edition" of the great dramatist, as Mary Cowden Clarke proposed that it be called, was completed after the lapse of thirteen years. And it rapidly became popular and has an extremely large sale.

Dr. Rolfe has published a volume of selections from Gray's poems, and another from Goldsmith's, in style similar to that of the Shakespeares: and beautifully illustrated school editions of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, and *Lay of the Last Minstrel;* also a complete edition of Scott's Poems, and of Tennyson's *Princess*, *Enoch Arden*, and other selections (four volumes in all), Byron's *Childe Harold*, two volumes of selections from Browning, the *Minor Poems of Milton*, and *Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome*—this last in connection with

his son, John C. Rolfe, Ph.D. He has published also three volumes of a series of "English Classics" intended for younger students than those for whom the above-mentioned books were prepared.

Dr. Rolfe received the honorary degree of A.M., at Harvard, in 1859, and the same degree was subsequently given him at Amherst, where he was also enrolled as a regular graduate of the class of 1849 at the suggestion of President Seelye, his old friend and classmate. In 1886 he joined the New York Shakespeare Society, then completing its first year, and in 1887 received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Amherst College.

From 1882 to 1887 Dr. Rolfe was President of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, at Cottage City, Mass.

Dr. Rolfe's name is a tower of strength in Shakespearian scholarship. Shakespearians everywhere have a final confidence in his approval, and are satisfied that what passes with him, may pass with them. He has a keen eye for error, and such a delightful way of calling one's attention to it, that his fellow-students almost relish a lapse for the pleasure of being corrected by him. All of which means that he is a profound scholar, a warm friend, and a courteous gentleman.

Miscellany.

MRS. CAROLINE HEALEY DALL writes to *The Nation*: "If the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps had regained comparative health, he had promised me to devote more time to the question of the descent of Anne Hathaway. When I began to correspond with him, he was positive that she did not belong to Shottery, and I agreed with him. Since that time I have wholly changed my opinion, and he modified his before he published his seventh edition of the 'Outlines.' We have two clues to Anne's history, and, so far as I know, only two. The first is, the will of Richard Hawthaway of Shottery, dated 1581, which mentions no daughter *Anne*, only a daughter Agnes. Mr. Phillipps tells us that the names Agnes and Anne were interchangeable. Why? Because, under the Norman pronunciation, the *g* was a silent letter, and we find the same person mentioned as Agnes, Annes, or Annis, and often in one instrument. The change from Annes to Anne was very easy, and very likely to be made if there were two of the same name in contiguity. In Richard's will mention is made of a daughter Agnes and a son Thomas, and he then leaves to Agnes and Elizabeth Hathaway 'a sheepe apeace of theme.' 'Daughters of Thomas Hathaway' he calls these, and this could not have been his son Thomas, not yet twenty years of age. Of his own children, only two were grown, namely, Agnes and Bartholomew. This Anne and Elizabeth, daughters of Thomas, seem to have been older, since no condition is attached to his bequest of a 'sheepe apeace.' May they not have been wards or children of a brother for whom the son was named?

"Of this will Fulke Sandells was one of the executors and John Richardson one of the witnesses. The names of these two persons, resident at Shottery, soon appear as Shakespeare's bondsmen in the marriage-bond executed November 28, 1582.

What more natural, if Anne were really under the care of Richard Hathaway? Two seals were used upon this bond, but only one was lettered. Under the circumstances, may not the R. H. upon this seal be supposed to stand for the Richard Hathaway whose executor Fulke Sandells was at the moment? But why, when Fulke Sandells is named as Fulke Sandells of *Shottery*, is 'Anne' called Anne Hathaway of *Stratford?* Is it not possible that, although in some way under the care of Richard Hathaway, she was and had been for some time in the employ of John Shakspere at Henly Street?

"There is still another clue to Anne Shakespeare in this will. Richard Hathaway desires that a debt of four pounds, six shillings and eight-pence be paid to his shepherd, Thomas Whittington. Ten years after, in April, 1601, this same shepherd of the Shottery farm died and left in his will to the poor people of Stratford forty shillings 'that were in the hande of Anne Shaxspere, wife to Mr. William Shaxspere.' So Anne at least had not then lost sight of Shottery.

"Now for Lady Barnard's will. In January, 1570, she leaves handsome legacies to the daughters of her 'kinsman Thomas Hathaway,' a joiner, then living at Stratford. Of the five Hathaways mentioned, two are named Elisabeth and Joan. Joan was the name of Richard's wife at Shottery, and he had a daughter Elisabeth. A third is named Rose, and the Register of Burials at Stratford enters 'Rose, daughter to Thomas Hathaway, buried November 1, 1582.' Not too creditable a person, this Rose, to judge by other entries. Lady Barnard applies the word 'kinsman' to the Hartts as well as to this Thomas Hathaway. The Hartts were the grandchildren of her grandfather's sister. Why may not Hathaway have been the grandson of her grandmother's brother, all of them being cousins to herself 'twice removed'?

"Mr. Phillipps thought there was no connection between the Thomas mentioned in Richard's will and Richard's own family. He gave no reason, and it seems to me an arbitrary decision. No one of the above suggestions would have any value of itself, but, taken together, they seem to me to have weight."

SOME of the prices obtained at the Halliwell-Phillipps library sale in London a fortnight ago were these: *The First Booke of the Famous Historye of Penardo and Laissa,* other ways callid the *Warres of Love and Ambition, Doone in Heroik Verses,*" fine copy, very rare, no copy being in the British Museum, and only another copy known, £14; first edition of Molière's *Amphitryon Comedie,*" Paris, 1668, £13 10s; Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece,*" newly revised 1632, a rare edition, of which only two copies are known, the British Museum being without one, £75; Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare, designed for the use of young persons,* plates by W. Blake, fine copy, 1816, £10 5s.; first edition of Milton's *Lycidas*, Cambridge, 1638, £64; Shakespeare's *King John*, 1611, £11; Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1619, £15 10s.; Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing,* first edition, 1600, £50; first edition of *Pericles,* 1609, £30; the lithographic fac-similes of the early quarto editions of the separate works of Shakespeare, forty-eight volumes, 1863–71, subscribers' copy, £55; Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines on the Life of Shakespeare*, two volumes, octavo, 1887, with the copyright, £50; Drayton's *Polyolbion,* first edition, John Milton's copy, £43; *Plutarch's Lives,* the scarce 1595 edition, £16 5s.; first folio Shakespeare (12⅜ inches by 8 inches), £95; fourth folio Shakespeare (14 inches by 9 inches), £30; a collection of deeds, drawings, cuttings, etc., relating to Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon, in one volume, £45; a very extensive and important collection of Shakespeariana in forty large scrap-books, £290. The sale realized £2298 10s 6d. to the executors.

EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA: I am glad to be able to supply another quotation to strengthen Mr. Morgan's assertion that there was no "bottle ale" on Shakespeare's table. In a work entitled *A Discourse of Englishe Poetrie,* by William Webbe, printed at London in 1589, the author sneers at English rhyme and especially at the general idea that rhyme is poetry, arguing that rhyme can be employed to enlarge upon the meanest themes; thus:

"Every one that can frame a booke in rime, though it be but in commendation of copper noses or bottle ale, will catch at the garland due to Poets."

That is to complain, I suppose, that there are scarcely two more contemptible things than the red nose of a reeking sot and nasty bottle ale — but that even they, if celebrated in rhyme—were in those days accepted as making the celebrator a "poet." The conclusion that a gentleman farmer, one of the products of whose farm was jolly home-brewed ale, would be very careful not to have "swipes" upon his table to offend the nostrils of his city guests seems to me to follow.

Master William Webbe's complaint (which is, doubtless, another form of Horace's *Ludere qui nescit campestribus abstinet armis*) is therefore, I think, quite in point.

Yours respectfully, HENRY FEARON COOKE.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Aug. 12, 1889.

THE "Shakespeare pure and simple" revival at Munich seems to have been a complete failure. It is thus described by a correspondent: "The whole thing was rather of a disappointment. One expected the very crudest stage setting, but was prepared to enjoy it, since it was a representation of Shakespeare's own stage — what he himself saw, and wrote plays to fit into. What one saw was a fanciful crudeness—an elaborate but an invented crudeness. The curtain, to begin with, was a tapestry worked with figures of knights in armor, dragons, etc., and was drawn apart in the centre, which was all right. But the stage, when disclosed, was arbitrary in its arrangement, so far as any authorities I know of are concerned. It had a columned façade for a background, in which were three entrances closed with portières, and there were exits at the wings also. I do not understand why there were paintings over these doors—landscapes apparently. The covered gallery over the central entrance corresponded to what the De Witt picture demands, no doubt, but it was as unlike it as possible—except in position, indeed, there was no resemblance at all. Behind this façade was a second stage, and this was shifted and

reset as required. I admit that there was no lavishness of detail, and that the furniture used was of the scantiest, but beyond that, and the usc of trumpets, I entirely failed to discover (according to my authorities, that is to say) any 'Shakespeare pure and simple' about it. The acting was fairly good, but the spectators who knew what they came for seemed to be quite as much disappointed as those who did not, and for whom the barrenness of stage effect seemed unrelieved by the actors' efforts. It was all the more remarkable to me when I reflected that De Witt's drawing of an actual Shakespearian theatre was easily accessible, and could have been utilized to make the occasion all it was advertised to be."

A FRIEND calls attention to the fact that another prominent name in Shakespearian literature—that of Dr. Nicholas Delius—is to be added to the necrology of 1888. Dr. Delius was born in Bremen, September 17, 1813, and died in Bonn. November 18, 1888, within a few weeks of the deaths of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps and Dr. Elzé, his *confrères*. His work was of the quieter, solider, and less heralded sort, and its capital was minute examination of the Shakespeare text, word for word, resulting in what is known as "The Delius Text." Such labor is less showy and brilliant than that of the commentator or the "conjectural reader," but it is ten thousand times more useful and enduring.

AN ENGLISH tourist was lately detected by the Veronese police in carrying off a six pound fragment of Juliet's tomb (that is, the so-called bath-tub-shaped affair in the garden of the Franciscan nuns at Verona—so well known of tourists), which he had broken off with his hammer. This enterprising person was compelled to restore it and it will be cemented back in its place. Ths Glasgow *Herald* in commenting on the occurrence says:

"It matters but little that no one who knows the history of the place regards the tomb as genuine, for the people of Verona

it is at least as effective in inducing strangers to visit their city as if it were the undisputable sepulchre of the unfortunate daughter of the Capulets. Murray notes that 'it certainly was shown in the last century, before Shakespeare became generally known to the Italians. . . . Maria Louise got a bit of it, which she caused to be divided into hearts and gems, elegant necklaces, bracelets, etc., and many other sentimental young and elderly ladies have followed her Majesty's example.' It is all very well for a royal personage, such as Marie Louise, to get a bit of this troughlike tomb, but an unknown English traveller who attempts to carry off six pounds of red marble in a surreptitious manner, even for the gratification of sentiment, is treated with scorn by the journalists of the whole country, and deservedly so."

Shakespeare Societies.

THE PARIS SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—The subjects under consideration at the last meeting of the society were the characters of Prince Henry and Hotspur, as shown in history and in the plays—1st and 2d parts of *Henry IV*. The fuller discussion of Falstaff is reserved for the next meeting, when the *Merry Wives of Windsor* will come under discussion. We summarize the facts and opinions expressed about Prince Henry.

This character appears to have been a special favorite with Shakespeare, and some German critics have seen in the Prince's life the counterpart of Shakespeare's own. The usually received historical account of Henry's character is followed by Shakespeare. The Rev. A. J. Church's recent book on Henry V. combats to some extent the ordinary version, showing that Henry was not so dissipated as is generally supposed.

In the plays we see a prince, given over to dissipation in his youth, suddenly turning over a new leaf on the death of his father, and worthily filling his high position.

There is no doubt about the bravery of the Prince. His father alone had some uncertainty on this point, and his doubts

are dispelled by his son's heroism at Shrewsbury. He has a strong will; none but a strong-willed man could have thrown off the companionship of Falstaff. He is chivalrous in the highest degree. Witness his generous praise of his enemy Hotspur, his noble act in freeing Douglas, and his kindly pity for Falstaff, "counterfeiting" death on the battlefield. It is not so easy to decide what were the reasons for his early conduct, nor, consequently, the causes of the change. In 1 *Henry IV.*, I., 2, Henry gives a reason for it. He compares himself to the sun who covers his face with clouds that when he shows himself he may the more wondered at:

> "So much shall I falsify men's hopes,
> Like bright metal on a sullen ground,
> My reformation glittering o'er my fault
> Shall I show more goodly."

This view of his early character makes the change a natural result: It shows him acting consistently throughout. But it demands some improbabilities. It requires us to admit that a lad of 15 (he was born in 1388) should plan and carry out from so early an age a long-continued dissimulation. It has been said that the Prince's companionship with Falstaff would gain him the favor of the lower classes, whose good-will it was necessary to obtain. But to search for popularity by consorting with Dame Quickly's clients would be likely to produce the contrary effect among those who were worth conciliating—the middle-classes, tradesmen, etc., who were the chief sufferers by the Prince's escapades. Altogether it seems more reasonable to suppose that his early conduct was simply the exuberance of youthful spirits in a lad who had lost a mother's care, had been brought up chiefly by his grandmother, and who was now left pretty much to himself by his father. He easily falls into temptation and persuades himself that he is not going to allow himself to be overcome by his surroundings; that he will sow his wild oats and take care not to reap the crop. Shakespeare shows us the influences which cause this resolve to become effective: his two interviews with his father, the necessity for

action against the rebellious Hotspur and Glendower, and chiefly the shock of responsibility on the death of his father.

He had sufficient strength of will to throw off his evil associates, but the consequences of his actions are not to be got rid of. His death at the summit of his power and in the prime of life, was probably the result of his early dissipation.

W. J. MAXTON, *Hon. Secretary.*

THE LITERARY Department of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, at their session in Moorhead City, North Carolina, June 21, as a portion of its exercise, discussed the play of *Julius Cæsar*. Professors C. Alphonso Smith, Chas. D. McIvor, and others, participated. Prof. Smith combated Mr. Craik's remark that the play "Might more fitly be called after Brutus than Cæsar," that "Cæsar is only a subordinate character." If an engine, moved by steam, be justly named a steam-engine, not for the comparative amount of space occupied by the steam, but because the steam is the great motor power, so is this play justly named *Julius Cæsar*, not for the comparative amount of space occupied by Cæsar (his words, deeds, or spirit), but because Cæsar is the great motor that moves every wheel of the dramatic action of the *Julius Cæsar*.

WILL THE LOWELL SHAKESPEARE CLUB kindly send SHAKESPEARIANA, for insertion at once, a duplicate of the report it forwarded us during the summer, which appears to have been lost in transmission to the printers?

Editorial.

IN the late issue of the *Stratford-upon-Avon Herald*, there is reported a sermon, delivered in Trinity Church, by the vicar Dr. Arbuthnot, in which the reverend gentleman said :

"I do not reply to any newspaper criticism, for one reason, because I have not read it and do not wish to read it; and for another because I believe anonymous attacks are best borne in silence. But, lest any of those who worship here and have as much right as I have to express their opinion upon and to bear their part in the work doing here, are needlessly alarmed by unfounded reports of what is projected, I would remind them that the work is not only in the hands of those who are probably the most eminent architects in England, but also that a committee, composed of the more prominent inhabitants of the parish, are carefully watching its progress. The Mayor and churchwardens, besides others who are well known for their artistic taste, are serving on this committee, and I think they may safely be trusted to keep a check, if it is necessary, on the architects, and any one else who may cherish revolutionary ideas. I do not, then, think any of you require reassuring on this point."

This is well as far as it goes. But it is, on the whole, we think, to be regretted that the vicar does not read the newspapers. For if their criticism be unjust it can hurt nobody, while the end to be gained is worth keeping in view. All concerned with this "restoration" should understand that what the world wants is not the "views," nor yet the best efforts of "the most eminent architects in England," who doubtless could build a temple a thousand times statelier, and a thousand times more splendid than Trinity Church, Stratford. What the world wants is a reasonable assurance that things will be left as they were—as nearly as possible—in Shakespeare's day. If there is any foundation for the rumors that have, from time to time, reached us, there has been some reason to fear that "the most eminent architects in England," no less than the "committee of the most prominent inhabitants," have not only not looked at

the matter with this view, but have not been beyond even "newspaper criticism" on the matter.

Elsewhere, in the same sermon, the vicar is reported as having said :

"First of all we have to remember for whom we decorate and beautify this church. It is not for Shakespeare. Nobody need accuse me of want of reverence for the poet's memory, or want of care for his last resting-place. But, though I do not object to this church being commonly called Shakespeare's church, nor to receive gifts for it in honor of his immortal memory, still, our primary object in promoting its beautification is that it is God's house."

Nobody doubts these propositions; but, however worthy or pious the motive, it is to be doubted if it could justify a reconstruction, however tending to "beautification," of the church which is Shakespeare's only monument built with hands, and whence his remains are not to be removed—under protest of the citizens—to Westminster Abbey, or to any other pile. If Shakespeare's mortal remains are to be left in this church, let us also leave the church there.

In one of the earliest issues of this magazine (Vol. I., p. 314), was printed an argument, urging that "it is not a privilege, or a license, but a peerless duty to open, repave and conserve the grave and sepulchre," that it was no less "a pious than a patriotic" obligation upon Englishmen to open Shakespeare's grave, "and do whatever modern science can to preserve whatever mortal is found therein, where every passing day leaves less visible to venerate." But if this is not to be done, let us at least leave the walls and the roof that shelter that grave and sepulchre alone !

In our August issue we mentioned a complaint, made by this same Vicar of Stratford, at a meeting of the Trustees of the Birthplace, that the residents of Stratford itself were singularly indifferent as to what is the town's greatest claim to attention. It is curious to find the reverend gentleman now crying out against criticism of the methods of "restoration," pursued on the church, because the "eminent architects" who are "restoring" that church are watched by a committee of those same "indifferent" residents.

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APPLETON MORGAN.

President of the New York Shakespeare Society.

Shakespeariana

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PRINCE HAMLET'S OUTING.

Hamlet, under the arrest of the "fell sergeant, Death," thus charges Horatio:

> "Horatio, I am dead;
> Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
> To the unsatisfied."

We are not in possession of that report of the story of Hamlet which his chosen confidant declares that he can "truly deliver" to the "unknowing world;" and, as if in default of it, a seemingly interminable succession of expositors have mounted the platform to report upon Hamlet and his cause. Yet from the number who continue to "absent themselves from felicity"—or from other tasks—to tell Hamlet's story, it may reasonably be inferred that the class which Shakespeare dubbed "the unsatisfied" still exists.

Two recent additions to this vast and ever-accumulating Hamlet literature have encouraged me to offer the following suggections concerning one point in the character of Hamlet, as they have strengthened my belief that the subject possesses the fascination of a yet unsettled controversy, and that any honest attempt to add to our understanding of this greatest of dramas is even now neither superfluous nor impertinent.

To avoid any misapprehension, let me say at the start that I have no new theory of Hamlet, warranted, like some patent nostrum, to cure all previous difficulties; I simply desire to call attention to one thought which a recent study of the play has suggested.

Hamlet is not merely a typical character, the man of thought laboring to rise to emergencies which demand the man of action: he is the thinker exhibited to us during a transitional period, which comes in some shape or other to almost all deep

souls. The character of Hamlet is commonly treated as a fixed, an unchanging thing; we are almost imperceptibly led to assume that his brooding melancholy is in the grain, that it always has possessed him, and that, had he lived, it would have clouded his spirit and clogged his will until the last. By such an assumption our attention is diverted from the temporary element in the mental experience through which in reality Hamlet is passing. Shakespeare furnishes us plentifully with characters in whose dispositions no change is to be looked for. No normal agency which we can imagine could sweeten and wash white the ingrained villainy of Iago, nor can we picture a temptation which could soil the spotless purity of Cordelia. During the progress of the play, such characters properly undergo no change; they are placed before us in sharp, firm outline, and they remain consistent until the end. Brutus, for example, the character that in some respects most nearly resembles Hamlet —a man who fails in the attempt to reconcile the ideal and the fact—is never taught by failure, but continues the same lofty but hopelessly impractical idealist that we find him at the first. His character is not plastic and mobile, but settled; we are given no hint that he has ever been different, or that, had he lived, experience would have given him the tact and insight of the man of affairs. But from all such characters Hamlet is to be sharply distinguished. Not only is there no warrant in the words of Shakespeare for placing him in such a category; there are, I think, positive indications that Shakespeare intended us to see in Hamlet a nature directly the reverse. The character of Hamlet is not determined, but in process of formation. Student and recluse as we are apt to think him, he is shown to us as keenly impressionable to externals; as one whose nature impelled him to learn, not from books merely, but from actual contact with life. Hamlet is shrewdly observant, delicately sensitive to outward influence, just as we imagine Shakespeare himself to have been. He can snatch such morals out of the smooth villainy of his uncle, or the words of a clownish gravedigger, as Jaques sucked melancholy out of a troll: he can find a stimulus to action in the chance meeting with the Captain who

tells him of the expedition of Fortinbas "against some part of Poland." And not only do we see the disposition of Hamlet quiver and tremble like the needle of a compass, in his response to the magnetic power of events, but we are led to believe that his terrible experiences, just before the opening of the play, have wrought sweeping changes in his character and mode of life.

If we bring together the various allusions to Hamlet's former life, scattered throughout the play, we shall find that they invariably suggest a very different personage from the world-weary and caustic Prince who first presents himself to us. Thus, while it is hardly safe for us to lay any especial stress on it, it is perhaps worth remembering that the one glimpse which we are given of Hamlet's early life has in it an incongruity which is alive with suggestion. Our fancy is suddenly snatched from the graves and mouldy skulls of the churchyard, and made to busy itself with the image of a laughing, rosy-cheeked child, perched in triumph astride the back of the good-natured court jester, sharing in his gambols, and hanging on him with childish kisses. What a strange look backward is this! At the least, it is "three-and-twenty years" since little Prince Hamlet delighted in the songs and antics of Yorick. Hamlet's age, according to this reminiscence of the grave-digger, is thirty or thereabouts: he could not have been over seven when Yorick died, yet no terrible experience has dimmed the memory; the mature man, probing the festering secrets of mortality, remembers through all this interval—and that with manifest sympathy and pleasure — the jester's "flashes of merriment" and the roars of laughter from the feasters, for he "knew him well."

But if the picture of the child Hamlet, devoted companion of the court jester, arrests our attention, there is far more significance in the insight which we get into Hamlet's former life through the artless words of Ophelia. The qualities which could captivate the fancy of a nature as limited as that of Ophelia were by no means those with which Hamlet is naturally associated. Hamlet has not always worn his "customary suits of solemn black," he has not always been unable to

delight in man "nor woman neither." The young lover who won the heart of the gentle, dutiful, but cruelly inadequate Ophelia, was the "courtier" and the "soldier" as well as the "scholar;" he was

> "The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers."

It is the sudden change in Hamlet that bewilders Ophelia. It is only when the depths of Hamlet's being are suddenly broken up by the jar of a new and unintelligible experience, and the man is transformed by the quickening of the profounder parts of his nature, that the great distance between these two confronts us. At one step Hamlet has gone where Ophelia cannot follow him; the limitations of her nature are inexorable, and she can but take her cue from the others, and echo, "Alas, he's mad!"

There are, moreover, many stray hints throughout the play, trivial in themselves, but all calculated to impress us with the fact of this sudden change in Hamlet. Everything indicates a youth of physical activity on Hamlet's part. He is ready with his weapon when he stabs Polonius; with impetuous courage he is the first to board the ship of the pirates; he possesses an extraordinary skill in fencing. Everything points to a youth of healthy physical activity. At Wittenberg he has been no mere dreaming recluse, no mere student of books, shutting himself away from life. On the contrary, he himself tells us that, beside the "saws of books," youth and observation have imprinted on his memory records which, in the light of the revelations of the ghost, seem to him "fond and trivial." Again, when he first greets Horatio, it is as a boon companion. He is surprised out of his new melancholy and abstraction by the sudden appearance of his fellow-student; he slips back for a moment into the old light-heartedness, and the heartiness of his welcome suggests that he may again be the courtier, scholar, and statesman, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." But only for a moment. It is just now that we are about to witness the evolution. It has been said that the

portrayal of the evolution of a character—to use our convenient scientific term—is peculiar to recent literature; that George Eliot gives us studies of the development or degeneration of character under the pressure of surrounding conditions, while in the older authors, including Shakespeare, character is exhibited as set and unchanging. Whatever truth there may be in the theory, it is not borne out by the character of Hamlet. George Eliot has given us no more masterly delineation of a character in transit than we have in this creation of the Elizabethan, who knew not Darwin or Herbert Spencer.

How does Hamlet first come to realize that, whatever lies back of men's lives, a man has something himself to do with his own good or evil? It seems to me that we have the very first intimation of the suspicion to that effect on Hamlet's part over the body of the newly-slain Polonius. For when the king tells Hamlet flatly to prepare to sail for England, he does not whimper, but says:

Hamlet. Good.
King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.
Hamlet. I see a cherub that sees them.

How different from the man, who, a little way back, was whining over having been born to set the crooked times straight!

But now comes the intimation of strength. On his way to England, while sleepless at night, Hamlet is suddenly impelled to get possession of the commission of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and the result strengthens still farther his sense of a power that is guiding his life for good, and not always for evil! The story is well enough known. From that moment Hamlet begins to act—trusting to the Divinity that shapes our ends for betterment as well as for curse.

——" let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

It is instructive to remember that it is this same impulse from the unknown which is made the mysterious means of Hamlet's

return. It must have farther quickened his apprehension of this something back of his life, when, through his impetuous boarding of an attacking pirate craft, he finds himself again on Danish ground.

And thus it is that the Hamlet who returns is not the despairer—the doubter who, a few months before, was crying out against his being—but the man, who exclaims:

"THE INTERIM IS MINE!"

Evidently his trip has done him good!

He left Elsinore an enervated, weak-willed prince—mumbling at, and yet acquiescing in, matters as they happened. The times were out of joint, the world was an unweeded garden—everything flat, stale, and unprofitable. He came back a soldier with sword at his side, and his hand on the hilt of it—nay, better than that—a man, superior to chance, the maker of events. If there is one thing as to which even doctors agree, it is as to the tonic effects of a sea voyage!

Nothing can shake his faith now:

"We defy augury; there is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all."

This is not fatalism, but a supreme trust in the special Providence; not belief in a blind destiny, but in a Divine hand that brings order into our lives at the last, overruling our mistakes, and even using our "indiscretions" in working out its purposes, "when our deep plots do fail."

We may now reasonably expect action: and we are not disappointed. He compasses the death of his enemies at once and together, and in a flash of the same inspiration as dictated the ruse to get rid of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern the spies. And to emphasize the change, and to assure his readers that Hamlet was no longer a pusillanimous philosopher—eloquent, no doubt, but incompetent as the dull weed that fats on Lethe's wharf—Shakespeare gives us a last look at Hamlet as a gentleman and a soldier. The impression that he bids us take with

us is of one who has fought his fight, and who has given promise of yet greater triumphs.

"Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage:
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally; and for his passage,
Let soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him." HENRY S. PANCOAST.

HAMLET'S MENTAL CONDITION.

IT is not likely that the fact of Hamlet's sanity or insanity will ever be clearly enough established to meet with universal recognition. Each theory has always had, and probably always will have, advocates who are well qualified to form an opinion on the matter. All I am about to do is to offer a few remarks on Hamlet as he appears in the play, without reference—except it may be an unconscious one—to the views that may have been read into the character by the hosts who have written about it. And then, from the contemplation of these facts, I will state my own opinion, as a medical man in general practice, meeting from time to time with cases of mental alienation.

In consideration of this question it is of the greatest importance to remember that insanity does not necessarily mark out its possessor as one obviously unlike other folk; and it must be borne in mind that the chronic forms of mania are exceedingly insidious in their development, that the boundary between sanity and certain forms of insanity is a very ill-defined one, and that the sufferer from that form of chronic mania known as "moral mania" may be a highly intelligent person, even filling his position in life so as to extract admiration from those who are not too intimate with him. A writer on insanity defines moral mania as "a morbid perversion of the natural feelings, affections, inclinations, temper, habits, and moral dispositions—without any notable lesion of the intellect or know-

ing and reasoning faculties, and particularly without any maniacal hallucinations." I lay stress upon this, as I do not consider there is any evidence of intellectual mania on the part of Hamlet. In other words, I do not know that there is in the play any indication that he suffered from delusions of any kind.

With scarcely an exception, the evidence in all cases of alleged unsoundness of mind falls into two classes:

(1.) Facts indicating insanity, observed by the inquirer.

(2.) Other facts (if any) indicating insanity, communicated to the inquirer by others.

Now, in the case of Hamlet, the facts personally observed are capable of a division again into two classes, viz.: Those which are seen when the patient is with others, and those—and we should be especially grateful for them—when the patient is unaware of another's presence. What is our first acquaintance with Hamlet? We see him in scene third of act I. almost heart-broken at the death of his father; the shock at the rapid marriage of his mother with his father's brother. The protest of the king against Hamlet's over-much sorrow would not have been necessary to one possessed of a strong mind, and the very fact, therefore, of a man of Hamlet's age (he is described as "young Hamlet," but he must have been of man's estate) giving way to immoderate grief prepares us to find one whose mind, perhaps under the influence of a great trial, might give way, and his emotions, if not his intellect, be turned awry. Scarcely has he spoken a dozen lines when we overhear him talking to himself. And what is the keynote to the inward working of his mind? No sooner is he left alone than, instead of taking to heart the advice of his step-father uncle—which in this instance was of the best—and endeavoring to shake himself free of the lethargy which was settling upon him, he laments that there is a moral law against suicide, and—at the outset of life, when he should be nerving himself for its struggles—talks already of the uses of this world being weary, stale, flat, unprofitable, and so on. If the family medical attendant had no more information than this, it would be enough to set him thinking of the measures he should adopt to prevent this

condition of mind becoming a fixed one. From this alone he would be justified in warning the friends of the young man to take especial note of him. And, if the king had had a medical eye, he would have then sent him for some foreign travel, and so have prevented Hamlet's mental condition going from bad to worse, and saved his own soul from the guilt of plotting his nephew's death as well as of having actually murdered his brother.

No sooner has Hamlet finished this wonderful talk to himself than Horatio enters, and in his reception we have another symptom, although a slight one, of a mind somewhat tottering. Horatio comes in—Horatio of whom at another time he said:

> "Time, my dear soul, was mistress of her choice,
> And could of men distinguish her election,
> Hath seal'd thee for herself."

And yet Hamlet scarcely recognizes him:

> "Horatio, or I do forget myself!"

Another saying of Hamlet's in this scene is worthy of note in reference to this question. He says to Horatio:

> "We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart."

It must be particularly borne in mind that, up to this, he has had no hint of the appearance of his father's ghost, and that we are not yet come to the great landmark of the play (so far as Hamlet's mental condition is concerned), the famous saying, Act I., 5., 170, which of course gives so much force to the view of feigned madness, when he gives his companion notice that he may bear himself "strange and odd" and shall "perchance hereafter think meet to put an antic disposition on." Compare this "drink deep" to his saying only a few hours later that (again speaking to Horatio in reference to the King's rouse and wassail):

> "It is a custom
> More honor'd in the breach than the observance,
> This heavy-headed revel east and west
> Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations,
> They clepe us drunkards."

These comparisons of the man with himself are most useful for determining any mental aberration. Who can believe that the exaltation of the

"We'll teach you to drink deep"

expresses the noble mind of the courtier, soldier, scholar? An actual change of this kind could not have taken place in the time. The explanation is rather to be found in this: At the first interview with Horatio, he has but that moment been dwelling at length on the death of his father and the infamy of his mother, and his proper moral feeling has for the time been turned aside. In the interval between this and the appointment on the platform at midnight he has, in preparation for his whole night's watch, probably had some sleep, the refreshing influence of which is seen in his strong protest against the drinking habits of the country.

We come now at once to his interview with his father's ghost, and under these exceptional circumstances—the appearance of the unearthly visitant and the revelations made by him, the reinforcement of the strong views already held by Hamlet by the information of the murder—I say, under these circumstances, it is perhaps not right to cite a man's conduct either for or against the view of his insanity. I therefore pass without comment his extraordinary conduct in writing down the fact of his uncle's hypocrisy, the adoption of the falconer's cry in response to Horatio's call, the apparent disclosure which he was going to make to Horatio and Marcellus, and which came to be nothing more than the truism,

> "There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
> But he's an arrant knave,"

together with the other "wild and whirling words."

The putting on of the antic disposition, of which so much has been made, was certainly to be in the future, and the titles which he applies to his father's spirit, for which he must undoubtedly have had the greatest reverence—"boy," "truepenny," "fellow in the cellarage," "old mole"—must be classed with the other wild words of the immediately preceding part, which may

have been produced by the effect of the interview ; but which, I believe, are of some importance as showing a temporary alienation of Hamlet's moral feeling of respect.

Although there is much more to be said of Hamlet's mental condition, from the personal observation of the inquirer, it is more convenient to take the evidence as it comes to us in the course of the play. The next information we have is a series of facts communicated by another. Ophelia, in her fright, rushes to her father to tell him that the Lord Hamlet, who not so very long before had made to her "many tenders of his affections," and had "given countenance to his speech" "with almost all the holy vows of heaven," has been again to see her, and she gives the details of his recent visit to her in the passage beginning at the seventy-seventh line of the first scene of the second act.

"As I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head: his stockings foul'd,
Ungartered, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors—he came before me.

. . . . . .

He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm:
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:
At last a little shaking of mine arm
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he let me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes:
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me."

Now, what are we to think of Hamlet's conduct as here related ? Are we to believe that all this was but a part of the

"antic disposition"? And if so, granting that the knees knocking each other, in fact his behavior generally, was "put on," I should like to be told by the advocates of the theory of his sanity how he also managed to assume the pallor of the face which, amongst other things, so frightened poor Ophelia? Supposing all this to be explained, I should yet like to learn in what way such conduct to Ophelia could advance his purpose of revenge. Looking to what previously had been told us by Ophelia of his attachment to her and confirmed by what he himself says towards the end of the play (Act V., 1, 292),

> "I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
> Could not with all their quantity of love
> Make up my sum,"

is it at all consistent to believe that when he so conducted himself he was of perfectly sound mind? Is it not reasonable to believe that in this phase of his moral mania his feeling of love had become utterly perverted? Some time had now elapsed since he had seen the ghost. Time enough for Voltimand and Cornelius to have gone to Norway and back and executed their commission.

We now come to a point which, to my thinking, is more difficult of explanation than any we have previously had. Hamlet enters, reading; Polonius being the only other person in the scene. Now we have this difficulty in reference to what follows. This is the first time that Polonius and Hamlet in the play have exchanged any words, so that we have no means of knowing what opinion of Polonius Hamlet had before this. Thus much must be said. He certainly treats him here in a very queer way. The whole of this, down to the entrance of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, it is possible to believe, may have been effected, but is it also explicable from the moral-perversion point of view, as Hamlet may have had these notions about any one who was so closely connected with Ophelia, whom he had already treated in so extraordinary a fashion? When he says to Polonius, who is about to take his leave (Act II., 2, 19–21): "You cannot take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal, except my life," we have the unmistakable outpour-

ing of his burdened soul without the least admixture of anything assumed. There are passages in the conversations with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that are of great value also in determining Hamlet's state of mind. How well he expresses, in many places, the different workings of a mind diseased in its moral aspect! Denmark is to him a prison; not because he has ambition for larger views and more extensive aims, but because it is a place in which, finding no congenial society and seeing no avenue of relief for his mental trouble, he feels utterly miserable and isolated. Even the beauties of nature have no longer any charm for him, and all his surroundings are but a "foul and pestilential congregation of vapors." (Act II., 2, 314–15.) All this is too real to be reckoned for one moment as part of an antic disposition put on. He knows what is the matter with him better than any one else. His uncle-father and mother-aunt are deceived. They believe him to be a raving lunatic, utterly irresponsible for all his actions. He knows that the emotional part of his nature is only affected, and that his intellect is as clear as ever. When Polonius returns to tell of the approach of the players, the sight of him, who was so near being his father-in-law, again sets Hamlet off, and Polonius, who hadn't lived all his years without knowing something of that which came before his eyes, wasn't so far wrong with his aside (Act II., 2, 28), "Still on my daughter." He only made the pardonable mistake that the affection of Hamlet for Ophelia was the cause of Hamlet's lunacy, whereas it was the moral mania from which Hamlet was suffering that had distorted that affection. When Hamlet talks to persons who are not mixed up with these things that are nearest to his heart, he talks and acts rationally enough.

With Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern—all present whilst he is talking to the players—he is at no pains to assume anything. In this scene, and again in Act III., 2, in his instructions to the players, the intellectual part of his character shines already forth without a spot upon it.

In Act III., 1, in the famous speech, "To be or not to be," we have an elaboration of the idea of suicide which had pre-

sented itself to his mind when we first saw him. Now it has a stronger hold upon him, and he parleys with it at great length and with much detail. In this and in his conversation with Ophelia which immediately follows, his moral mania speaks trumpet-tongued. The king, who has been an unobserved listener, arrives at a correct diagnosis when he exclaims: "Love! his affections do not that way tend." (No, the emotional part of his nature was distraught.)

> "Not what he spoke, though it lack'd form a little,
> Was not like madness."

(Certainly not! the intellectual part of his nature was untouched.) And he goes on to speak the views of the practised alienist, although the villain afterwards used the plan with a diabolical plot:

> "There's something in his *soul*
> O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.
> And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
> Will be some danger . . . .
> . . . . . .
> . . he shall with speed to England
> . . . . . .
> Haply the seas, and countries different
> With variable objects, shall expel
> This something settled matter in his heart."

Again, in the play scene, does the presence of Ophelia turn the Lord Hamlet from himself, for I feel sure that had he been master of his moral nature he would never have used to her the coarse language which for him is so unusual.

In the magnificent scene of Hamlet's interview with his mother, we come to the full exhibition of his unsullied intellectual powers: with the interpretation that I have given of his mental condition, the famous passage,

> "Mother, for love of grace,
> Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
> That not your trespass, but my madness speaks,"

becomes quite clear. In effect, he says, "I know that my moral nature has been and still is diseased; but I am now addressing

you from the intellectual side of my character, and that is perfectly clear. I can go over it all again and show you that I am not incoherent." His talk about Polonius, after having killed him, can only be explained by the moral insanity view, as, of all occasions, he would avoid this for any assumption of lunacy. I do not think we need of necessity look for an actual realization of his idea about putting on an antic disposition. That he stated to Horatio when full of the excitement consequent upon seeing the ghost. He might have found afterwards that it would not have helped him at all in his plans for revenge: or knowing himself then that he was not quite sane, he said this to throw his intimate friend, Horatio (and to whom we know he turned for help in his scheme), off his guard so that *he* should interpret any eccentricity of the Lord Hamlet as something assumed, and not look upon it as the act of an irresponsible person. If at any time he put on the antic disposition, it might have been just at the beginning of the play scene, when the King and Queen and courtiers enter (just after he says to Horatio, "I must be *idle*"); the talk with Guildenstern later on in the same scene; the cloud talk with Polonius; the sponge talk with Rosencrantz; and perhaps the conversation with the king in Act IV. If Shakespeare had written nothing else but this play, the character of Hamlet would have been sufficient to have carried for him a lasting literary immortality, for he has portrayed a condition of mind which, though it had existed in all ages, did not receive recognition and was not described by medical experts for more than two centuries after. The only flaw that I can see in the whole treatment of the subject is one that, perhaps, is rendered necessary by the exigencies of the dramatic mode. I refer to the rapid recovery of Hamlet after having been sent to England, as he could have been absent only for a short time. We have nothing in the fifth act that can, I think, be construed into anything resembling insanity. But we have that most remarkable declaration to Laertes, who, with a murdered father and sister, had just grounds for resentment against Hamlet. Hamlet says to him (V., 2, 237, 250):

" Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong,
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honor and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy."

Here in the clearest words, unmistakable in their meaning, does the restored man, looking back over past events, see, as many another in like case has done, that his conduct in certain directions has been of that wild and outrageous character that could have come only from a distempered mind.

I hope I have shown enough to make it clear that Hamlet's sanity is not of that unequivocal character that some would have us think, and that the puzzle in the character which so many have found, is to be solved by the view that I have taken. That view, for aught I know, may have been adopted by many a writer, but it is one that I have not seen described, for I have read but little of the Hamlet criticism. And it is one at which I have arrived, at all events, independently. I claim for it that it is a view that makes the character clearly understood, and in a way which no view of feigned insanity can at all approach. It explains, without excusing, Hamlet inconsistences. It elevates Shakespeare to the highest point as a delineator of the varying phases of the human mind in health and disease. A great and modern writer on mental disease, referring to the "fallacy pervading all the poetic, dramatic, and artistic descriptions of insanity," excepts "our own illustrious, immortal Shakespeare, whose wonderfully truthful delineations of the different types of disordered mind, embodied in passages of rare and matchless beauty, must ever entitle him to the distinction of holding the

foremost rank amongst the most eminent psychologists that have conferred lustre on the annals of this or any other country." *

L. M. GRIFFITHS.

SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION.

CONCERNING our great poet's religion, or rather the want of it, Michelet makes the following extraordinary remarks: "As far as I recollect, the name of God does not occur in Shakespeare, or, if it does, it is rarely, and by chance, and unaccompanied by the shadow of a religious sentiment." To refute this audacious assertion the most infantile knowledge of the plays might seem sufficient. On Bosworth Field, Richmond bids his followers remember this:

> "God and our good cause fight upon our side;
> The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
> Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces."
> (*Richard III.*, v. 3, 240–43.)

> "To Thee (*i.e., to God*) I do commend my watchful soul,
> Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
> Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still."
> (*Richard III.*, v. 3, 115–118.)

Indeed, it would be easy to cite hundreds of references wherein the name of God appears in more or less religious sentiments.

Perhaps the latest word of importance on the question of the religion of Shakespeare comes from the late Dr. Karl Elze, whose literary biography of the poet was translated into English during 1888. In his eagerness to demonstrate the great dramatist an utter disbeliever in divine revelation and in the doctrine of a future life, the critic has carefully cited such passages from the plays as might seem to aid his own argument, while he has cautiously avoided such other passages as might tell against it. Personal annihilation at death is asserted, so

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* Forbes Winslow, *Obscure Diseases of the Brain*, 2d ed., 64–5.

thinks the learned German, in the person of Prospero, who says:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

That is to say, he explains, "We come from nothing and return to nothing."

The same thought, "he further remarks," is met with again in *Titus Andronicus* (I., i., 154–55), where Titus, in front of the sepulchre, says:

> "Here are no storms,
> No noise, but silence and eternal sleep."

In reply to this, it might be suggested that a heathen like Titus Andronicus could not be expected to utter a Christian's hope of immortality; and Prospero, who is imagined to live in Christian days, says no more than was expressed of the first martyr Stephen, who, looking upward, full of grace, "That he fell asleep." Also in a note (page 452) Dr. Elze affirms that "the word *immortality* occurs only twice in Shakespeare" (*Pericles*, III., ii., 30, and in *Lucrece*, 735), the first quotation referring to earthly immortality, whereas Lucrece, the heathen, refers to her immortal parts." This statement is made either disingenuously or in oversight of the fact. It is true that "immortality," as a noun, is a scarce word in the Plays, but "immortal," as an adjective, is by no means scarce, and its equivalent, "eternal," repeatedly occurs. Indeed, the immortality of the soul may be said to be taken for granted in Shakespeare. "Such harmony is in immortal souls" is a well-known phrase in *The Merchant of Venice*.

Of Juliet we are told,

> "Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
> And her immortal part with angels lives."

The Friar reminds Capulet (IV., 5, 69–70),

> "Your part in her you could not keep from death,
> But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life."

Hamlet says in reference to his father's ghost :

> " For my soul, what can it do to that,
> Being a thing immortal as itself ? "

Poins, having inquired of Bardolph as to the health of Falstaff, his master, is asked whether it is the bodily health of Sir John that is referred to. He rejoins, " Marry, the *immortal* part needs a physician, but that moves not him : though that be sick, it dies not." Which is equal to saying that, though the body dies, the soul lives on ; and this is said in manner of unfeigned belief.

Though the word " immortality " may not always be directly used when its meaning is implied, yet the suggestion of a future life again and again occurs in verbal expression throughout these Plays. As, again, I might easily cite hundreds of instances.

That there was a sentimental leaning of Shakespeare toward the unreformed faith may be fairly admitted, but there are insuperable difficulties in allowing that he was an adherent to its doctrines and forms. Too much stress, however, should not be laid on the oft-quoted passage in *King John* in repudiation of the Pope's claim in England : with the fierce declarations that " no Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions," as the utterance comes from the most wicked and perfidious of sovereigns, whose patriotism was brute selfishness. A stronger objection to its being Shakespeare's deliberately expressed feeling as to papal usurpation, is, that this whole passage is not much more than a literal transcript from the earlier play by another hand, *The Troublesome Raine of King John.*

The Epilogue of 2 *Henry IV.*—in which it is affirmed that Oldcastle died a martyr (an admission no Catholic would have made)—might be very helpful to the Protestant defender of the poet's creed. But, unfortunately for such, the passage is considered by Dowden, Grant White, and other of the best critics to be spurious. This is also the case with the Cranmer episode in *Henry VIII.*, where it is pronounced by that prelate that the baby Princess Elizabeth (*Henry VII.*, V., v., 31)

"Shall be loved and feared, her own shall bless her,
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow, etc.,
. . . . . .
God shall be truly known," etc., etc.,

which must have been written by a warm adherent of the cause of the future queen; and, consequently, a hater of the pretensions of the Roman See. The tone of Shakespeare's references to monasteries shows that he had a liking for monks and friars, and that he made more than mere poetic use of the Roman ritual. This means much, when we consider the repulsive scurrilities against sacraments and priests, hermits, pilgrims, monks, friars, and nuns, which the reforming divines of his day—such as Dr. Calfhill, and others whose names are in the unvalued volumes of the Parker Society—indulged in. The lightest of their thousands of invectives against the deserted shrines would outweigh in virulence all that could be gathered in that kind from the Plays.

But, though in external accord, so to speak, with mediæval ecclesiasticism, Shakespeare was not a Roman Catholic, and the mere fact of his mildness towards Romanism may evince that he was not a Puritan. That he knew the Prayer-Book better than the Breviary can be argued from his citations from the former, and from his apparent ignorance of the rudimentary fact in the Breviary that *mass* is not celebrated in the evening—Juliet proposing to visit Friar Lawrence at *evening mass*—a crucial difficulty which advocates of the Catholic theory have been unable to explain. At the same time, though the pride of the prelacy and the temporal overlordship of the Bishop of Rome are held up to popular reprobation, there is no shadowy hint that the doctrine, sacraments, and ritual of the Catholic religion are not superstitious, though there was ample opportunity of indulging in the newly-developed spirit of the Reformation, and there might seem self-invited peril in the too tender handling of the formulas and practices of the proscribed Church.

Of the divorce of Catherine—a delicate subject to touch upon

in Elizabethan days—he had strong suspicion of the king's hypocrisy : the courtiers say :

> "It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
> Has crept too near his conscience :
> No, his conscience
> Has crept too near another lady."
> (*Henry VIII.*, II., ii., 17–19.)

For tranquil beauty of poetic presentment hardly any passages in Shakespeare surpass those that refer to the devotional usages of Catholicism, such as where Henry says :

> "I Richard's body have interred new,
> And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
> Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
> Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
> Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
> Towards heaven to pardon blood ; and I have built
> Two chantries where the sad and solemn priests
> Sing still for Richard's soul."

But, though we might vainly seek for passages reflecting upon or sneering at the customs and doctrines of the Church of Rome, Shakespeare treats of these points only in such ways as any liberal-minded member of the Church of England would at the present day speak of them, without necessarily accepting them at heart.

As a boy, Shakespeare seems to have learned the Church Catechism ; we may argue as much from the phrase "pickers and stealers," which Hamlet calls his hands. Other parts of the Prayer-Book were evidently familiar to him. The Friar, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, in performing the marriage rites of Claudia and Hero, says : "If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it," an echo from the Anglican marriage service. "You are in the state of grace," another expression from the Catechism, occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, III., i., 15. "Good Lord, deliver us," from the litany, occurs in *The Taming of The Shrew*, I. i., 66.

——"his plausive words
He scatter'd not in *ears*, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear,"

is from the Collects, and occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well*, I., ii., 53.

Though the Plays make for virtue and religion, on the whole, they are not didactic. The stage is not the pulpit; and where people are met for amusement, the solemnity of religious teaching seems out of place.

"Jove was alike to Satian and to Phrygian,
And you well know a play's of no religion,"

is a couplet in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, and, in a sense, applicable to Shakespeare. Nevertheless we find in Shakespeare a constant use of Scripture phraseology; while the doctrines of Christianity, as embodied *in* the services of the Church of England, are repeatedly adduced with implied acceptation on the part of the poet. At least they are never irreverently treated, nor attempted to be controverted. Priests and ministers of religion in their duties of office always attract our love and respect; and, though there are bad examples of their class, they are not made typical of the whole body. The high duties of their office Shakespeare is keen to observe; and he is prompt to admonish them when they forget their proper functions and become administrators to the vanities and vices of the evil world. Prince John, of Lancaster—when addressing Scroop, Archbishop of York, who had joined the Earl of Northumberland's party against King Henry, the Prince's father—is made to say (2 *Henry IV.*, II., 4–10):

"My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the world to sword, and life to death."

It will be said that we have no right to impute to Shakespeare sentiments which, however suitable to the persons of his plays,

are limited to the occasion of the utterance, and belong merely to the dramatic situation. This is true, but it is impossible not to see the inclinations of an author's tendencies in the workings of his genius. In such a passage as the following, there is evidently the abstract doctrine of future retribution involved in the self-application of its meaning by the King in *Hamlet:*

> "In the corrupted currents of this world
> Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
> And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
> Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
> There is no shuffling, there the action lies
> In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
> Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
> To give in evidence."

And scores of passages might be cited to the same effect.

JOHN TAYLOR.

WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?

IV.—THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.

BY way of answer to the question of our title, this month, we reprint, by permission, a review of THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE from *The Christian Union* of October 3, 1889.

Editions of Shakespeare* are as the sands of the sea for multitude. Counting those editions printed "for the trade," those reprinted as the demand arrives, and those which the industry of new editors is constantly supplying to the press,

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* *The Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies of Mr. William Shakespeare as Presented at the Globe and Blackfriar's Theatres, circa* 1591–1623. *Being the text furnished the players in parallel pages with the first revised Folio Text, with Critical Introductions.* The Bankside Shakespeare, edited by Appleton Morgan. Vol. I. The Merry Wives of Windsor. Introduction by the Editor. II. The Taming of the (a) Shrew. Introduction by Albert R. Frey. III. The Merchant of Venice. Introduction by William Reynolds. IV. The Troilus and Cressida. Introduction by the Editor. V. The Romeo and Juliet. Introduction by Dr. B. Rush-Field. (New York: The Shakespeare Society of New York.)

the output is claimed to be an average of forty-three new editions per year, and a sublime total of over nine hundred to date—in fact, nearly one thousand editions! that is, an average of about three and one-half editions per year since William Shakespeare's death (and one which, since he lay in abeyance for ninety-three years, bears somewhat heavily upon the years of this century). Of all these editions, however, what are called the critical editions are easily sorted out of the total into the following:

LIST OF EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE FOR CRITICAL STUDENTS.

1.		The Quartos.		1591–1640.
2.		First Folio, Heminges and Condell	(Ben Jonson ?)	1623
3.		Second Folio	(John Milton ?)	1632
4.		Third Folio (Doubtful plays)		1663–4
5.		Fourth Folio (Doubtful plays)		1685
6.		The Editors'.—Rowe (1 Edition)	London	1709
7.		Rowe (2)	"	1714
8.		Pope (1)	"	1723
9.		Pope (2)	"	1728
10.		Theobald (1)	"	1733
11.		Theobald (2)	"	1740
12.		Hanmer (1)	"	1744
13.		Warburton	"	1747
14.		Jonson	"	1765
15.		Capell	"	1766
16.		Johnson & Stevens (1)	"	1773
17.		Johnson & Stevens (2)	"	1778
18.		Stevens	"	1783
19.		Johnson & Stevens (3)	"	1785
20.		Rann	London	1786–1794
21.		Malone	London	1790
22.	(1st Variorum.)	Reed & Stevens (4)	"	1803
23.	(2d Variorum.)	Reed & Stevens	"	1813
24.	(The Variorum.)	Boswell's Malone	"	1821
25.		Harness	"	1825
26.		Singer (1)	"	1826
27.		Knight	"	1841
28.		Collier (1)	"	1842–4
29.	(1st American.)	Verplank	New York	1847
30.	(Folio.)	Halliwell	London	1856
31.		Singer (2)	"	1856
32.		Dyce (1)	"	1857
33.		Collier (2)	"	1858
34.		Staunton	"	1858

35.		Grant White (1)	Boston	1859–65
36.	(Cambridge.)	Clark & Wright	Cambridge	1863
37.	(Globe.)	Clark & Wright	"	1864
38.		Keightley	London	1864
39.		Cowden-Clarke	"	1864
40.		Dyce (2)	"	1866
41.	(Clarendon.)	Clark & Wright	"	1869
42.	(New Variorum.)	Furness	Philadelphia	1871
43.		Dyce (3)	London	1875
44.		Collier (3)	"	1877
45.	(Delius)(Leopold)		"	1877
46.	(Harvard)	Hudson	Boston	1879–81
47.	(Friendly)	Rolfe	Boston	1883
48.	(Riverside)	Grant White (2)	Boston and N. Y.	1883

Are annotators of Shakespeare—the question comes—but as moths fretting a garment, to the peril of the garment rather than its proof? Possibly the time has not yet arrived for answer, though the garment seems not yet to have disappeared. But, at any rate, the race may, while not prohibiting, look askance at each new aspirant for place in this great critical list. Therefore, when an American edition, on an unprecedentedly enormous scale, proposes to give a volume to each separate play, and to give the minor and obscurer Shakespearian plays equal critical examination with that enjoyed by the masterpieces, it is not immaterial to carefully examine such proposition, its claims, and its fruit. With five volumes of "The Bankside Shakespeare" (the issue of a single year) before us, the prospect of completion of the experiment seems to warrant such an examination here and now.

It is very remarkable indeed that in the preparation of fifty critical editions of the greatest English-speaking dramatist (to say nothing of the nine hundred) it has occurred to but a single editor to allow his readers a choice of the many different versions which, in the very lifetime and vicinity of the great dramatist himself, obtained currency as his own work and version. Each editor, in fact, from Ben Jonson himself (if he were, as is much more than probable, the editor of the great First Folio), has given but a single text, and so placed himself, just to that extent, behind the throne, as to what was Shakespeare and what was not. It is needless to dilate here on the dull and dead narrative of the quarrels of the editors, beginning with Pope, who set himself up to be a pope indeed, and to allow nobody to read the Shakespeare text save as he, Pope, printed it; who corrected, expunged, elaborated, augmented,

and curtailed, as he, Pope, pleased; and, moreover, indicated with asterisks, inverted commas, and other printers' signs what he considered the great public had better admire, and what they needn't mind pausing to dwell upon. These dead wars were all alive enough once, and oceans of ink, if not of blood, were shed in maintaining them. They are only mentioned here as an extreme example of the temptation to which the Shakespearian editor finds himself exposed. But it is certainly a most remarkable fact that to no one of all these editors did it ever occur to give to his readers an opportunity of selecting for themselves—from among the various quarto and folio readings he himself collated, or claimed to collate, into the single text known as his (known as Rowe's, Pope's, Theobald's, Hanmer's, Stevens', etc., etc.)—Shakespeare! And yet these editors fairly should have done so, had they desired their readers and subscribers (for everything was done by a subscription, and nobody not a subscriber was inferred to be a reader) to know as much about Shakespeare as about themselves, the editors.

To take a single example of this *ex cathedra* jurisdiction: In the Shakespeare canon, the *Pericles* was, for long years, a "doubtful" play. If Heminge and Condell, or Ben Jonson, or whoever edited the First Folio, had ever heard of a play by Shakespeare called *Pericles*, nobody was the wiser. It was not included in the First Folio. The Second Folio (edited, perhaps, by John Milton) contained no allusion to it. It was not until 1663—forty-seven years after Shakespeare's death, thirty-three years after the death of his colleagues Heminge and Condell (who declared that the First Folio contained all and veritable the plays their esteemed fellow Shakespeare ever wrote)—that *Pericles* appeared (in the Third Folio) as a Shakespeare play, and then it only appeared in connection with six other plays, every one of which has been most summarily rejected, the faintest internal examination being sufficient to convince that no Shakespeare had a finger in them. Here, then, is a notable occurrence; the editors of two successive folios rejecting, a third editor accepting, a play as Shakespeare's, and every one of this third edition's successors refusing to recognize his decision, except as to one out of seven pieces; from which it appears that the editorial judgment may, like Homer, sometimes nod; and it follows, or seems to follow, that in so great and singular a field as that of Shakespeare, the best editor would be he who presents his readers with that field, so to speak, and withdraws into the background himself.

It seems to us that "The Bankside Shakespeare" should be admitted to the splendid list above printed, if only because it is the first to assert this reader's right; its editor confining himself to presenting, as himself expresses it, "what William Shakespeare himself saw in print, reprinted in parallel columns with what his friends and associates published as his, after his funeral, one hundred years before the first annotator, or 'corrector,' or 'new reading,' appeared," which is what Mr. Morgan calls "the real Shakespeare." Mr. Morgan's halting between two opinions, his doubts as to whether there even was a Shakespeare, and, finally, his Laplacean doubts of the Doubter, at least have been of public benefit in this—that he has designed a new plan of editing the great dramatist and spokesman of the English race; viz., not to edit him at all, but to give the facts and let the reader edit for himself; to subject to "the deadly parallel column," as the phrase goes, the splendidest of all literature, and to give us all the benefit of the process.

An examination of the several volumes of the Bankside Edition already issued impresses us also with another most valuable, which it is to be hoped will also be a permanent feature, of this unique edition. This feature is the care and research expended upon the more obscure and least read plays. Thus Volume I. of the series is devoted, not to *Hamlet* or *Othello*, to *Lear* or *Macbeth*, but (with what we may conceive to be a certain self-denial of the editor) to *The Merry Wives;* and we can only, upon reflection, at least from Mr. Morgan's own standpoint, commend the choice. For *The Merry Wives* is a Warwickshire play, and, William Shakespeare being a Warwickshire man, it is not preposterous to infer that his pen may have earliest turned to what he knew best—the fields and haunts and memories of his boyhood. Moreover, as Mr. Morgan points out, this is not only the first, but the only, time in which Shakespeare did anything of the sort. He laid his scenes in Rome, in Athens, in Syracuse, in Verona and Naples and Venice, in Spain and France and Cyprus, but, except in the histories, never on his native soil. We are inclined to think, therefore, that *The Merry Wives* is an appropriate initial volume for the series. And we must say as much for the second volume, *The Taming of the Shrew.* Although the action is in Padua, the play is "bespoke" to be performed by an English nobleman before his household, the plausible occasion being the capture of a drunken Warwickshire tinker with whom it is minded to have lordly sport (after the manner of

Haroun-al-Raschid). And the world of letters might better afford to lose a dozen or so Elizabethan dramatists rather than that delicious *Induction* in which "Christofero Sly" makes his first and last appearance in the crowding ranks of Shakespearian creations! Of Mr. Frey's work upon this play we must say, as of Mr. Morgan's, that it is minute and conscientious; that it is also zealous and loving goes, indeed, without saying.

Each of these introductions has brought out a point which the respective editors strenuously urge, and which, even if not accepted, cannot fail to throw a large and curious interest upon Shakespearian matters and things in general. Mr. Morgan believes (and he gives careful and, we must admit, strenuous reasons for his belief) that the first quarto of *The Merry Wives* was the stolen report of a very first draft, or was a sketch of the play, which had been intrusted—as plays often were then—to the actors in its rough, read over to them by the author, who rapidly indicated to each actor his own idea of character and general idea of the actions assigned to each, leaving the whole to grow by the actors' intelligence; by his speaking "more than was set down to him" (as Hamlet says), rounding out and developing it in his particular "length," just as actors do to-day, with localisms, gags, and speeches suggested by the action and the situation (which, permissible to-day, were not only encouraged, but expected, and even insisted on, in those days). Mr. Morgan, for example, points out how the name of a local tradesman (Yed. Miller) appears for the first time in the 1623 version, and suggests that the actor who played Slender may have owed "Yed" a shilling or so, and thought to pay off the score by advertising his creditor's wares. This may not be mere conjecture; certainly when pronounced by a scholar of the times and the manners concerned, it is as much entitled to consideration as certain more transcendental assumptions as to William Shakespeare's motives and methods, with which we have lately grown so latitudinarily familiar. And Mr. Morgan adds to the "Yed. Miller" incident a dozen others—such as the mention of "Sackerson" (a bear then being "baited" in Paris Gardens on the Bankside, a few hundred yards from the Globe); of a popular song-book; of the tune of 'Green Sleeves;" of a handbook of riddles, and of an old story about certain Germans who took advantage of a diplomatic errand to steal certain horses—all matters entirely irrelevant to the play, but evidently quite as attractive, to an audience familiar with the matters alluded to, as is a topical song or a local hit to-day.

Mr. Frey's contribution to the lore of *The Taming of the Shrew* is a painstaking inquiry as to whether *The Taming of a Shrew*, the earlier play of 1594, was Shakespeare's work, and whether upon it he founded the completed modern play, which used the definite instead of the indefinite article in its title. Mr. Frey, after conducting this inquiry rather by collating the opinion of all his predecessor editors, instead of by any very insistive argumentation of his own either way, carries us to the parallelization; and here, we rather think, Mr. Frey does not quite prove his case. For the parallelization takes a great deal of blank paper for a line here and there of suggestive identity only, and it seems hardly probable that a playwright—working over an old play of his own—should use so few, and ruthlessly reject so many, of his own old situations: especially when these situations are nearly always equally satisfactory in either version. However, Mr. Frey does not give us conclusions without the facts. If anything, he inclines to present us facts without conclusions, which, if a fault, is certainly a most unique and unusual fault in a Shakespearian commentator.

The third volume, *The Merchant of Venice*, is introduced by William Reynolds, LL.D., of the Baltimore bar, with thorough preparation for his labor. He intelligently discusses the legal aspects of the case between Antonio and Shylock, and thoroughly explodes it, showing that the contract between Antonio and Shylock was in violation of the law of Venice not only, but was void *ab initio*, and that no such enforced solution of the matter in litigation as that provided by Portia was necessary in the case. The contract should simply have been declared illegal and invalid, which would have ended the suit (though, in deference to the facts, we are happy to think that so much legal acumen was not allowed to also end the play).

In Volume IV. Mr. Morgan continues his examination of the text and historical records of the lesser known plays, and, working by his same clues of contemporary custom and stage use, concludes that the *Troilus and Cressida* was not a successful play, and was soon withdrawn from the boards. Mr. Morgan, in short, believes that when he finds a play which, from its first publication to its last appearance, shows no signs of stage development, we are at liberty to conclude that it was not popular; and, on the other hand, when a play shows such traces, that one may conclude that it was popular with Shakespearian audiences, and that, by application of such inference, much otherwise inexplicable may be explained. Mr. Morgan's plan

is this: All the quartos are undivided into acts and scenes If in twenty years we find a play still so undivided, it argues against any extended stage life for that play, and therefore the chances are against much in it of interpolated matter; the bulk of it must be the author's own. Contrariwise, if we find in the play undoubted evidence of practical stage use, we may infer that what does not seem like Shakespeare was accretion by actors or stage usage. All of which sounds revolutionary: but the reader will be surprised to find how curiously interesting the plays, worked at upon this line, become.

In Volume V. Mr. Morgan has selected a physician to write the introduction to the *Romeo and Juliet*, and Dr. Field has justified the editorial choice by striking a novel chord. There may be those who tell us, argues Dr. Field, that William Shakespeare was a lawyer; it is very clear that he was not a physician. As Mr. Reynolds has shown that all the good law in *The Merchant* could have been picked up "on the curb-stone," so to speak; so the medical lore in *Romeo and Juliet* was so horn-book and elementary as hardly entitled to be called "medical" at all. Such original propositions as that poisons kill, or that rapiers wound, can scarcely give Shakespeare a diploma in general medicine; and Dr. Field thinks. and aptly says, that the time has not yet come to graduate William Shakespeare in every known science, simply because he is so great that, in his contemplation, all specialists claim to recognize the footprints and vestiges of their own fellowcraft.

Another point: We think we notice in these Banksides a field for extensive study in a new direction; viz., with the original orthographies before us, we appear able to arrive at some idea of the Shakespearian pronunciation of vowels. For example, we find *than* always spelled *then*, and so on; and, from other peculiarities (which we have not space to catalogue here), are really led to conclude that the present Irish "brogue" is about as near as one can get to how Shakespeare himself and his fellow-citizens spoke their native tongue. This, indeed, is but one of the channels of study now opened up to us by the Banksides. Another may be foreseen to be in the direction of the long dispute as to whether the First Folio was printed from Shakespeare's MS. (as Heminge and Condell declared it was) or from the Quartos. Certainly it is interesting to find that, in one case at least, they used the Quarto rather than a MS. to print from. In *Troilus and Cressida* (line 3265 F., 3061 Q.) the word *enrapt* was, by typographical error, set up *eniapt* (using an *i* for an *r*) by the Quarto printers; and this error was

servilely followed in setting up the Folio. For detection of this and similar circumstantialities which have great bearing on most questions of Shakespearian research, we are, of course, indebted to the exact triple numerations of these punctilious Banksides.

The conclusion, we think, must be, therefore, that the "Bankside Shakespeare" is entitled to a place among the two or three score of learned editions above enumerated not only, but that Mr. Morgan has so far, by his skill in selecting lines for the Introductions and scholars to produce them, no less than by the punctilious care he has insisted on from his proof-readers, eminently satisfied his prospectus to the effect that The Bankside was to be "exclusive of matter dealt with in other editions." To add one more to the list of "variorum" or "eclectic" editions is in itself only a work of patience and of consultation. But to produce results like the five volumes before us is to work to the credit of American scholarship. In view of the multitude of editions, it behooves each new one, as it appears, to give a reason for its being, and we think The Bankside has amply responded to this order to show cause.

THE "RESTORATION" OF SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH.

To the Editors of SHAKESPEARIANA :

SOME fifty years ago the church of Stratford was "restored" with more energy than reverence, and more zeal than taste. Nearly all that could be touched was removed or destroyed. The more recent "restorations" have also been on an extensive scale. The galleries erected fifty years ago have been removed. A centre aisle has been made in the place of the two side aisles. The organ has been removed from the north transept and placed over the arch of the nave. Some of the mural tablets—one of Shakespearian interest—were stripped from the north wall outside the church, and, although neither illegible nor greatly decayed, would have disappeared but for the vigilance of some of the Stratford folk. One of these has been replaced inside the church. Many other "restorations" are proposed, if the funds can be found, and the church will be made as trim and neat and new as if it had been built within the last five years.

The English people generally hold that preservation and not "restoration" should be the fate of Shakespeare's church, not merely because it contains his grave and monument, but because it is a fine historic relic of English life for three or four hundred years. The "restoration" fever needs constant repression, and the High Church people and the ambitious architects are doing great mischief, and often absolute Vandalism whenever they have the chance. Byron foresaw this nearly seventy years ago, and his words are still more wise and weighty now :

> "There was a modern Goth (I mean a Gothic)
> Bricklayer of Babel, called an 'architect,'
> Sent down to survey the old walls, which, though thick,
> May have from Time received some slight defect,
> Who, after rummaging the Abbey 'through thick
> And thin,' contrived a plan whereby to erect
> New buildings of correctest conformation
> And pull down old—which he called 'restoration.'"

The chancel still contains Shakespeare's monument and bust, and the graves of the Shakespeare family are still undisturbed, and, being under the control of the Town Council of Stratford, are not likely to be touched with irreverent hands; but the other parts of the church are at the mercy of the Vicar, during his life or removal, and of the mistaken zeal of church-folk who regard the present more than the past.

Americans have subscribed liberally, and have placed in the church an American window, the "Seven Ages" of man's life, with illustrations from Bible history, a graceful and artistic tribute to the memory of Shakespeare in his own church, and they will be wise if they subscribe in future, *only* to the additions of stained-glass windows, and *not* to the "restoration" fund.

The English people, generally, are proud of these ancient piles and thoroughly conservative as to their preservation. The "Ancient Monuments Act" of Sir John Lubbock, surveys and schedules, and protects and preserves, such "ancient monuments" as Stonehenge and the prehistoric relics: and there is a growing feeling that historic monuments like Stratford Church should be regarded as national treasures, and should be protected from the mistaken zeal and meddling hands of vicars and architects, who simply ruin what they profess to "restore."

SAM: TIMMINS.

ARLEY, COVENTRY.

"THE PORCH WINDOW IN STRATFORD CHURCH.—A correspondent sends us the following: 'It is extremely gratifying to learn that this little gem of a window has been restored once more to the church, which will delight the hearts of hundreds of antiquarians. It appears it was made from the ancient glass taken out of the chancel when restored many years ago, and was preserved by the late Stratford historian, Robert Bell Wheler, whose sister Ann made it a present to her friend, William Oakes Hunt, Clerk of the Peace for Warwickshire, for himself, but he determined to place it in Shakespeare's House Museum. After consultation with Dr. Collis, however, the then Vicar, he decided to replace it in the church. Mr. Hunt

sent the box of ancient stained glass as a present to the Vicar for the church, and Dr. Collis, with his first wife and sisters, planned a little window just large enough to fill the niche in the porch on the right hand side, and it was greatly admired, being such beautiful glass, and was prized very much by the Vicar and Mr. Hunt. The glass was, perhaps, in the chancel in Shakespeare's time. When the archæologists visited Stratford Church they were delighted with the old glass in the Clopton pew. Unfortunately, at that time this little window had been removed by the second Mrs. Collis, and another substituted whilst the living was vacant—and without any faculty from the Bishop, and hidden somewhere. Mr. W. O. Hunt's second son, of London, missed the window in 1881, and wrote to the press, asking about it, but no one replied. He has persevered until he found that it had been all the time in the house of the people's churchwarden, thereby breaking the Ecclesiastical law. Mr. Hunt, Jr., wrote to the churchwarden about it, and he coolly offered to sell him his father's present for "£100!" to repair the chancel with: the sum, he had learned, Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps would have given if he had had the chance. Mr. Hunt was so indignant at the offer that he sent all the correspondence to the Bishop of Worcester, who, on his late visitation, ordered the window to be immediately restored to the church. The subject of the window in the centre is the Temple of Truth, with a light shining in it, and the four winds of Heresy blowing round to extinguish the light, and underneath there are two heads of our Saviour, one a very beautiful one, and little colored corner-pieces besides. On my last visit to Stratford I was very pleased to observe that that most interesting relic of the poet, the old font, supposed to have been in the church in Shakespeare's time, which the late Mr. Hunt told me he had had the refusal of for over twenty years before he could prevail on the late Mr. Thomas Heritage, builder, of our town, to sell it to him, was now placed in a safer position than formerly on a box in the vestry. This ancient font was purchased to go to the Birthplace Museum, but at the urgent request of Vicar Granville, Mr. Hunt at last consented to present it to the Parish Church instead.' Something is constantly disappearing from the Parish Church without anybody knowing much about it."—*Stratford-upon-Avon Herald.*

CIRCULAR.

"THE PARISH CHURCH OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The charge for admission to the church is 6d. each. There is no other fee, and a copy of this short description is given to each visitor:

"The church is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and probably occupies the site of a more ancient building. It is cruciform, with central tower and spire, and aisles to the nave only, and is 192 feet long. The oldest parts are the transepts and part of the central tower, which date from the beginning of the 13th century. The aisles were added in the 14th century. The north aisle was begun first, but both were carried on together, and very slowly, as the variety in the windows shows. The rest of the church is the work of the 15th century, to which both the chancel and porch belong. The present stone spire was erected in place of an old wooden one in the 18th century and an old vestry to the north of the chancel, which it is now proposed to rebuild, was taken down about the same time.

"As you enter, the font, which replaced an old one about 50 years ago, faces you. Standing by it, and looking eastward, you will see how remarkably the chancel inclines to the north. Various fanciful reasons are given for this, but it is probably only the result of being built at different times. The beautiful way in which the clerestory has been added on the arches below deserves attention. The west window represents the Twelve Apostles, and in the centre the Baptism of Our Lord. On the outside are three niches for statues, which have unfortunately been removed.

"Proceeding eastward, notice, at the east end of the north aisle, the Clopton chapel, once dedicated to Our Lady, but now filled with tombs of the Clopton family. In the window above it is the only ancient glass in the church. At the east end of the south aisle are three Sedilia, or Priest's seats, the only remains of the ancient chapel of S. Thomas a 'Beckett.

"Before you enter the chancel you will observe that the north transept is blocked by the organ, and the south partially taken up by a vestry. It is intended to remove both of these, when sufficient funds have been obtained to rebuild the old vestry. The old screen is that which now encloses the vestry, but the present one was probably across one of the transepts before being placed where it is now. The chancel is 65 ft. long, 25 ft. wide, and 42 ft. high. The stalls probably had backs originally. The carvings under some of the seats—or Misereres—are worth noticing. The glass in the windows is all modern; the two easternmost were erected in memory of the Tercentenary of Shakespeare and by the Freemasons of Warwickshire respectively; the second on the north by Mr. Henry Graves, of Pall Mall; the third is the gift of American visitors, whose contributions are now being asked to fill the next one, in memory of Shakespeare.

It represents characters from Scripture, illustrating the Seven Ages of Man, in *As You Like It.* The Infant Moses; Samuel, the Schoolboy; Jacob, the Lover; Joshua, the Soldier; Solomon, the Justice; the old man Abraham; and Isaac, 'sans eyes, sans everything.' The monuments within the altar rail are, on the north side, an altar tomb to the memory of Dean Balsall, who built the chancel, beside which may be seen the old font; next on the east end is a monument to John Combe, friend of Shakespeare. On the north wall is a monument to Richard and Judith Combe, a young couple whose marriage death forestalled. South of the altar is a bust of James Kendall, once Governor of Barbadoes. But the great objects of interest are the monument to Shakespeare, and the inscription over his grave. The well-known bust is on the north wall of the church, and below it on the grave are inscribed the lines:

Good frend for Jesvs sake forbeare,
To digg the dvst encloased heare:
Bleste be ye man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Upon the tablet beneath the bust are the following inscriptions:

IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLYMPVS HABET *

Stay passenger why goest thov by so fast?
Read if thov canst, whom envievs death hath plast,
With in this monvment Shakspeare: with whome,
Qvick natvre dide: whose name doth deck ys. tombe,
Far more, then cost: sieh all, yt. he hath writt,
Leaves living art, bvt page, to serve his witt.—OBIIT ANO DOI 1616
ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23 AP.

Between Shakespeare's grave and the north wall of the chancel is buried Anne, his widow, and on the other side lie Dr. John Hall, and Susannah, his wife, the poet's eldest daughter.

"On leaving the church you are recommended to walk round the churchyard by the water-side, to obtain a view of the whole building, and also of the Shakespeare Memorial Buildings."

* In judgment a Nestor, in intellect a Socrates, in art a Virgil, the earth covers, the people mourn, Olympus has him.

Miscellany.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER writes a graceful letter to the *Tribune*, from which we quote the following:

"In the Edgar Tower they keep the original of the marriage-bond, so often reprinted, that was given as a preliminary to the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, by Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, of Shottery. It is a long and narrow strip of parchment, and it has been glazed and framed. Two seals, of light-colored wax, were originally attached to it, dependent by strings, but these were removed—apparently for the convenience of the mechanic who put this relic into its present frame. The hand writing is crabbed and obscure. There are but few persons who can read the handwriting in old documents of this kind, and thousands of such documents exist in the church archives and elsewhere in this country that have never been examined. The name of Hathaway in this marriage-bond much resembles the name of Whateley. The contract vouches that there was no impediment, through consanguinity or otherwise, to the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. It was executed on November 28, 1582, and it is supposed that the marriage took place immediately—since the first child of it, Susanna Shakespeare, was baptized in the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Stratford, on May 26, 1583. No registration of the marriage has ever been found, but that is no proof that it does not exist. The law in those days prescribed that the marriage-bond should designate three parishes. within the residential diocese, in either one of which the marriage might be made; but the custom in those days permitted the contracting parties, when they had complied with this legal requirement, to be married in whatever parish within the diocese they might prefer. Three parishes were named in the Shakespeare marriage-bond. The registers of two of them have been searched—and searched in vain. The register of the third—that of Luddington, which is close by Shottery—was destroyed long ago in a fire that burnt down Luddington Church; and conjecture therefore assumes that Shakespeare was married at Luddington. It may be so, but there is no certainty about it,

and, until every old church-register in the ancient diocese of Worcester has been examined, the quest of the registration of his marriage ought not to be abandoned. Mr. Richard Savage, the learned and diligent librarian of the Shakespeare Birth-place, has long been occupied with this inquiry, and, indeed, has personally transcribed several of the old church-registers in the vicinity of Stratford. The Rev. Mr. Wadley, another local antiquary of great learning and incessant industry, has also taken part in this labor. The long-desired entry of the marriage of William and Anne remains undiscovered, but one gratifying and valuable result of these investigations is the disclosure that many of the names used in Shakespeare's works are the names of persons who were residents of Warwickshire in his time. It has pleased various crazy sensation-mongers, of late, to ascribe the authorship of Shakespeare's writings to Lord Bacon. This, of course, could only be done by ignoring positive evidence—the evidence, namely, of Ben Jonson, who knew Shakespeare personally, and who has left to us a written description of the manner in which Shakespeare composed his plays. Impudent effrontery was to be expected from the advocates of this preposterous Bacon theory. But when they have ignored the positive evidence, and the internal evidence, and the circumstantial evidence, and every other sort of evidence, they have still an ugly obstacle to surmount—an obstacle which the researches of such patient scholars as Mr. Savage and Mr. Wadley are strengthening day by day. The man who wrote Shakespeare knew Warwickshire as it could only be known to a native of it; and there is no proof that Bacon ever knew it or ever was in it.

"With reference to the Shakespeare marriage-bond, and, indeed, with reference to all the records that are kept in the Edgar Tower at Worcester, it should perhaps be said that they are not preserved with the scrupulous care to which such treasures are entitled. The Tower—a gray and venerable relic, in fact an ancient gate of the monastery, dating back to the time of King John—affords an appropriate receptacle for these documents; but it would not withstand fire, and it does not contain either a fire-proof chamber or an ordinary safe. The Shakespeare marriage-bond — which ought to be in the Shakespeare Birth-place, at Stratford—was taken from the floor of a little closet, where it had been lying, together with a number of dusty books, and I was kindly permitted to hold it in my hands and to examine it. The frame provided for this priceless relic is such as you may see on an ordinary school slate. From another

dusty closet an attendant extricated a manuscript diary kept by Bishop Lloyd, of Worcester, and by his man-servant, for several years, about the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne, and in this are many quaint and humorous entries, most valuable to the student of history and manners. In still another dirty closet, having all the appearance of a rubbish-bin, I saw heaps upon heaps of old parchment and paper writings—a mass of antique registry that it would need the labor of several years to examine, decipher, and classify. Worcester is especially rich in old records, and it is not impossible that the missing clew to Shakespeare's marriage-bond will be found in a spot where nobody has expected to find it."

. . . . . .

"The facts about the Stratford Registers may, perhaps, usefully be stated, by one who has many times held them in his hands and explored their quaint pages. Those records are contained in twenty-two volumes. They begin with the first reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558), and they end, as to the old parchment form, in 1812. From 1558 to 1600 the entries were made in a paper book, of the old-fashioned quarto style, still occasionally to be found in ancient parish churches. In 1600 an order-in-codicil was made commanding that those entries should be copied into parchment volumes, for their better preservation. This was done. The parchment volumes, which are the volumes now shown (at least they have been freely shown to me by my good friend William Butcher, the parish clerk of Stratford), date back to 1600. The handwriting of the copied portion, covering the period from 1558 to 1600, is careful and uniform. Each page is certified, as to its literal accuracy, by the vicar and the church-wardens. After 1600 the handwritings vary. In the register of Marriage a new handwriting appears on September 17, that year: and in the registers of Baptism and Burial it appears on September 20. The sequences of marriages is complete until 1756; that of baptisms and burials until 1812, when in each case a book of printed forms comes into use, and the expeditious march of the new age begins. The entry of Shakespeare's baptism, April 26, 1564, and from which it is inferred that he was born on April 23, is extant as a certified copy from the earlier paper book. The entry of Shakespeare's burial is the original entry made in the original register.

"Some time ago a mare's-nest was found in these records by an American writer, who chose to declare that Shakespeare's widow—seven years his senior at the start and, therefore, fifty-

nine years old when he died—subsequently contracted another marriage. Mrs. Shakespeare survived her husband seven years, dying at the age of sixty-six. The entry in the Stratford register of burial contains, against the date of 1623, August 28, the name of Mrs. Shakespeare and Anna, "uxor Richard James." These two names, written one above the other, are connected by a bracket, on the left side; and this is the evidence that Shakespeare's widow married again. The use of the bracket could not possibly mislead anybody possessing the faculty of clear vision. When two or more persons were baptized, or buried, on the same day, the parish clerk, in making the requisite entry in the register, connected their names with a bracket. I noticed three instances of this practice upon a single page of the register, in the same handwriting, close to the page that records the burial, on the same day, of Mrs. Shakespeare, widow, and Anna, the wife of Richard James. But human folly needs only a slender hook on which to hang itself."

THE attempt of the late W. S. O'Connor to acquit the concoctor of "the cipher narrative" of an ignorance of Elizabethan and Jacobean idioms was the merest *tour de force*, executed with a Clarke's Concordance and a sanctified unconsciousness of any difference between a phrase and an idiom, which was truly pathetic. Like the Cardiff Giant or any other clumsy fraud, the "cipher narrative" needed no second glance for its detection. Certain scholars, however, were unable to resist the temptation to get a little sport out of its twisting of First Folio words into Nineteenth Century sentences. (See *The Saturday Review* (London), May 5, 1888, *The* (New York) *World*, May 6, 1888, *The* (Boston) *Literary World*, May 26, 1888—citing an instance of a New England word about 75 years old being triumphantly extracted from the Folio of 1623!—and SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. V., p. 335.) And Mr. O'Connor's statement that the late Richard Grant White regarded Shakespeare "with despite and loathing," and died a convert to the Baconian theory, was quite as valuable as his philology, which latter sufficiently appears from the following:

"NEW YORK, October 23, 1889.—EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARIANA: *Gentlemen*—Absence in Europe has prevented my acknowledging your letter of July 17. It hardly seems necessary to contradict such a statement as that which you bring to my notice in the late W. D. O'Connor's book. My father was so impatient of the absurdity of the so-called Baconian theory

that he felt ashamed of himself in paying any attention to it in print. His worship of Shakespeare continued until the day of his death, as did his admiration for Bacon, and if he had any 'despite and loathing' in the matter at all, it was surely only for those who so foolishly attempt to saddle the work of one upon the other.

"Yours respectfully, STANFORD WHITE."

Editorial.

On another page of this issue will be found a letter from Mr. Sam. Timmins, together with reprints of a clipping from *The Stratford-upon-Avon Herald* of September 6, and of an exhibit, by which latter it appears that the Vicar of Trinity Church, Stratford, is meeting the expenses of his unique "restoration" of that edifice by a sixpenny tax upon visitors, who are thus being made to pay for "restorations," whether they approve of them or not.

Meanwhile, and since our editorial of October, we find a letter in the New York *Tribune* from Mr. Winter, which throws further light upon the nature of the "restoring" system at Stratford-upon-Avon, as conducted by Mr. Vicar Arbuthnot, to two extracts from which letter—especially since Mr. Winter is not an alarmist or given to indulging in sweeping statements—we beg to call the especial attention of readers of SHAKESPEARIANA:

"And here I come upon a painful subject. Tokens of recognition will more and more be needed in this churchyard, and likewise in this church, if the work of 'improvement' begun some time ago by the present Vicar, the Rev. George Arbuthnot, is allowed to be carried much further. Mr. Arbuthnot cares not at all for Shakespeare, except for the money that can be gathered in his name. He is a man of narrow mind, obstinate will, and fractious disposition. He was appointed to the living by Lord Sackville. Since he came into Stratford he has been the fruitful cause of trouble. His proceedings at the Shakespeare church have been simply those of a Vandal. His work has been done, as a matter of course, in the name of 'restoration.' Trinity Church needed to be repaired; but it did not need to be changed. To change it was to spoil it. The point of discord lay just here. The Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot valued the venerable building as a church. The rest of the world valued it as a relic. Mr. Arbuthnot is fond of ecclesiastical processions; he likes to array himself in full canonicals and to

walk up and down. Other people do not care nearly so much for his imposing pageant as they do for the shrine of Shakespeare's dust. It was the general wish that the outside of the church might be repaired—in such a manner as to arrest the progress of decay. It was felt that the inside should be left alone. Mr. Arbuthnot began by tearing out the galleries. These galleries were, probably, as old as the present century. They were not in the church in Shakespeare's time, but other galleries were in it then, and galleries have always been in it. The old oak pews were then torn out and were replaced by others of a modern style. The stone pulpit was removed, and was sold to the town for one pound. The organ was taken from its place in the north transept and a new organ, of huge dimensions and ornate character, now rears itself, in an unfinished condition, above the arch between the nave and the chancel—dwarfing that arch, and greatly heightening the spick-and-span modern effect of the refurbished interior. Many mural tablets were taken down and are now huddled together in the south transept, which is used as a vestry, or at the foot of the high altar. A wooden floor was laid—probably temporary. (The original floor of Stratford Church, which has long been covered, is a mass of gravestones; for the church is built on arches and there are vaults beneath the whole extent of the structure.) The Hart tablet, commemorative of Shakespeare's second cousins, descendants of his sister Joan, was removed from the church wall and placed as a sort of curbstone at the margin of one of the churchyard paths; but this, in a much injured condition, has been restored to its place, in deference to an irresistible public demand.

"The priests' desks, of carved oak, have disappeared. A stained window in the south clerestory, commemorative of a former Vicar, is gone. New paths have been made in the churchyard, involving the displacement not only of many old gravestones, but of human remains—all this by a clergyman who announces periodically that he believes in 'the resurrection of the body.' This violation of the churchyard was perhaps the worst of all the wrongs that Mr. Arbuthnot has committed or sanctioned. In former days that place had the impressive look of venerable antiquity which comes of a certain 'sweet disorder.' That aspect has disappeared, and in its place you now find the snug appearance of a bowling-green. Most of the mounds have been levelled, and in that way many of the graves have been obliterated; while the straightened gravestones stand erect on this well-kept lawn like so many startled excla-

mation marks. Some sort of notice was indeed given that this 'improvement' would be made, but in the main it passed unknown or unheeded. The deplorable result may be indicated in a single case. Soon after the unmarked and unclaimed mounds had been levelled and sodded, a poor woman was observed to be wandering in the churchyard and bitterly weeping; and when questioned about her trouble she said that her child had been buried there, but that now she could not find its grave. Surely a man capable of working such gross injustice and causing such bitter grief as are indicated here must grievously lack the finer sensibilities of humanity and be out of place in a Christian pulpit. The latest manifestation of the Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot's enterprise is his proposition to erect a reredos in the chancel of Trinity, where Shakespeare lies buried. He has been heard to declare that the old monuments in that chancel dwarf the altar and ought to be removed. One of those monuments is the tomb of Shakespeare's friend John-a-Combe. The proposed reredos, if erected, will certainly obscure the beautiful east window of the church. In a word, if things continue to go as for some time they have been going, the church of Shakespeare's tomb will be completely modernized, and its value and interest as a piece of storied antiquity, precious to all the world, will in a great measure be destroyed. It is bad enough that a man so paltry as the Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot should, under any circumstanees, be permitted to pipe his plaudits over the ashes of Shakespeare. Who, then, is this little priest, that he should be allowed to outrage the feelings of intellectual people throughout the world? And is there no authority in this much-governed land that can reach him and arrest his career of abuse?"

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, July 15, 1889.

If the Rev. George Arbuthnot should place candles upon wrong corners of the altar, or introduce strange genuflections into his services, the matter might call for notice from the Archbishop, or go to the Court of Arches. But there is no officer and no court in England to interfere with a Vicar's bad taste, even should that bad taste imperil or destroy that which two continents join in venerating.

On the whole, SHAKESPEARIANA'S advice is to let the Rev. George Arbuthnot alone: to leave him as his predecessor, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, has been left—to the contemptuous indifference of posterity. The Rev. Francis Gastrell doubt-

less enjoyed his own performances all the more because there were remonstrators. Had no comment been excited by his acts, he might, perhaps, have stopped at tearing up Shakespeare's mulberry tree and left Shakespeare's New Place standing. And if the Rev. George Arbuthnot is let alone he may work his fill of "restorations" only, and not pull Trinity Church asunder, stone by stone, and cart it off for building material. Let us find comfort in the surety that the Rev. George Arbuthnot's successor, whoever he may be, will reverse the Rev. George Arbuthnot, will undo what he has done, and do again what he has undone.

Thank Heaven, drawings of the dear old church have been made, to every detail and from every point of view, and when the time comes, if there is not wealth sufficient in England, enough will be forthcoming from this side to replace every imperishable stone of the temple where Shakespeare was christened in his mother's arms, and where the mortal part of him still reposes. But, meantime, let all good Stratford townsmen preserve and carefully hide from the grip of the Rev. George Arbuthnot the relics that gentleman is scattering—against the time of replacement. Let us possess our souls in peace, for, after all, Gastrells and Arbuthnots come only once in the hundred years. But, at the same time, let us be careful not to irritate the Rev. George Arbuthnot, for there is no knowing to what lengths he may be provoked to go!

[Since writing the above we find the following in the *Tribune* of October 3:

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR: I notice in your issue of the 2d inst. a letter from a writer with the initials "W. W.," whom I identify with Mr. William Winter, who has lately paid a visit to this town. As anything coming from Stratford-on-Avon has a special interest for American readers, I trust you will allow me to make a few remarks on Mr. Winter's communication. Into that part of it which refers to me personally, in somewhat uncomplimentary terms, I will not go, further than to say that I was on the Continent at the time of Mr. Winter's visit, and regret that he has allowed himself so freely to abuse a man whom he has

never seen. But when he speaks of the work which has been done at the church during my incumbency, with the sanction of my Bishop, the Bishop of Worcester, and the approval of the churchwardens, who represent the parishioners, I can only say that he must have met some one who has thoroughly "gulled" him. The letter teems with misstatements from end to end. I will only instance one.

He says we have moved human remains in altering the paths in the churchyard. For this statement there is not the slightest foundation, and anybody acquainted with the laws of England could have told him that it is impossible to exhume the body of the humblest parishioner without a special order from the Secretary of State.

I say no more as to this, but there is one statement, which is surely unworthy of a writer in your well-known paper. He says I was appointed by Lord Sackville to my present post. The implication is that I was sent here by one whose name is not now popular in the States. The real fact is that my patron was the predecessor of the present lord, with whom I am entirely unacquainted. In England we should call this disingenuous.

I cannot conclude without saying that there is one statement in the letter of which the first part at least is absolutely true: "Mr. Arbuthnot valued the venerable building as a church; the rest of the world valued it as a relic." It is true, most true, that I regard my parish church as dedicated to the service of Almighty God, and I hope that in this belief I shall carry many of your readers with me.

GEORGE ARBUTHNOT, *Vicar.*

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, ENG., Sept. 21, 1889.

Readers of SHAKESPEARIANA can judge for themselves whether the Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot has cleared himself of the charges against him.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(43) THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall, with notes and introductions to each play by F. A. Marshall and other Shakespearian scholars, and numerous illustrations by Gordon Browne and other artists. Volume VI. (Othello, Anthony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, King Lear.) New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. Sq. 8vo, cloth, pp. 430.

(44) OLD ENGLISH PLAYS. Edited with notes and introductions by T. Evan Jacobs, B.A., late Scholar of St. Catharine's School, Cambridge. London: L. Reeve & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 243.

(45) THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. I. The Tragedy of King Richard the Third. Edited by W. H. Payne Smith, Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Assistant Master at Rugby School. II. The First Part of Henry the Fourth. Edited by O. Elton, late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. III. Julius Cæsar. Edited by H. C. Beeching, late Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford. IV. The Merchant of Venice. Same editor as III. London: Rivingtons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 170, 142, 131, 234.

(46) THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE. Vol. VI., The Much Ado About Nothing. With Introduction by Wm. H. Fleming, Esq. New York: The New York Shakespeare Society, Brentano's, Union Square, Agents. pp. 216.

(47) SHAKESPEARE'S FUNERAL, and Other Papers. By Sir Edward Hamley. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 311.

(48) SHAKESPEARE. The Harvard Edition. Edited by Henry N. Hudson, D.D. 20 v. Boston: Ginn & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. about 300.

(49) THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Universal Edition, with Life, Glossary, etc., carefully edited from the best texts and compared with recent commentators, by the editor of the Chandos Classics. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 1125.

(50) THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. With Life. The Albion Edition. Prepared from the texts of the First

Folio, the Quartos, with Glossary. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 1136.

(51) OUTLINES OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE. By J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, F.R.S., F.S.A. The Eighth Edition. (Using the wood-blocks and electros of wood-blocks bequeathed by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps to the Shakespeare Society of New York, by License of the Society.) London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 v., cl., royal 8vo, pp. 416, 432.

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GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANK.

The first American Editor of Shakespeare.

Shakespeariana

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THE BACONIAN COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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I.

LONG before the appearance of the latest exposition of the Baconian hypothesis, Mr. Richard Grant White tersely expressed his opinion of its supporters. He thought, as Professor Huxley thought of certain illogicians, that they should be phlebotomized and put on low diet; that they needed a calm retreat, the soothing care of the nurse, and the restoring hand of the physician. His opinion was, perhaps, expressed less delicately, but what I have said will show his meaning. The hypothetists, presumably, did not like the advice, but the violence of their language since has justified his wisdom. He has been rashly compared to "Jack the Ripper," whose mania is the destruction of abandoned characters. He has been charged with obtaining money under false pretences; actually accused of having been a Baconian when he published his edition of Shakespeare, and with having suppressed the fact because its knowledge would injure the sale of his volume. This is peculiar treatment, but the Baconians are a peculiar people; for, as we shall abundantly see, they, while accusing others of misstatement and suppression, themselves conceal facts with the ease of professionals and waive probabilities with an airy grace that would be admirable if it were not idiotic. It might have been expected that the hypothetists would treat Truth and Shakespeare with equal disregard; but their infatuation drives them further; they buffet Reason, deride Philosophy, and are even disrespectful to Geography. Yet it is impossible to be angry with them. While we can explain their action by a gesture it would be a sin to be impatient.

There is nothing in the story of Shakespeare's life that does not comport better with the simple facts as we know them than with any hypothesis whatsoever. We may admire the genius and marvel at its extent, but we should not forget that genius must be wonderful, and that it would not be so if it followed the dreary road over which the thousands daily plod. If it did not excite our wonder we should not know it; it springs into being marvellously made and at a bound heads the march and leads the world. Few of us pause to philosophize on what is strange; we prefer to wander in a maze and comprehend it by a mystery. The similarity of thought possessed by the great ones of an epoch, and which strikes the unskilled observer with overmuch force, follows the great lead of law as truly as the tides. What spiritual essence enters into the mortality of genius, we know not; it is exempt from no physical evil. Time fills up its span of human life as if it were a vulgar thing, and Fate as remorselessly cuts the thread which binds it to the world. The explanation of the likeness of thought between Shakespeare and Bacon, and to a still more remarkable degree between Shakespeare and Montaigne, is as simple as wisdom and as clear as truth. If great minds are considering the same subject at the same time, they must arrive at substantially the same conclusions, or they would not all be great. It is thus that they bear testimony to the true, the beautiful, and the good; they confirm each other's observations, the world accepts their judgment and decides its duties by it. Thoughts are true and false. A true thought lessens doubt, and false thoughts increase it. It is not wisdom which explains a less difficulty by a greater, nor is it honesty which seeks to clear the fame of one by blackening the record of another. The hypothetists have strenuously denied the charges which Mackintosh, Macaulay, and Campbell have brought against Francis Bacon—and how? By decrying Shakespeare, by falsifying history, and by withholding evidence! If they were content to defend Bacon against false accusations, to extenuate his errors, or to excuse his guilt, no one would willingly interpose an ob-

jection to their goodness; but when the hypothetists proclaim Bacon guiltless merely to qualify him for stealing another's fame, it becomes necessary to perform an ungracious task and to confirm the charges against him.

The hypothetists deny: 1. That Bacon was guilty of ingratitude. 2. That he favored the use of torture. 3. That he perverted justice. The correspondence which passed between Essex and Bacon is voluminous, and the reader who wishes to examine the subject more closely is earnestly advised to read *The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon,* by Mr. Spedding, together with all the explanations which so enthusiastic an admirer of Bacon has furnished.

1. *Bacon guilty of ingratitude.* Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was the favorite of Queen Elizabeth when Bacon sought his aid to procure the office of Attorney-General. Essex worked for Bacon, pleaded for him, constantly writing meanwhile to inform the expectant lawyer of the progress of his suit. Month after month he persevered, with an unselfishness rarely equalled, to gain the coveted office for his friend; while the friend (with a selfishness still more rare, let us hope) stealthily cast an anchor to windward. While Anthony Bacon was writing to Lady Ann of the promises which their "kind and honorable friend" had made in behalf of Francis, Francis was urging him with continual appeals, till one day it occurred to Bacon that this importunity might damage his prospects, and he wrote a letter to Queen Elizabeth (would that Essex could have seen it!), in which, referring to Essex' efforts to procure him the Attorney-Generalship, he said: "*But if any of my friends do press this matter, I do assure your Majesty my spirit is not with them.*" Bacon, nevertheless, continued to urge the Earl to solicit the Queen for the office, though he had, as we have seen, assured her that "his spirit was not with them," and within a few weeks wrote to Essex advising him to circumvent the plans of Coke, who, he feared, would obtain the office. To this letter he added a postscript asking the Earl to destroy it, as it was not such "but

the light showeth through." Essex did not succeed in obtaining either the Attorney-Generalship or the Solicitorship for Francis Bacon, but having nobly resolved that Bacon should not be the loser, presented him with Twickenham Park. Now the hypothetists declare that the amount for which Bacon afterwards sold this estate was no more than the sum which was fairly due to him for the services which Bacon had rendered. "The Twickenham property was not a gift; it was the payment of a debt," they say. Bacon entered the service of the Earl of Essex, as legal and political adviser in the summer of 1593 (*Authorship of Shak.*, p. 115), and in the autumn of 1594 the offices of Attorney and Solicitor-General had been given to others, and Twickenham Park was given to Bacon. A little more than twelve months' services, then, were paid for. Bacon sold the estate for £1800, and the author of the Cryptogram tells us (p. 219) that money in Bacon's time "possessed a purchasing power equal to twelve times what it has now." If this be true, then £1800×5=$9000×12=$108,000! Was this generosity or the payment of a hard-earned wage?

But darker days were to come, and this munificence to be forgotten. Essex went in command of the English forces to Ireland in 1599. He acted foolishly, perhaps treasonably there. He returned without leave to England, was arrested, and after an examination and censure before the Lords Commissioners in June, 1600, was permitted under certain restrictions to reside in the metropolis. In February, 1600–1, Essex and his friends broke out into insurrection. Mackintosh, Macaulay, and Campbell have much to say in extenuation of the folly. He had forfeited his life. And Bacon?—Bacon took care to forfeit nothing —except his good name. He appeared as the relentless persecutor of his one-time benefactor, sought by every means to aggravate his guilt, to exasperate the prisoner, and to close the door of mercy. In the fierceness of his zeal he went so far as to charge Essex with having desired the removal of Cecil, Cobham, and Raleigh from the presence of the Queen; and then Essex, indignant at his treachery, summoned him to give in

evidence his own tales, and called on Francis Bacon to witness against Francis Bacon, and, uncontradicted, charged him with having advised the writing and with having written the very letters which he now brought in evidence against him. Essex was convicted and beheaded with several of his accomplices. The Earl of Southampton was sent to the Tower, where he remained till the accession of James I. Essex was loved by the people of London, his death was mourned, and Bacon's conduct was cursed. The Queen thought it necessary to justify the course of the Government in the execution of Essex. A pamphlet was printed entitled *A Declaration of the Treasons of Robert Earl of Essex and his complices.* This "Declaration" was termed "a pestilent libel" even by Lord Clarendon, and the author of the "pestilent libel" was Francis Bacon. But Bacon shed friendships as a tree casts off its withered leaves; it was part of the economy of his nature. When he thought he had an opportunity to successfully injure Buckingham, he did the worst he could, though no one had been a more generous friend to him; but this time he did not succeed as he had succeeded with Essex and Somerset. King James was indignant at Bacon's ingratitude, and told him so in manly English. Buckingham blamed himself for "having mounted Bacon so high" and, as Yelverton wrote to Bacon, "not forbearing to tax you, as if it were an inveterate custom with you, to be unfaithful to him as you were to the Earls of Essex and Somerset." (Spedding, *L. and L. of Francis Bacon*, VI., 246.)

2. *Bacon favored torture.* In the year 1614, Peacham, a clergyman, was arrested and sent to the Tower, because in his study had been found a writing which reflected upon the Government. The aged divine declared that he had nothing to do with its composition,* and that he had never a thought of publishing it. For this offence the old man was tortured, and shortly after died in prison. Bacon went to the Tower to see him tortured and to wring a confession from him in the inter-

**Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, V., 127.

vals of torment. The hypothetists affirm that Bacon was opposed to the infliction of torture, that he went to the Tower on this occasion with the humane purpose of mitigating the suffering of the poor wretch. Is there any proof of this? Alas! no. Bacon was in favor of torture, and upon a subsequent occasion advised James to inflict it. No one can doubt this who has read the following letter written by Bacon to the King, February 10, 1619, a letter which the Baconian advocates have very strangely overlooked:

> "*To the King*: May it please your Majesty: Sir Edward Coke is now on foot, and according to your command signified by Mr. Secretary Calvert, we proceeded in Peacock's examination; for although there have been great diligence used, yet certainly we are not at the bottom, and he that would not use the utmost of his line to sound such a business as this should not have due regard neither to your Majesty's honor nor safety.
>
> "A man would think he were in Luke Hatton's case again; for as my Lady Roos personated Luke Hatton, so it seemeth Peacock personateth Atkins. But I make no judgment yet, but will go on with all due diligence; and *if it may not be done otherwise, it is fit Peacock be put to torture. He deserveth it as well as Peacham did.*"*

And what had Peacock done? He had practised to influence the King's judgment by sorcery! (Chamberlain's letter, Ib.) And for this Bacon deliberately advised the infliction of torture: Bacon, who had taken all knowledge to be his province!

3. *Bacon did pervert justice.* Upon this point, we have only to refer to the charges which Lord Campbell brought against Bacon, the denial by Mr. Spedding, the manly withdrawal of it by the same gentleman, and the appendix to *The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, where Lord Campbell's accusation is fully and clearly sustained by Mr. Heath, the eminent Chancery lawyer.

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* *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, VII., p. 79.

Because Bacon himself made no claim to the authorship, it became necessary to invent reasons why he did not. The hypothetists kindly solved the difficulty in their own peculiar fashion. Deprived of periphrase, their solution amounts to this: Bacon was ashamed of writing Shakespeare's Plays, but though in possession of an income of $18,000 per annum, according to themselves,* his poverty compelled him to write for the stage. He, therefore, asked Shakespeare to kindly allow the world's homage to be paid to him; asked the player to accept half the profits and all the praise; asked Shakespeare to allow his name to be put to dedications addressed to the noblest of that noble time; asked him to represent the actual author; in short, to be a mask for Francis Bacon. Now we might conclude from this, that if Bacon was ashamed to acknowledge the best of dramatic compositions, he would naturally be ashamed of the worst. But, no, this is not what we find. Bacon wrote a masque, and was not ashamed of it, though the hypothetists volubly affirm that he wrote the *Tempest*, and was ashamed of that. But whatever objections might be urged against the writing of plays, there could hardly be any to the writing of a poem, especially as Bacon wrote a sonnet to Queen Elizabeth's "eyebrow" to work her reconcilement with my lord, the Earl of Essex, but which seems to have alienated all her sympathy from that unfortunate nobleman. The hypothetists state that Bacon wrote the *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* under the mask of Shakespeare. That is, he was willing to acknowledge poetical works which were not worth preserving, but was careful to give the credit of those that were to William Shakespeare. Now such a man as that could hardly have had sense enough to write either Shakespeare's Poems or Shake-

* "He hopes by selling off 'the skirts of my living in Hertfordshire' to have enough left to yield him three hundred pounds per annum income." . . . "The price paid for a new play was from £5 to £20. This reduced to dollars is $25 to $100. But money, it is agreed, possessed a purchasing power then equal to twelve times what it has now." (*The Gt. Crypt.*, p. 219.) Then £300 per annum ×5=$1500×12=$18,000 per annum.

speare's Plays. Bacon, however, made herculean exertions to preserve his secret, and was determined that it should die with him, if we may believe the author of *The Authorship of Shakespeare*. Then, of course, he told no one of it? Yes—he did, and we might say in our haste that the hypothetists are forgetful, had they not carefully indicated the different persons to whom Bacon told his secret. For a person who—we will not say was determined that his secret should die with him—but who was only extremely anxious that no one should find it out, Bacon deserves immortality for the original way in which he sought to prevent his secret from being discovered. According to the author of *The Authorship of Shakespeare*, the following individuals must have been informed of it by Bacon himself: Shakespeare, Anthony Bacon, Heminge, Condell, Earl of Southampton, Earl of Essex, Toby Mathew, Ben Jonson, John Davis, Earl of Pembroke, Earl of Montgomery, the Lords of the Council (say only four of them). And these never lisped a syllable of the most important secret ever whispered in the ear of man! If there had only been a woman among them! But the sex is revenged; it was a woman who found it out.

One would naturally suppose that Shakespeare must have been a remarkably able man to successfully impose upon the rarest collection of literary genius that has ever blessed our earth; men who could not have been deceived by any but the most brilliant impostor; men whose opportunities for knowing about Shakespeare, his habits and associates, were greater than could possibly be possessed by a whole continent of hypothetists removed from the scene by three centuries of time. But, if the hypothesis be reasonable, he must have imposed upon them all. Then he *was* an extraordinarily brilliant scamp. But no, that would be a dangerous admission, and, therefore, the hypothetists contend that he was a fool "wearing his lion's skin even in the tomb" (*Authorship*, p. 28), "a mere under-actor, a puppet, an antic and ape" (*Authorship*, p. 39), that he was grossly ignorant, speaking an unintelligible jargon, a

drunkard, a namelessly diseased vagabond; according to the proceedings of the Bacon Society of London, for August, 1888.

And this was the kind of man whom Francis Bacon selected to represent his intellect, so that men might not suspect him to be behind the mask! Such a man could not have deceived a single one of the contemporary poets. The eccentricity would have been town-talk in fifteen minutes.

Jonson's testimony in relation to Shakespeare is sufficient for any unprejudiced reader, but the hypothetists declare that he lied in Bacon's interest, was paid by him to help the mask hide the face. The verses prefixed to the Shakespeare First Folio, and written by Jonson, are said to be of this character; but, fortunately, there are some other verses prefixed to the First Folio, verses which explicitly confirm Jonson's statements:

"Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes; thy Workes by which outlive
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages; when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares; ev'ry Line, each Verse,
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleeve, or thinke thee dead.
(Though mist) until our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake,
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally."

Leonard Digges, who thus honored Shakespeare, was the brother of Sir Dudley Digges, who promoted the inquiry which resulted in the ruin of Francis Bacon.

The hypothetists assure us that "the whole life of Shakespeare is shrouded in mystery," that nothing is positively known of him except the bare facts of his life and death. Of those we may be sure, but of nothing else. They then tell us that Shakespeare had no education except "primary instruction at the Stratford Free Grammar School" (*Authorship of Shakespeare*, p. 2), and could have had "no learning from public institutions or from private tuition" (*Authorship*, etc., p. 2); that he was drinking and poaching, a disreputable character generally, and relieved Stratford-on-Avon of his blackguardly presence about the year 1587, when he went up to London, carrying with him but a small stock of learning, and became attached to the theatre in a very humble capacity" (*Authorship*, etc., p. 3). Now, if the Baconians know all this, then Shakespeare's whole life is *not* shrouded in mystery. If his whole life is shrouded in mystery, then they *cannot* know all this. As to Shakespeare's learning, let it at once be admitted that in the eyes of a classical scholar he had "small Latin and less Greek." Jonson thought that Shakespeare's Latin and Greek were sufficient to enable him to write the Plays, otherwise he certainly might, while on the subject, have stated the contrary. Their relative scholarship is elucidated with precision and force by Gervinus: "A true scholar like Ben Jonson might say of him, in the consciousness of his own learning, that he had possessed 'small Latin and less Greek.' To us Germans the nature and condition of Shakespeare's education may be made perfectly clear by one word of comparison. Our Goethe and Schiller appear, compared to Voss, just as Shakespeare does compared to Ben Jonson. They read, they understood their Homer only in a German translation. But that the one learned to scan from Voss, and the other consulted Humboldt, at an advanced age of life, whether he still ought to study Greek, affords no conclusion as to their whole intellectual training. Just as little can Shakespeare's small amount of Greek witness against the cultivation of his mind, aye, not even against the extent of his

information." (*Shakespeare's Commentaries*, Gervinus, I., 36.) Conceding grudgingly, then, if they concede at all, that Shakespeare may have obtained some knowledge of Latin and Greek at the Stratford Grammar School, the hypothetists turn upon the Shakespearian, and volubly declare that it was impossible, under the circumstances, for Shakespeare, a Stratford lad, who knew nothing of English but "a vulgar patois and an unintelligible Warwickshire dialect," to have ever acquired the wondrous command of the English language which was subsequently developed in the Plays and Poems.

ALFRED WAITES.

(*To be continued.*)

A CONTEMPORARY OF SHAKESPEARE'S.

IN Dominie Ward's diary it is recorded that "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merrie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feaver there contracted." Sir Edward Hamley, however, in his matchless brochure, "Shakespeare's Funeral," pictures Drayton as arriving at Stratford, in company with young Raleigh, and putting out their horses at "The Falcon Tavern," in the High Street, kept by Eleanor Comyng (Kit Sly refusing not a tankard of ale to hold, preparatory to a visit to New Place). There they learn of Shakespeare's death, he having "parted but Tuesday"—whence, bowed with grief, the two attend the obsequies—and meet beside the grave "the jovial William Reynolds," Julius Shaw, Antony Nash, Thomas Combe, Hamnet and Judith Sadler, the Halls, the Quineys, and the newly-made widow, and others.

Of the two transcripts, if the former is more authentic, certainly the latter is the less repugnant to the nice Shakespearian who would have his idol "sitting like his grandsire, cut in alabaster," impervious to any weakness of poor human nature.

But Michael Drayton was a friend and comrade in esprit of Shakespeare's, and, whether partaker of his last revel or chance mourner at his funeral, deserves a place in our chronicles of his greater contemporary.

Michael Drayton resembles his friend Shakespeare at least in that we have so few exact details of his life. Like him he was Warwickshire born, the son of a butcher (though this is denied, of course, by those who in his case, as in Shakespeare's, are not at all unapt to dispute where they cannot affirm). He came of a poor but ancient family, doubtless connected with Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire, just over the border of Warwickshire, in which county the poet was born in 1563, at Hartshill, a village half-way between Atherstone and Nuneaton, on the stream of which Drayton has sung as "Arden's Sweet Anker." Although his name cannot be found on the books of any college or hall, he was probably educated at Oxford by the generosity of Sir Henry Goodyere, of Polesworth Abbey, one of his earliest patrons and friends. He is said to have shown an early liking for poetry, particularly the classics, "which inspired him with a taste superior to his years, and made him dislike vulgar ditties, especially the ballads of one Elderton, at that time in much fame among common readers." His London career was not fortunate. He was received with but scant favor by James I.—indeed, was so snubbed there on account of his "forward pen," that he soon retired to the country, to Hartshill, about two miles from Stockingford (the "Paddiford Common" of George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life*), about midway between Nuneaton and Atherstone, where his home—a single-gabled, half-timbered, thatched cottage, standing in the midst of its small garden (the cottage is not more than twenty-one by fifteen feet, and has one room only on the ground floor and two small ones in the roof, and only one window back and front)—may still be seen. But though not received at Court, his brother poets speak of the unusual esteem in which he was held "among scholars, soldiers, poets, and all sorts of people;" and Thomas Fuller, who was twenty-three years

old when Drayton died, remarks that he was "a pious poet, his conscience having always the command of his fancy, very temperate in his life, slow of speech, and inoffensive in company," adding, with characteristic quaintness, "he changed his laurel for a crown of glory, Anno 1631." Drayton published his first volume of verse at the age of twenty-eight. He contrived to die a bachelor at the age of sixty-eight, notwithstanding that this volume contained no fewer than sixty-three sonnets, of varying merit, addressed to the same young lady whose praises he sings throughout his poems under the name of "Idea." Her real name was probably Annie Goodyere, the daughter of his patron. She was the only woman whom he celebrated in his verse, and from the sonnets it is clear that he loved her deeply, though after long years of friendship, for some unexplained reason, but probably because her relations were averse to the match, their love never found its fulfilment in marriage. Not a few of these sonnets are marred by the extravagant conceits and fantastic super-subtlety which characterized the age of Elizabeth; but others are admirable both in their conception and in their execution. One of the finest is that in which he foretold that he would confer immortality upon her by his verse. It runs:

"How many paltry, foolish, painted things
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding-sheet?
Where I to thee eternity shall give
When nothing else remaineth of these days.
. . . . . .
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song."

But it is with his *Polyolbion* that Drayton's name will be linked as long as it was remembered. It had been justly remarked that no other English poem known so well by name was so little known beyond its name. To it might be applied the epigrammatic epitaph which Robert Burton composed for

his own tombstone: *Paucis notus paucioribus ignotus*—known but to few, to fewer still unknown. The best description of the *Polyolbion* was to be found on its title-page: "Polyolbion-or, a Chorographicall Description of Tracts, Rivers, Mountaines, Forests, and other Parts of this Renowned Isle of Great Britaine, with intermixture of the most Remarquable Stories, Antiquities, Wonders, Rarities, Pleasures, and Commodities of the same: Digested in a Poem by Michael Drayton, Esq.: With a Table added, for direction to those occurrences of Story and Antiquitie whereunto the Course of the Volume easily leades not." *Polyolbion* was doubtless intended to refer to Albion, which, by the ramshackle philology of that age, was derived from the Greek *olbios*, "happy," so that *Polyolbion* means "the Many-ways Happy Land of Albion." The poem consists of thirty cantos or "Songs," comprising about 30,000 lines, written in heavy twelve-syllabled Alexandrine couplets, of which a little goes a long way with ordinary readers. Some idea of its magnitude may be conceived from the consideration that if the number of lines in the twenty-four books of Homer's Iliad were added to those contained in the twenty-four books of the Odyssey, this, roughly speaking, would represent the size of the *Polyolbion*. Lord Macaulay, referring to Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, which exceeded the length of the *Polyolbion* by 4000 or 5000 lines, says that very few and very weary were those who were in at the death of the Blatant Beast. *Mutatis mutandis* the same was true of the *Polyolbion*, and of both poems it might be added that very few began the toil at all. The *Polyolbion* is a kind of poetico-geographical gazetteer, in eight-line stanzas, a sort of Baedeker or Murray in rhyme. Although long regarded as a standard topographical authority, such accuracy as it possessed is hardly appropriate in a poem. Its topography murders its poetry, and its poetry its topography. Nevertheless it is full of passages of curious interest relating to the antiquities, legends, and old-world customs of our island, its historical associations, and its natural products. It has met with

high praise from such critics as Hallam, Isaac D'Israeli, and Charles Lamb. But the fact remains that Drayton, in this as in others of his works, does not sufficiently discern the proper province and true limits of poetry, and this though he himself severely chastises certain rhymesters for

"Enforcing things in verse for poetry unfit."

The lines, too, in which he criticises his rival Daniel, who succeeded Spenser as poet laureate, for being "too much historian in verse," are singularly applicable to Drayton himself:

"His rhymes were smooth, his metres well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose."

Drayton might well have been told to heal himself. He did at times in the course of his poem seem to realize that his "sprightly Muse," as with somewhat more of gallantry than of truth he styled her, was having a hard time of it in her topographical travels. The first part of the poem, consisting of eighteen "Songs," was published in 1613, when the poet was fifty years old. For various reasons, mentioned in his preface, its appearance was delayed. He appeared, too, to have suffered the not uncommon fate of poets in all ages, and to have fallen out with his publishers, for he wrote of his *Polyolbion* in a letter to his friend Drummond: "It lyeth by me; for the booksellers and I are not in terms, and they are a company of base knaves whom I both scorn and kick at." The second part of the poem, consisting of twelve "songs," appeared nine or ten years after the first, and is dedicated, with some prescience on its author's part, with the terse but somewhat sad—"To any that will read it." The nineteenth song, the first ofthe second part, begins with the exhortation: "Bear bravely up, my Muse." In later "songs" Drayton also speaks of his "too laborious Muse," and his "labour'd canto," and again he bids her "a while sit down and blow." In the first line of the thirtieth and last "song" he again spurs her on to the finish:

"Yet cheerily on, my Muse, no whit at all dismay'd,"

and goes bravely to the close of his self-appointed task, which he appropriately in the concluding line describes as "this strange Herculean toil." The devices which Drayton adopted in adapting awkward proper names for the purposes of his verse were ingenious and amusing. Thus Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire figured as: "The Monumethian fields and Glamorgian ground." Other similar specimens were "the Staffordian heaths," "the Northamptonian earth," the "Essexian" and "Derbian nymphs," "the Suffolcean floods." The names of some towns, as Bungay and Beccles, appeared in all their native hideousness. And he says in one place:

"Now from Newmarket comes the muse."

Yet the *Polyolbion* contains many interesting and picturesque passages, such as the famous floral description of the nuptials of Thame and Isis, the noble glory-roll of English maritime discoveries—"globe-engirdling Drake" and the rest, the bead-roll of early English saints, and the blazons of the shires. The thirteenth "song" opens:

"Upon the Midlands now th' industrious muse doth fall;
That shire which we the heart of England well may call.
. . . . . .
Above her neighbouring shires which always bore her head."

The muse is first invoked to tell of Arden, and the ancient forest was personified—a device frequently employed by Drayton—for the purpose of telling its own tale of the ruin of its woods. The speculative builder would appear to have been at his unlovely work in Warwickshire even in Drayton's time. The despoiled forest exclaimed, *in propria persona*:

"For when the world found out the fitness of my soil,
The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil
My tall and goodly woods and did my grounds enclose.
. . . . . .
When Britain first her fields with villages had filled,
Her people wexing still, and wanting where to build,
They oft dislodg'd the hart, and set their houses where
He in the broom and brakes had long time made his leyre."

This is followed by charming descriptions of the Warwickshire birds singing in early morning, a deer-hunt, and the famous list of medicinal herbs and simples gathered by the hermit who

> "... leads a sweet retired life,
> From villages replete with ragg'd and sweating clowns,
> And from the loathsome airs of smoky-citied towns."

Charles Lamb, speaking of this poem, says: "Drayton has not left a river in England, so narrow that it may be stepped across, without honorable mention." The thirteenth "song" contains an account of Coventry, which is represented as "scorning all the towns that stand within its view."

No better illustration of the instability of fame could be vouched than the remarkably high place which was given to Drayton by his contemporaries. One divine poet described him as "golden-mouthed." Robert Tofte, the translator of Ariosto's Satires and author of the *Blazon of Jealousy*, wrote that he "not unworthily beareth the name of the chiefest Archangel Michael, and singeth after that souls-ravishing manner." Another writer set him by the side of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Ben Jonson, John Seldon, who composed the notes to the *Polyolbion*, and Drummond of Hawthornden, and many others, all loudly sang his praises. But the Nemesis of literary fame awaited the poet. Like Dives, he had his good things in his lifetime. Over-estimated by his contemporaries, he has perhaps been over-neglected by his successors. Yet it should be remembered that, though, like a disused quarry, he has become concealed by later growths, not a few of the poets who succeeded him have resorted to his hidden treasures for materials with which to build their lofty rhymes. Rochester imitated him, and Milton was said to have been indebted to his *Baron's Wars*. When Pope wrote "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," he doubtless appropriated the idea suggested in Drayton's line describing Ben Jonson as one

> "Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring."

Drayton wrote a ballad describing the battle of Agincourt in fifteen stirring stanzas, of which the following is a specimen:

"They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder."

Is it too much to say that, if Michael Drayton had never written his *Ballad of Agincourt*, Alfred Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade* would not, two centuries and a half later, have seen the light, at least in its present form?

Drayton's collected works, and these not complete, fill a volume of five hundred pages with double columns in small print. After looking through the fifty thousand or sixty thousand which he wrote, one feels that the poet would have fared better with posterity had he been more careful of the quality than lavish in the quantity of his composition. Once more one of his own lines might be applied to himself:

"Who still wrote less in striving to write more."

Drayton had a fatal facility of writing, which caused his pen to outrun his imagination and become diffuse and labored. No detail is too trivial for him, and no catalogue too long. He had a microscopic but an undiscriminating eye. After glancing at the *Baron's Wars* and others of the longer poems, which had been not inaptly characterized as "dull creeping narratives," one would conclude Drayton's chief power lay in the presentation of ideas of a descriptive and cataloguing kind, though up and down his poems were to be found bright bits that lit up his vast tracts of rhyming verbiage, and, like green oases in a dry desert, rewarded the weary traveller for his past pains. Drayton's real poetic gift, if he had only discovered it, lay in lyrical rather than in heroic verse. Had he written more odes and pastorals, and fewer poetical *pieces de résist-*

ance, his fame would doubtless have been greater. As a laureate of Faeryland he was unsurpassed. Witness his *Nymphidia*, *The Shepherd's Sierna*, *The Quest of Cynthia*, Drayton unaccountably missed his proper vocation in the realm of poetry. He is buried in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph, written by Ben Jonson, and addressing the marble upon which it was inscribed, foretold that, when it became ruined,

> "His name, that cannot fade, shall be
> An everlasting monument to thee."

But Rare Ben's confident prediction has not been fulfilled. Ichabod was already inscribed on the marble of Drayton's tomb. The flowers in his poet's wreath were thought by his fellows to be everlasting. They might not, indeed, utterly perish, but they are long since covered with the dust of centuries.—*From a Lecture by* SHOWELL ROGERS.

WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?

V.—DR. HUDSON'S HARVARD EDITION.

A DISCUSSION of editions of Shakespeare is a discussion simply of the editorial license. May an editor rewrite Shakespeare where he finds, or imagines that he finds, an obscurity? Or must he preserve the obscurity for Shakespeare's sake? On the answer to these two questions hang all the law and the prophets.

Unfortunately, or, perhaps, fortunately, for the multiplicity of editors, these questions cannot be answered categorically and directly, but must be attacked in detail and disposed of according to circumstances. To illustrate this let us take a couple of examples at random—one of a verbal reading and the other of a mere punctuation mark—bearing in mind at the same time that all arrangements of the text of Shakespeare must be

prepared as well for the general as for the special, for the grammar-school and the college as well as for the cloister, the library, and the study.

And, first, a verbal reading. When Hamlet, in bantering mood, remarked to Ophelia, that his father died "within two hours," and Ophelia corrects him with, "Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord," it would seem as if it were quite in Hamlet's vein at that moment to say, cynically, "So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, *before* I'll have a suit of sables."

The passage stands in the Second Quarto (printed in 1604), where it first occurs: "So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for we haue a sute of sables." In this clumsily printed Quarto, any such trifling misprint as *for* instead of *'fore* (a contraction for *before*) would have been a very simple one. And as the First Folio reprints it exactly, merely capitalizing the N in *nay*, the D in *devil*, and the S in *sables*, it would not have occurred to the printer's reader that there was any error in his copy.

But if we shall read the passage, as it stands in these and in most modern editions, "Nay, then, let the devil wear black, *for* I'll have a suit of sables," the expression is certainly peculiar enough to require more or less explanation of why Hamlet should mention the fact of the devil's wearing black, as a reason why he, Hamlet, should have a suit of sables. (Which were also black, or at least supposed to be of that hue, though I believe some commentators will have us understand that we should spell the word "sabels," and understand that *sabelle* or "Isabelle" color—that is, *flame* color—is meant, in reference to the fact that scarlet or other shades of red was the color of mourning in Denmark. And as a matter of fact, any industrious reader, who will take the pains to collect all the explanations of this speech of Hamlet's, will be amazed, not to say stupefied, at their variety and character.) Whereas, if this unlucky *for* is only a trifling misprint for *'fore*, no explanation or necessity for explanation would have occurred to the most rarefied of transcendental commentators—except the simple one

that Hamlet's mood was cynical, and that he was only muttering, by way of a retort, that the devil might put on black before he (Hamlet) would, when one's friends were so soon forgotten after their funerals—a figure of speech that needs no special analysis, since it was merely a retort, and not a statement of fact.

And yet, even in so apparent a case as this, where we apparently prefer a reading which accords with the moods and tenses and circumstances, to another which requires long excursusses and much exercise of editorial ingenuity to construe: another reader (who demands Shakespeare as he was left to us, to Shakespeare as anybody thinks he meant himself to be) may ask—and with great reason—Why not rewrite Shakespeare entirely?

Now as to a punctuation mark: In the second part of the *Henry IV.* (present numbering V., v., 89), when Pistol, announcing the accession of Henry the Fifth to Falstaff in Shallow's garden, says, "Sweete knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this Realm," Silence sneers, *sotto voce*, "Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barson." So the Quarto of 1600. The First Folio reads it, "Indeed, I think he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barson." Now why the comma in each case after *be* in the Quarto, or *bee* in the Folio? Silence, who has watched the old braggart rather carefully, is incredulous about Falstaff being such a great man as he and his retainers make him out, and says to himself, "You may think him a great man, but, in my opinion, this Falstaff is a windbag—a goodman Puff of Barson—puffed out with nothing but air (alluding to some local braggart of Barson or Barston; which, by the way, is a Warwickshire and not a Gloucestershire village, though Silence is supposed to be of Gloucestershire). But, although this explanation is simplicity itself (being, as in the other case, a mere by-word, a sneer, an aside, to express contempt, and so not necessary to analyze), by keeping this comma after the *be*, Silence's speech at once becomes obscure, and demands a footnote to explain it. And so Dr.

Hudson, in the edition before us, explains it to mean that Silence ventures it as his opinion that goodman Puff of Barston is a bigger man than old Falstaff; the *but* in his speech having the force of *except*, or *with exception of*, an equivalent of the speech being, "With the exception of goodman Puff of Barson, Falstaff *is* the greatest man in the realm. But this explanation is, as we have seen, unnecessary if we omit the comma; while, with it, the whole sentence becomes vicious: since it is certainly false construction to say that Falstaff, with the exception of goodman Puff, is *one of the greatest men* in the realm!

By simply assuming (what is the fact), therefore, that the old Quarto printers were careless, we lay a question, which, otherwise, we can go on discussing until the crack of doom and through eternity, without the slightest possible prospect of a conclusion. Shall we, then, let Shakespeare stand as the First Folio prints him, whether we can understand him or not, or shall we revise the punctuation of that First Folio and imagine what letters may be misplaced or included in order to make a sense? Or shall we allow our friends, the general reader, the student, the scholar, the textual critic, each one with his own constructivenesses, his own prejudices, his own preferences, each to suggest a difficulty without answer, whatever it is, and proposing his own, which satisfies nobody else. And, to add to all this maddening maze, we cannot overlook the fact that there is the great candid obstacle to any consensus at all—namely, that minds differ without prejudice, that what seems a misprint to one is to another the very life and fibre of a sentence. We all are creatures of our own moods and experiences, and no moods and experiences are identical. Is it not better, then, at once to welcome as many editions of Shakespeare as possible, rather than to criticise any?

We think that the above remarks are especially appropriate in an examination of Dr. Hudson's edition of Shakespeare. For Dr. Hudson was one of the most strongly individualized editors who ever lived to touch a Shakespeare. He believed

thoroughly in himself and had the courage of his convictions. Men who believe so thoroughly in themselves as did Dr. Hudson rarely make good editors. They are impatient of sifting and sorting, and calmly discussing that which disagrees with their own convictions, and which, because they disagree with it, seems to them rubbish and nonsense. But Dr. Hudson, fortunately, was not the less an editor because he was a strong thinker for himself. He united with his strong individuality editorial tact and impulse, and in combination these two qualities have given us a capital edition of Shakespeare as the result of his labors.

Not the least admirable thing about the Harvard Edition is Dr. Hudson's *Preface*, a rarely judicious effort, growing at times into some of the most extremely pungent criticism we remember to have read. For example:

"Small points, and issues almost numberless, running clear off into distant tenth-cousin matters, are raised, as if poetry so vital and organic as Shakespeare's, with its mouth so full of music, were but a subject for lingual and grammatical dissection . . . as if the main business of readers with Shakespeare's page before them were to pore, and dwindle as they pore. . . . In a vast number of cases the explanations are far more obscure to the average reader than the things explained, . . . the thing is clear enough until a garrulous and obtrusive learning takes it in hand, then the darkness begins to gather round it. . . . It seems to be presumed that people cannot rightly feed upon Shakespeare's poetry until it is first digested for them by being passed through some gerund-grinding laboratory," etc., etc.

It seems to us that after all the matter is best as it is—that the sitnation is best satisfied by the multitude of editors and editorial systems.

Why not? Shakespeare is like the ocean—oceanic, catholic, universal. He is, actually and absolutely, all things to all men. Shakespeare's readers, too, are of many minds—of all minds, moods, conditions—mental and moral equipments: as a whole they, too, are oceanic. They are of all sorts and places, too; they read their author in sixpenny paper

and in tree calf, in flimsy muslin and in crushed levant, in Boydells and in Bowlders. Why should there not be, then, editors for all these readers?

With our own solution of this problem we understand Dr. Hudson to agree perfectly. It has been said, "For the heights of the sublime, go to Shakespeare; for the height of the ridiculous, go to his commentators." And probably the craft of commentary, in congress assembled, would admit itself fairly open to the gibe. But of the Harvard Shakespeare plan we ean at least say that the two are discreetly separated. Its editor has taken his post between text and comment, and given the reader of either an opportunity of solitude from intrusion of the other. The Harvard Edition, in short, says to the reader, as nearly as one edition can say it, Take your choice of no note, of footnote, or of critical commentary.

It gives at the foot of every page of text such brief glossarial and explanatory notes as the reader may possibly or probably need, and need at once, in order to take in the sense of what he is reading, but which he would rather assess or "average" than break to turn over to the end of the play to have elaborately construed to him. But should he query as to the explanatory footnote, or care to go further, he may so turn to the end of the play and find what Dr. Hudson calls (and what are in the best sense of the term) *critical* notes—viz.: short, collative memoranda of what either editors have surmised, embracing the gist of prior editorial comment. We must add that Dr. Hudson's footnotes are always helpful and never obtrusive, and that the critical notes are, on the whole, fair: though, of course, an editor is to be allowed his opportunity, and since (as we have said) Dr. Hudson was a man of strong convictions, these often become controversial. But at any rate nothing controversial is forced upon the reader in the footnotes. He can read Shakespeare in the Harvard Edition without being called upon to decide between pundits or to assess probabilities, or bother with the warfare of the wiseacres. In other words, the reader of the Harvard Edition can be critical or uncritical as he pleases!

VI.—The Henry Irving Shakespeare.

The co-editors of this edition are stated to be: Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Frank A. Marshall, and Mr. Oscar Fay Adams. The burden of the editorial labor, and the credit of it, is Mr. Marshall's, however; Mr. Irving's part being merely to supply an Introductory Essay on "Shakespeare as a Playwright," and Mr. Adams' to allow the use of his name in order to secure an American copyright—a ruse in our opinion entirely proper. For, so long as international copyright is denied us, let us have as many ruses to do justice as possible. Only, in this case, it would have seemed better could the publishers have secured use of the name of an American Shakespearian, which we believe Mr. Adams is not and does not claim to be. To the six volumes of this edition already issued, the highest praise must be awarded. The desideratum of something new in the way of Shakespeare editing has certainly been attained. Not only is there a separate Introduction (divided into, I., a "Literary History of the Play," II., "Critical Remarks") and a separate setting of Notes to each play, the notes being arranged, as in Dr. Hudson's Harvard Shakespeare, into two tables, those definitative or glossarial merely being put at the bottom of each page of text, those critical or historical being grouped at the end of each play; and not only is there capital original illustration of the play by Gordon Browne (of which we shall speak again), but three features have been introduced here for the first time into Shakespeare editing. These three are, I., a marginal cancellation, by brackets, to indicate what passages of the text are to be omitted in setting the play for the stage, according to Mr. Irving's ideas; II., a list of words used only in each play; and III., a map of the country in which the scene of the play is laid as it was at the date the play was written. These latter are highly valuable and a credit to the edition, and alone enough to rank it highly among editions. It adds, indeed, to our intelligent reading, to have spread before us the scenes of the play according to the country referred to, with the names

which provinces and localities bore in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We only hope that when Mr. Marshall brings us down to *The Winter's Tale*, he will give us a seacoast to Bohemia, by assigning to Bohemia that province or those provinces on the Adriatic which George Sand (in her unused notes for *Consuelo*) declared that the King of Bohemia possessed in Shakespeare's time. Certainly he will be obliged to do so, if he give the map appended to *The Winter's Tale* the title he has affixed to the other maps, "Map to Illustrate the Play of," etc. So to the *Tempest* will Mr. Marshall, we hope, also give us a chart of the "Still Vexed Bermoothes." We confess to a slight mental resistance in finding that Mr. Marshall's map to illustrate *As You Like It* is of the Ardennes, the thickly wooded (until recently) precinct in France in which are Sedan, Luxemburg, Bouillon, and Mezieres, when there was a forest of Arden in Warwickshire. But we admit that the editor has ample authority for it where he seeks to find it. Besides these features there are two brief tables at the end of each play, called respectively, "Original Readings Adopted" and "Original Readings Suggested," which we will examine later on in speaking of the editorial work.

It is announced in the Preface that more special attention has been given to stage directions in this edition than in any other. And we cannot too highly commend the character and performance of this portion of the work. Up to this time the stage directions, given in our library editions, have simply been the stage directions of the First Folio, plus such corrections of such obvious errors as occurred in them; very little more, if anything, has been done. But now a real service has been rendered, and, next to illustrations and (as in this edition) maps, it is astonishing how much light is thrown upon the great text (even more than by the most elaborate and learned of notes), by the insertion of these amplified and explanatory stage directions. Let us pause for one or two examples from a single play.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Stage Directions.

	(Globe Edition.)	(Henry Irving Edition.)
I., i., 66	Enter PAGE	Page (*entering from house*).
I., i., 168	None, ...	Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym retire up stage.
I., i., 177	None, ...	Exeunt into house, all except Shallow, Slender, and Evans. Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym touch their sword-hilts meaningly as they pass Slender.
231	Re-enter ANNE PAGE	*Re-enter* Anne Page from house.
IV., 78	*Writes.*	RUGBY *brings* paper. CAIUS goes to table at back, and writes.

It is impossible not to appreciate the value of this. Indeed, the Bankside and the Henry Irving Editions seem to have introduced innovations into Shakespeare editing the value of which cannot well be gainsayed.

We have already said, in noticing the Leopold Shakespeare, that the true way to illustrate Shakespeare was to mortice the pictures into the text, that the reader without lifting his eyes from the page might have the scenes, costumes, and actions before him. The Henry Irving does this not only, but it adds full-page engravings and utilizes the space of head-pieces to each play for equally illustrative vignettes. The constant excellence of these pictures is most notable. Mr. Gordon Browne is the son of Mr. Halbot Browne, who made his reputation long ago as an illustrator, and he is fully sustaining the reputation of his name.

As to the notes, possibly they are not of as high value as are the special features of this edition. For example: we do not think that the passage, answer of the Second Citizen to Flavius in *Julius Cæsar*, I., i., 24, "Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl," requires the footnote:

[2] *Awl*, an obvious pun on *awl* and *all*.

And we have marked many another note illustrative of the seemingly insuperable reluctance of most Shakespearian editors to assuming an average intelligence in their readers. But it is a graceless task to pick flaws in work so generally admirable as the Henry Irving Shakespeare, whose later volumes will receive further notice in these pages.

SHAKESPEARE'S AMERICAN EDITORS.

IV.—Gulian Crommelin Verplank.

THERE is no more picturesque character in American chronicles than Gulian Crommelin Verplank (or Verplanck), who died in the city of New York twenty years ago, March 18, 1870.

Mr. Verplank was born August 6, 1786, in the venerable mansion of the Dutch period, which still stands on its broad foundation at Fishkill-on-Hudson, and which is one of the historical mansions of America, since within its walls, May 13, 1783, George Washington and his associates drafted the plan of the Order of the Cincinnati, of which he was the first President. During the Revolution, and at the birth of Mr. Verplank, this mansion (the date of its building is unknown, but it was probably then more than a century old), was the ancestral property of his father, Gulian Crommelin Verplank, Senior, who was a patriot foremost in his country's counsels. and for many years Member of Congress from the State of New York.

The future first American editor of Shakespeare was graduated at Columbia College (lately King's College, under her old charter from King George II.), and was admitted to the bar of the city of New York, of which he speedily became a foremost leader. But politics and literature, too, had their attractions, which were not to be resisted, and we find Mr. Verplank representing Dutchess County in the New York State Legislature from 1820 to 1821. In the last-named year he was appointed Professor of Moral Science and the Evidences in the General Theological

Seminary, and held that chair until 1825, when he was elected Representative of the State in Congress, to which honor he was successively re-elected until the year 1833. In 1829, Mr. Verplank began to urge upon Congress the passage of a statute for the protection of authors, and it is to his signal, persevering, and unremitting services that American authors are indebted for the Act of February 3, 1831 (4 U. S. Stats. at L., ch. 16), which more than doubled the existing term of protection, and is the basis of the present liberal law (Act of July 8, 1870). This act for the first time simplified the cumbrous proceedings that injured authors had been obliged to invoke, and must ever remain to Mr. Verplank's enduring honor, and entitle his memory to the gratitude of American letters. On leaving Congress Mr. Verplank was always a foremost citizen, being respectively, and until his death, a Commissioner of Emigration, Governor of the City Hospital, Vice-Chancellor of the State University, and President of the Century Club of the city of New York.

A curious and now entirely forgotten episode of Mr. Verplank's life, which is interwoven at once with the history of Columbia College, of the city, and finally of the State of New York, may well be resurrected here: In 1786, King's College (originally established by the colony of New York with money raised by a public lottery established by the Assembly, and to which Trinity Church gave the triangular piece of land bounded by Church, Murray, and Barclay Streets, in the then upper part of New York City), took a confirmation of its royal charter from the State of New York under the name of Columbia College, and the famous De Witt Clinton was its first graduate under the new name (1786). Mr. Clinton was, therefore, intensely proud of his Alma Mater and of his prestige as her first graduate, and allowed nobody to vie with him in honoring her. In July, 1811, he was Mayor of New York City. It happened during the month that certain students of the senior class of Columbia College, in the course of the festivities in honor of their coming graduation, became, perhaps, unusually demon-

strative in the matter of unhinging the gates, extinguishing the lamps, hammering the door-knockers, and changing the swinging signs of the early retiring citizens, and for their pains found themselves apprehended by the watch, and secured for the remainder of the night in the city Bridewell, and, in the morning, haled before the Mayor's Court, where Mayor Clinton sat in person on the bench. Now Mayor Clinton loved Columbia College and honored her name beyond everything. A student of Columbia was his brother, and he found himself conflicting between a longing to honorably discharge the young men and a stern conviction of his magesterial duties and the upholder of the peace of New York, whose chief ruler he was. To add to his dilemma, Mr. Verplank appeared as counsel for the young men, and Mr. Verplank was quite as fond and proud of Columbia College as was Mayor Clinton, a graduate only a single year his senior. Verplank was, as we have seen, just entering politics, and he had been led to the party opposite to that of which Clinton was the leader. Here was Verplank's opportunity and he improved it. He made an impassioned speech, in which he took care to picture Mayor Clinton as posing as the enemy of his own Alma Mater Columbia, and persecuting its students, incidentally touching upon the then present condition of New York State and national politics and Mr. Clinton's unworthy sonship not only of Columbia College, but of the State of New York and of the United States of America. He acquitted the boys, but earned the life-long enmity of Clinton. The incident grew in the public talk and ended in making Verplank the leader of his party, as Clinton was of his own, and thence began a warfare which was waged in every field. Clinton, as well as Verplank, had literary aspirations, and among other weapons they fought by the then fashionable lampoon. Verplank printed "The Bucktail Bards" (1818), "The Epistles of Brevet-Major Pindar-Puff" (1819), and others, to which Clinton was not backward in replying, ridiculing Verplank as "Abimelech Cooley, Ladies' Shoemaker," in response to his own nickname of "Pindar-Puff," which Verplank (having dis-

covered that Clinton. when a student at Columbia had written verses) bestowed upon him. The very names of these lampoons have perished now, but everybody read and enjoyed them throughout the State, and they were freely quoted in the political arenas of the day.

But Mr. Verplank was to make other and solider contributions to literature. He is credited meanwhile with an "Address Before the American Assembly of Fine Arts" (1824), "Essays on the Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion" (1824), "Essays on the Doctrine of Contracts" (1825), "Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Art, and Literature" (1833), and "The American Scholar" (an address delivered at Union College in 1836.)

But the work by which Mr. Verplank will be longest known, and which entitles him to a high place in SHAKESPEARIANA's Roll of Honor, is that in 1847 he published an independent American edition of Shakespeare in three royal octavo volumes, thus becoming actually the first American editor of Shakespeare, certainly the first who independently bestowed original labor upon the Text of the Plays. The full title reads "Shakespeare's Plays, with his Life: Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts, executed by H. W. Hewet, after Designs by Kenny, Meadows, Harvey, and others. Edited with Critical Introductions, Notes etc., Original and Selected. Edited by Gulian C. Verplank, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers."

Mr. Verplank's method unconsciously was that which every American editor was to more or less follow. The field of European criticism invited, then as now, the Variorum editor to sift and select at will. But the will has always been, to the American, toned down by his own taste and impatience of mere imbecility, or what seems, to an American, imbecility. Shakespeare himself did not "lie among the daisies and discourse in novel phrases" of "his complicated state of mind," and why should his commentators? As Mr. Whipple—who never did a better piece of work in his life than his review (in the old *North American*, which, like all good things too quickly passed away) of

this very edition—remarks: "Antiquarians and commentators are apt unconsciously to rate their discoveries and illustrations as of more value than the things to which they refer, and Shakespeare especially has been sacrificed by a class of lynx-eyed dogmatists—always quarrelling among themselves, and each claiming, for the morsels of human knowledge he has contributed, a ludicrous importance." And Mr. Whipple, had he written these words in 1889 instead of in 1848, might have qualified his sentence by using the word "alleged" before "discoveries" and "morsels"—with a nearer truthfulness. It would be a heavy task in anybody to-day, to better as a whole Mr. Verplank's edition of Shakespeare, made—as it was—almost half a century ago, with a judgment always rigid between the lines of personal common-sense and the highest catholicity, with scholarly, eloquent, and loving pen. Examples of all Mr. Verplank's editorial work we hope to give at length when SHAKESPEARIANA comes to describe the Verplank Edition—under our title "WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?"

A. M.

V.—APPLETON MORGAN.

APPLETON MORGAN, whose portrait formed our frontispiece last month, is the youngest of the American editors of Shakespeare, having been born less than forty years ago in the City of Portland, Maine. Mr. Morgan is descended from Revolutionary stock both on his father's and his mother's side, being the direct descendant of Brigade-Major Abner Morgan, who accompanied Col. Elisha Porter's regiment of Continental troops to Quebec with Montgomery in 1775, and of Gen. James Appleton, who served with distinction in the War of 1812.

Mr. Morgan's Shakespearian services have been already recounted in SHAKESPEARIANA (Vol. V., p. 485). In 1888 he established *The Bankside Shakespeare*, to be completed in twenty volumes, whose entirely original and helpful plan has been so often described in these pages, and of which the New York Shakespeare Society is now printing volume seventh.

Miscellany.

MR. HENRY E. DIXEY'S *The Seven Ages*, now running at the Standard Theatre, New York City, is a wonderfully clever adaptation of Jacques's speech to tableaux. In the Introduction or Prologue Mr. Dixey goes to a niche and addresses a bronze statue of Shakespeare, who descends, calls for sack, and is given a rare American whiskey instead—whereof he approves highly—and, after expressing himself characteristically on the attempts of Francis Bacon (whom he calls "an old Bill of Costs") to steal his plays, returns to his Walhalla, leaving Mr. Dixey (in the character of Archie Von Leer, a Columbia College man) to dream *The Seven Ages*. The make-up of the Justice, with technical attention to Jacques's specifications, is immense. The whole does Mr. Dixey the greatest credit. He overacts nothing, and the book of the play is written with abounding capacity and information.

Englische Studien has the following notice of Dr. Price's "*Construction and Types of Shakespeare's Verse as Seen in the Othello*" (No. 8 of the Publications of the New York Shakespeare Society):

"As for English versification in general, so especially for Shakespeare's verse-construction, there has been for years past a growing interest felt; for in metrical investigations it was believed that the safest solution might be found for the question of the plays and the question of authorship. G. Koenig has the merit of having worked up the scattered material of this discussion into one comprehensive presentation, Q. F., LXI. The older view, according to which there was to be seen in Shakespeare only the play of a lawless inborn genius, is now happily in general abandoned. We have now to be on our guard against the opposite fault, against attributing to Shakespeare metrical refinements of which he certainly had no notion. The Vice-President of the New York Shakespeare Society praises Shakespeare's verses as 'containing an element of mysterious effect, of deeply calculated, inscrutable art.' The material of Shakespeare's verses, according to Dr. Price, is composed of twenty-two staves. In the *Othello*, which gives an example of Shakespeare's mature manner, we have, beside

the perfect verses, to consider also the imperfect and the broken verses. Of the 2897 verses of the drama 263 are imperfect, and among them 31 different constructions; and the 252 broken verses exhibit 23 constructions. In all this there is a metrical generosity that no prose can resist. In this fashion Watkiss Lloyd, in 1884, converted the *Much Ado About Nothing*, without essentially changing a word, completely into verses (cf. Engl. St., IX., 319).

"In order to fix the types of Shakespeare's verses, Dr. Price lays weight on five points: 1. The cæsura, whether masculine or feminine; 2. The place of the cæsura; 3. The ending, whether feminine or masculine (catalectic); 4. The admission of the dactyl; 5. The admission of the syncope. The first act of the *Othello* contains, according to Dr. Price, 214 verses with masculine and 113 with feminine cæsura; the second, 163 masculine and 113 feminine; the third, 249 masculine and 173 feminine; the fourth, 168 masculine and 89 feminine; the fifth, 184 masculine and 110 feminine. Furthermore, Dr. Price shows how the different verse-types are distributed according to the different characters. Believers in the verse-tests will be able to take much from Dr. Price's results with gratitude."

AMONG the treasures of the Lenox Library is a complete set of the Quartos of the Doubtful Plays, not only those admitted to the Third Folio in 1664, but the others more or less accredited to the "Doubtful List." We are not aware of another so complete a set in the world.

A NEW volume of "The New Variorum" of Dr. Furness is an event in the Shakespearian world. We are happy to announce that *As You Like It* is well under way, and will very shortly leave the press of Messrs. Lippincott. As this is the first of the comedies to appear in "The New Variorum" its advent will be looked for with impatience.

MR. APPLETON MORGAN sends me this melancholy tale: "Some weeks ago Lionel Booth, Esq., of London, presented me with a pamphlet copy of his reprint of the Third Folio *Pericles* which he had purchased at auction, and which, thirty years ago, he had presented to John Payne Collier, and upon which Mr. Collier had written his name below the presentation inscription. I determined to bind the pamphlet and letter together with the outside cover of the pamphlet, so as to preserve these interest-

ing (and now valuable) autographs, and gave my binder careful personal instructions as to the same. A few days ago the book came back, elegantly bound, the letter from Mr. Booth to myself nicely inserted, and the outside cover—which was rather shabby in appearance—retained all right. The autographs of Mr. Collier and Mr. Booth, however, had been nicely shaved off! I am writing to my binder, out of curiosity, to ask what he supposed I wanted that cover preserved for? But, meanwhile, it occurs to me that some reader of the *Critic* may wish to employ a binder, and might wish the address of mine."—*The Critic.*

USING SHAKESPEARE'S DUST AS AN AD.—STRATFORD-ON AVON CHURCH PROVING A GOLD MINE FOR VICAR ARBUTHNOT.—The Vicar of Stratford recently announced from his pulpit that he "does not object to his church being commonly called Shakespeare's Church, nor to receive gifts for it in honor of his immortal memory." Apparently not. I should say, from the following fly-leaf recently distributed among his congregation, that, so far from "objecting" to the use of Shakespeare's name, Mr. Arbuthnot regards the poet as a veritable gold mine:

STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.

PLEASE READ THIS IN THE CHURCH.

"The chancel contains the dust of the greatest poet of the Anglo-Saxon race. We are anxious to make it more worthy of the worship of God and of its illustrious dead. What we intend to do:

"To repair thoroughly the stalls (estimated cost, £276); to replace the ancient oak backs to the height of the window-sills (estimated cost, £308); to repave the chancel, substituting, if possible, marble for stone (estimated cost, £280); to cleanse and repair the walls, etc. (estimated cost, £358); to erect a new reredos, including sculptured figures (estimated cost, £1771); to alter and improve the altar rail and gas fittings (estimated cost, £193); to readjust the warming apparatus (estimated cost, £132); to repair the parapet outside, and replace the old pinnacle (estimated cost, £217).

"The estimates have been approved by Messrs. Boodley & Garner, who are architects for the work, and amount in all to £3535. I shall be thankful to hear from anybody who will undertake any part of this scheme, or will give substantial

help. If you cannot do this, will you at least give sixpence or a shilling towards its completion by placing it in one of the church boxes. G. ARBUTHNOT, Vicar."—*The London Truth.*

THE surgeons take their turn at anatomizing Shakespeare in a very technical essay on "Dentition in Utero" (apropos of Richard III.) in *The Lancet.* Mr. Walter Pater's "English Kings of Shakespeare" in *Scribner's* is neither new nor strong, almost as weak, in fact, as "The Mother of Shakespeare" in *The Woman's Journal.* "Macbeth Considered as a Celt," in *The National Review*, and "Facts and Fancies About Macbeth," in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, are—like the run of stuff elicited by the Irving-Terry-Macbeth revival—not overstimulating. "The Genesis of Othello," in another issue of the last-named magazine. is much better all around. "The Date and Occasion of the Tempest," in *The Universal Review*, is not new—as probably it could not be—but interesting; while the elaborate "Shakespeare in Somerset," by the Dean of Wells, in the *Contemporary*, is about the most elaborate piece of work, with so small a *quantum* of fact for base, we ever remember to have seen. It would be difficult to name a locality of which Shakespeare was not an habitué, according to the good Dean's logic about Somerset.

WE notice that Dr. Furnivall is reported in an English exchange as making a little speech about Shakespeare the other day, in which, as usual, he soon travelled from Shakespeare to Furnivall, and gave a pleasant account of how he—Furnivall—had passed his vacation. It is wonderful how inconceivably rare and precious, as Lady Jane would say, Shakespearian study is made by these priceless bits of Furnivallia. The Prætorius Fac-simile of the 1594 *Taming of a Shrew*, is invaluable to the student of sixteenth century archives by reason of an account of the Percy Furnivall bicycle and its triumphs—and the Prætorius Fac simile of "the Whole Contention" of 1619 is not the only work which is put at once beyond price by such illustrative touches as that "I" (Dr. Furnivall) "markt it in August at Castleton village on the edge of the North-Riding moors, 15 miles West of Whitby—I rezolved to take the further trouble of marking by the Folio—or rather the Globe-Shakespeare—as well as by Q i," etc., etc.

NAMES FOR EDITIONS.—The list of names for editions of Shakespeare is not yet quite exhausted. We have the Albion,

the Arundel, the Bankside. the Blackfriars, the Chandos, the Cambridge. the Clarendon, the Delius, the Friendly, the Globe, the Hamlet, the Henry Irving, the Harvard, the Leopold, the Riverside, the Stratford, the Warwick, the Universal, etc. Why not the names still more associated with Shakespeare and Elizabethan London—such as the Alleyn, the Ashbies, the Barnard, the Betterton, the Boar's Head, the Curtain, the Dachet, the D'Avenant, the Eastcheap, the Fluellen, the Falstaff, the Fortune, the Flaversham, the Flacknoe, the Fletcher, the Folkestone, the Fortinbras, the Gabriel Harvey, the Gondelbert, the Grendon-in-Bucks, the Greville, the Hall, the Hathaway, the Hamblett, the Hariot, the Hemings and Condell, the Henrietta, the Holland, the Hythe, the Jacques-Peter, the Jonson, the Keane, the Kempe, the Knowell, the Launce, the Lancaster, the Leicester, the Lenox, the Lucrece, the Maidstone, the Marlborough. the Meres, the Merrick, the Middleton, the Miranda, the Nash, the Northumberland, the Oldcastle, the Ophelia, the Ormond, the Oxford, the Palladis, the Parnassus. the Pembroke, the Patay, the Penroodocke, the Phœnix and Turtle, the Pistol, the Portia, the Printers, the Queen Elizabeth, the Quincey, the Raleigh, the Ratcliffe, the Ravenscroft, the Rose, the Rowe, the Rye. the Saffron-Walden, the Saxo, the Sapperton-Smithfield, the Shaftesbury, the Shottery, the Shrewsbury, the Shirley, the Stuart, the Southampton, the St. Albans, the Stationers, the Sutherland, the Talbot, the Timon, the Trivety, the Tudor, the Troilus, the Upton, the Viola, the Warwickshire, the Waynfleete, the Whateley, the Welmincote, the Worcester, the Yarmouth. With forty-five new editions per year possibly the above list, which is not copyrighted, may yet be drawn upon.

GUSTAVUS BROOK had a most wonderful voice, a voice of tremendous power, at the same time of great melody and with a great deal of variety. On one occasion he was acting with Forrest, our American tragedian. He was then a stock actor in one of the English towns in which Forrest was starring, when some one said to him: "Brook, look out! Here is Forrest coming. He has a powerful voice, a voice that will drown anything that was ever heard before." Brook replied, "I will show him something if he tries it with me." Forrest played Othello and Brook Iago, and in the great scene in the third act where Othello lays hold of Iago, Forrest put forth the whole of his tremendous force. which he always did. The moment he finished Brook came out with his speech, "Oh, Grace! oh,

Heaven, defend me!" etc., in a manner that almost made the roof shake. It absolutely seemed as if Forrest's voice had been nothing. It astonished Forrest and astonished everybody. I suppose Brook had the most powerful lungs, except Salvini's, that were ever given to an actor. That is a very exhausting speech in *Othello* in this scene, and about the time Forrest was done he was pretty well pumped out and the other came in fresh. It was not a very wise act upon Brook's part and contrary to his better judgment; but he had become so worked by the repeated warnings on Forrest's tremendous voice that he did it on the spur of the moment. Forrest certainly was never more surprised in the course of his professional life, for it was seldom he met with a man whose utterance could compare with his own in volume and strength.—*Lester Wallack's Reminiscences.*

SINCE Theopolus, son of Colley Cibber, the stage has the record of very few great successes among actors in the part of Ancient Pistol, but the late G. Bishop made an immense success in the part in *Henry V.* at Booth's Theatre when last played in New York, and probably he has left no successor. Mr. Bishop was one of the old school of conscientious actors—like the late John Gilbert, whose ambition was to excel in their peculiar rôles, without posing as "stars," or having special plays written to fit them. Mr. Bishop expired suddenly of heart failure after an exit in the part of Abraham Butterworth in *Lord Chumley* at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on the evening of October 12. New York theatre-goers will never forget the picturesque production of the *Henry V.*, at Booth's Theatre, when George Rignold was the King and Fred. Thorne was Fluellen and Mr. Bishop was Pistol. Among all the memorable scenes of this performance, which is one of the historic events in the annals of the New York stage, none remains more vividly in the memory than that in which Fluellen stood with a cudgel over Pistol, who sat on the ground and eat the leek. The ludicrous acting of Mr. Bishop made him one of the most delightful figures in the play, as his rich and genial humor made him popular on all occasions.

A REJOINDER FROM MR. WINTERS.—CHANGES MADE AND CHANGES INTENDED.—*To the Editor of the Tribune:* SIR: Those of your readers who are interested in the subject may, perhaps, remember that in a letter of mine, written at Stratford-upon-Avon on July 15, and published in your paper on

September 2, attention was called to the injurious changes that have been made in the Shakespeare church and churchyard in that place, by the order, and under the management, of the Vicar of the parish, the Rev. George Arbuthnot.

Those readers may also remember that the Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot, by way of justifying his proceedings, sent a letter to the *Tribune*, which was duly published by you, making a general denial of all that had been alleged, protesting against an alleged attempt to disparage him by associating his name with that of Lord Sackville, and in effect trying to narrow the question to the one detail of displacement of human remains in the churchyard.

My rejoinder to the Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot was the reiteration of every statement made in my letter of July 15, as true, and as sustainable by evidence; and your readers were futhermore apprised, not upon the authority of an American writer, but upon that of the London *Truth*, that not even one-quarter of the acts of vandalism done by the order of the Vicar of Stratford, in and around the Shakespeare church, had been specified by me. It ought to be apparent, even to enemies of mine, that this is not a case of sensation-mongering, or individual hostility, or persecution.

Many changes have been made in Stratford church and churchyard. This cannot be denied, because the place itself shows the fact. The old galleries are gone. The old pews are gone. Various mural tablets are gone. The old stone pulpit is gone. The priest desks have gone. A commemorative window in the south clerestory is gone. The organ is gone, and the arch between the nave and the chancel is dwarfed by the incumbrance of a new one. The churchyard has been levelled. Grave-mounds have been removed. Gravestones have been taken away, and all the stones left have been straightened. In a word, the church has been renovated and as far as possible made stylish and modern, and in that way its venerable and beautiful antiquity has been impaired. The Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot may contend that all this is "improvement." The majority of his fellow-citizens, together with all the Shakespearians in the world, are of a contrary opinion. These changes are thought to be changes not for the better, but for the worse, and they have called forth earnest and sometimes indignant protests, particularly in Stratford's neighboring city of Birmingham, from many votaries of Shakespeare—on whose account, and on whose account alone, this church has more than merely an ecclesiastical value, and is precious to the whole world.

Editorial.

IN its issue for January, 1889, SHAKESPEARIANA was obliged to commence the year with the mournful announcement that James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, greatest of Shakespearian scholars, had passed forever from the earth. We propose, in commemoration of the anniversary, to make our issue for January, 1890, a memorial of the departed scholar and gentleman—devoting our pages to memorabilia of his life, methods, opinions, and work—reminiscence, anecdote, and illustration. Our frontispiece will be an engraving in half tone of the only portrait of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in the United States (the one taken shortly before his death and now in possession of the New York Shakespeare Society), a picture of the empty chair at Hallinbury Copse—his study chair just as he rose from it on the morning of New Year's day never again to enter the beautiful room where it stood surrounded by its owner's matchless collections, together with other material which our readers will care to preserve in loving memory of the man who has made their work easy and added priceless interest to their study.

LAST month we cautioned our readers, and our citizens generally, against irritating the Rev. George Arbuthnot. But we were too late. The Rev. George Arbuthnot is already irritated. The *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, under date of November 5, printed the following letter from another correspondent:

SIR: One word more about the Stratford Vicar. Unfortunately, his Continental travels were at an end when I was in Stratford this summer, and the pleasure of one pious pilgrim to Shakespeare's grave was rudely broken by insulting words uttered in his own chancel against Americans and their 'fancied' love for Shakespeare. When reminded by an American, who turned upon him, of the work done for Stratford by some of his

maligned compatriots, he gave me this commission: "Tell your countrymen, when you return, that though we hear much of their love for Shakespeare, we get but little of their money." He didn't specify just the number of guineas it would take to buy the bones, gravestone and all; but it is not a hopeless speculation for any one inclined. I give you his message, because, to use his own general if not trenchant observation, "anything coming from Stratford-on-Avon has a special interest for American readers." E. C. G.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1889.

Will our esteemed contemporaries kindly publish the Rev. George Arbuthnot's message to all America? "TELL YOUR COUNTRYMEN, WHEN YOU RETURN, THAT THOUGH WE HEAR MUCH OF THEIR LOVE FOR SHAKESPEARE, we get but little of their MONEY!"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(46) SHAKESPEARE'S FUNERAL, and Other Papers. By Sir Edward Hamley. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 12mo. cloth, pp. 311.

(37) THE LONDON STAGE. Its History and Traditions. By H. Barton Barker, author of "Our Old Actors." London, W. H. Allen & Co. 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, pp. 296–323.

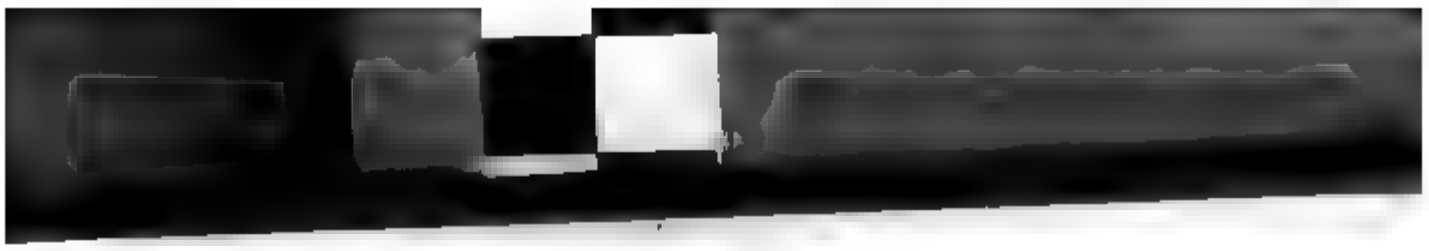
(47) SHAKESPEARE. The Harvard Edition. Edited by the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, LL.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. 20 vols., 12mo, cloth, pp. about 250.

(37) The fascination of the study of old theatres, actors, and stage chronicles clings about these volumes, which begin their record with the old playhouses on the Bankside. and close with matters quite within the days of which we are ourselves a part, thus knitting together in one mutual sheaf, as it were, the divinity that hedged those days of which we never weary to read, with the divinity that still doth hedge the actor, the mirror held up to nature, and the microcosm where humanity repeats itself "in little," to our nightly vision. There is no higher form of literature than the Dramatic; and no prouder branch of English literature than that which has been written practicably for the English stage. From long before the days of bluff Harry

the Eighth, the Bankside, that is the river edge across the Thames in Southwark opposite the city, had been the favorite suburban resort of pleasure-seeking Londoners; its groves and greensward had supplied them a semi-rural retreat, and under its trees was constant summer holiday ground. It was easy of access by old London Bridge, but especially so by water, the extent of which we may judge somewhat from the fact that, so late as the reign of James I. (according to Taylor "the water-poet"), "the number of watermen and those that live and are maintained by them, and by the only labor of the oar and scull, betwixt the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, cannot be fewer than forty thousand—the cause of the greater half of which multitude hath been the players playing on the Bankside." But sometimes prior—not much prior probably—to 1584 to the shows, and tumblers, the boxers and fencers, was added the amusement of bear and bull-baiting, a bloody sport, but one requiring an enclosure, and a round building open to the sky was erected for the purpose which was named "Paris Garden." This was soon followed by another like it called the "Bear Garden." By and by these enclosures were utilized by strolling players, who put up a temporary stage, and soon after a third was added, with a permanent stage exclusively for plays, though it is supposed that for a long period this stage was movable and was carried out if it were proposed to have a bull or bear-baiting instead. This third enclosure was called "The Rose Theatre" or "The Little Rose," and was the first regular theatre built on the Bankside, getting its name from a tenement or manor named The Rose, in the charter of Edward VI., which granted the manor of Southwark to the corporation of London. Soon another theatre, the Swan (named from another existing tenement) arose at the east end of the Bankside, and then another yet, in 1594, this called by a name destined to be forever a household word in English tongues, "The Globe." Still another, "The Hope," to be associated with Ben Jonson (for here his *Bartholomew Fair* was acted in 1614), as the Globe with Shakespeare, was erected in or about 1600. The Bear Garden, Globe, and Hope stood in a cluster at the west end. And each might have been taken for the other, or any of them for the Swan, at the east end. so far as architecture was concerned. They were tall, oval enclosures, thatched for a space to cover the boxes—but open over the pit. The subsequent history of each is preserved. In 1613 the Paris Garden itself was turned into a theatre. In 1655 Mr. Pride,

Sheriff of Surrey, ordered a company of soldiers to proceed to the Bankside and shoot all the bears kept there for baiting purposes. In 1656 the Hope Theatre, which was both a bear-garden and a play-house, was demolished, and dwelling-houses erected on its site. The others were taken down at intervals thereafter. The Globe Theatre was in every way historic in its associations. It was originally built of material which had been already used in the construction of the first play-house ever built in England "the Theatre" in Shoreditch within "The Liberty of Halliwell"—thus first introducing into Shakespearian history the name of the nineteenth century scholar, who, next to Shakespeare himself, every Shakespearian holds in most affectionate remembrance. In 1601 the conspirators engaged in the Essex Rebellion met within its walls. It was set on fire in 1613 by a discharge of cannon used under the stage in the performance of Shakespeare's most ceremonial play, the *Henry VIII.*, probably in the great trial scene—and it was rebuilt in time to see the last of its immortal proprietor, and was rebuilt in so substantial and permanent a manner, with slate roof instead of thatch, that Ben Jonson exclaimed that it was "the glory of the Bank, and the fort of the whole parish." 1644 Sir Matthew Brand had pulled down the memorable Globe Theatre, and built houses in its place—and to-day the great brewing establishment of Barclay & Perkins occupies the spot, and there certain of the ale which Shakespeare's countrymen on both sides of the great ocean drink, is brewed upon the spot where his immortal dramas first saw the light that came down through the great open roof of the Globe Theatre. The Puritans, on obtaining power, suppressed all this noble establishment by an ordinance of September 6, 1642. But the interests involved were too heavy to yield at once, and it was not until the year 1647 that the English stage finally went into interregnum. Such of the actors as were not languishing in dungeons or had not fled the country in breech of ban, went into the King's army. Lowin, Taylor, and Pollard, the last survivors of the Elizabethan corps, were superannuated and soon lost sight of, and it was not until the Restoration that Sir William D'Avenant and Henry Killigrew, Esq., received each a royal patent for erecting a play-house. Sir William opened the Dukes Theatre in Dorset Gardens, the other the immortal Royal Theatre in Drury Lane. For the details of this most interesting period from the suppression to the rehabilitation of Theatres we must refer the reader to Mr. Barker's beautiful volumes,

wherein he traces with a graphic pen and in a compact style, which make his pages as absorbing as any novel, this crucial period of the English theatre—which from the establishment of Drury Lane to the present day, in general direction and on the whole, has been onward and upward—and where the triumphs of Shakespeare, Alleyn, Burbadge, and Lowin in Elizabeth's day have been repeated and enhanced by Booth, Irving, and the two Barretts. Mr. Barker's work, especially the first volume, can be read with immense appetite and pleasure, continuously, and the student desiring to realize the transit by which the Shakespearian stage passed over the Puritan interregnum and so was perpetuated to the present day can nowhere find a better account of it.—(**44**). We shall notice this interesting series, in pretty covers and pocket size, further as further volumes reach us. The present issue contains *The Birth of Merlin and Thomas Lord Cromwell*, with admirable Prefaces, and brief and helpful notes.—(**45**). If the number and variety of the editions now preparing for school use is an indication, the study of Shakespeare must be making great headway. The general plan of this new competitor is stated by the editor as an attempt to primarily aim at a concentration of the mind of the pupil on only the most useful line, or lines, of study, and these latter the editor believes to be "the dramatic conception of the whole, and the dramatic bearing, value, and truth of the parts. "Textual, historical, grammatical, and etymological notes," the editor thinks "should hold second place and be subordinated to the purpose of assisting the student to look at Shakespeare's plays as great works of dramatic art." It will be admitted that this is a novel declaration in a school Shakespeare—but we are not prepared to say that it is not as admirable as it is bold and unique. After all, the only test of usefulness in a school-book is experience. The books are delightfully and most attractively printed, the notes are by scenes — those of each being headed by the few lines of Glossary to be memorized in following the text of the scene itself.



NO. 1.--MAY, 1889.

The Teachers' Supplement.

CONDUCTED BY W. S. ALLIS, ESQ.

AS a considerable proportion of SHAKESPEARIANA'S readers are members of Shakespeare reading clubs or connected with college or academy classes pursuing courses of Shakespearian study, it seems an essential field of this magazine to specially adapt at least a department to the wants of these two classes of readers. By the heading of the department it is not designed that its material will be unadapted to the student. The best helps and suggestions for the student are the most direct aid to the teacher. Briefly, we want a live, practical, indispensable assistance to both the teacher and student, whether in class-room or Shakespeare society. To fulfil this mission, the department must have the hearty co-operation and help of all interested. In this way only is it possible for it to continue for any length of time without wearisome repetition. The difficulties and the successes of both teacher and student should be here freely explained. Let questions be proposed for answer and Shakespearian problems for solution. Short and familiar notes upon the domestic manners and customs of Shakespeare's time are exceedingly stimulating in class work. The methods of conducting a recitation in Shakespeare are very many. What method has proved, and under what particular circumstances, most useful to you? Notice of contemporaries and definite reference to books, by chapter or page, bearing upon Shakespearian topics is sometimes the best and most practical assistance. Many of the courses of and helps to the study of Shakespeare are as yet only suited to special students and advanced critics: how can they be adapted to the average student or teacher? It is hoped that these few hints will set the character of such a department in SHAKESPEARIANA as will both call forth that full assistance from those whom we desire to interest and also in itself furnish abundant reward for such assistance.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS ON THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE there is no doubt that this nineteenth century of ours has really made a literature of its own in the study of Shakespeare, this literature still lies spread out before us like a vast, "unweeded garden," the fruits of which may only be effectively plucked by the initiated. Much yet remains to be done in the way of weeding, pruning, and tilling to enable the uninitiated to enjoy these fruits. The weeds of this garden have overgrown the paths, guide-boards are sadly lacking; the novice enters the most bewildering portion of the ground, and becomes hopelessly bewildered, or turns back in despair. In plain language, we need more guides to the study of Shakespeare. Much has been done in this direction by such scholars as White, Dowden, Hudson, Rolfe. and many others, but we are not sure to be guided always to the feet of these Gamaliels, and reap the full benefit of their teachings. Perhaps a new generation of Shakespeare students is to arise which will eclipse all former ones, but we shall be sadly lacking in our duty to the greatest light of our literature if we leave a stone unturned in the endeavor to build up and foster such a generation.

Perhaps a most effective beginning in this direction would lie in the construction of a work entitled, let us say, *How Not to Study Shakespeare*—something bearing about the same relation to the study which that valuable compendium of negative etiquette entitled *Don't* bears to good manners. Shakespeare clubs and classes too often begin at the wrong end of the study by plunging at once into careful verbal analysis, comparisons of texts, and the like. They read the critics first, and Shakespeare—perhaps—afterwards, forgetting that

> " . . . 'tis only when
> We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
> Soul forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
> Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
> 'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

The old injunction in the folios, "Reade him, therefore, and againe, and againe," applies as well to students of the nineteenth century as to those readers of the seventeenth century who munched their venison pasty over their folios. leaving the crumbs for the microscopes of our age to reveal. What a comfort it must have been to those worthies to read on and on, with no index figure of an impertinent foot-note rearing its hateful head in the midst of some enchanting flight of fancy, some

noble brain of thought, and breaking the golden thread with the useless information that *wend* signifies *go*. *palmy, victorious*, or *attent, attentive!* No better advice could be given to the beginner than to undertake just such a reading. and "gloriously forget" himself, without pausing to consult a glossary or puzzle over a meaning. As a result of such first, uninterrupted reading, something will have been apprehended, some chords struck within the reader as they have never been struck before. A new circle of real flesh and-blood acquaintances and friends will have sprung up around him, so that when a careful verbal study ensues for a second reading, this otherwise irksome task will become a pleasure because it makes him better acquainted with this very interesting circle.

Character-study will naturally follow this verbal study, as soon as the student may be said to have formed a real, speaking-acquaintance with Shakespeare, and appreciates the fact that character-study means a great deal, involving, as it does, a careful searching of the text, not only to discover what the character himself really says and means, but what others say and mean regarding him. At this point the writing of essays is pretty sure to begin, and it is well to encourage it, though "not necessarily for publication." Discussions, too, will accomplish as much as or more than the writing of essays. the main object being, by whatever means, to lead the student to a carefully formed and defensible opinion of his own.

The *Don'ts*, up to this point, are numerous and important, as, for example, don't begin with one of the greatest plays, even if *The Tempest* does come first in order. Or, in character-study, don't form a theory at the beginning, and then make it your sole aim to fit the character to that theory. Let theory come as a result of study—the final result.

It is in the course of individual character-study that the question often presents itself, how does this man or woman contribute to the final issue of events? The student is thus led, by easy stages, to the study of the art of dramatic composition as applied by Shakespeare. The field, of course, broadens as this branch is pursued; collateral studies on dramatic art in general are involved, and grand revelations of Shakespeare's masterful faculty, and of his progress in dramatic architecture, must result. This is a critical point in the student's progress, for many false guides arise among the critics, especially the German critics and some of their English-speaking disciples. In attributing to Shakespeare a preconceived moral purpose in his work, they go as far as possible towards degrading that work to the level of nursery tales, persuading the student, if possible, that

these real men and women who have entered into his life as acquaintances and often as friends, are, after all, only puppets, automatically moving in the trend of a "leading motive" or a "central thought." Here, if at all, the student must learn that Shakespeare utterly defies ordinary methods of criticism, that he refuses to be fitted to the methods of schools of speculative philosophy or to any petty creed, but calmly and grandly rises above them all, yet at the same time grandly contains them all, conscious that if he shows us man as God made him, the moral will follow as the night follows the day.

Having reached this point, the student may be said to have taken a degree, having passed from reading to verbal study, thence to character-study, and thence to the study of Shakespeare's art. It is a grand idea of the Sage of Chelsea to place the great master before us as a hero to be worshipped, and this spirit of hero-worship must be reached if the student is to become a scholar. It is, perhaps, a feeling of familiar reverence, but reverence none the less. There may be an interest, begotten of plodding, perfunctory study, but it is nothing to the hero-worship begotten of glorious self-forgetfulness, when we let Shakespeare "speak to the Shakespeare within us."

Among the many grand thoughts which Lowell has given us, one little suggestion is well worthy of careful consideration—the establishing of a chair in the study of Shakespeare in our universities. With the examples of so many great scholars of the present and past generation before us, it seems not at all chimerical to suggest that the study should occupy a far more prominent position than it does, even in the curriculum of our preparatory schools. It is in itself a liberal education; and while much has been done towards the editing of suitable elementary class-books, much still remains to be done. School edition upon school edition of the Greek and Roman classics have been carefully compiled, annotated, and edited, but it has only occurred to two American editors to undertake a like work in the greatest of English—not to say the greatest of all—classics.

These few suggestions are all that can be offered within the present limits. Coming, as they do, from one who has, perhaps, like every one else, groped his way to an appreciation of and reverence for the great dramatist, the suggestions are humbly submitted, in the hope that some day, and by some means, the plans for elementary study already commenced by SHAKESPEARIANA may be fully carried out, and may reach "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

NO. 2.—OCTOBER, 1889.

The Teachers' Supplement.

CONDUCTED BY W. S. ALLIS, ESQ.

WITH this number of SHAKESPEARIANA, "The Teachers' Supplement," which has been omitted during the summer months, is continued. The design of the supplement was quite thoroughly explained in the May number of the magazine, and to avoid repetition it only remains to express the hope that teachers, scholars, and all interested in Shakespearian study have now returned from their vacations prepared to contribute to the realization of the results there outlined. Let questions bearing upon the teaching or study of Shakespeare be freely propounded. Let many so willingly assist others in the study of this, the greatest master of English literature, that we may have a frequent, if not a monthly, publication of "The Teachers' Supplement."

THE TEACHING OF SHAKESPEARE.

THERE seem to be about four characteristic methods of Shakespearian study. Some *read* as children do, only for the story; others take equal pleasure in the opposite course—of critical, etymological, and grammatical analysis. There is a third and probably larger class which finds special delight in the *literature* of the Master. Lastly, Shakespeare is studied for the problems and lessons of human life, questions of right, of wrong, of duty, wisdom and foolishness, which his characters either in themselves or by their circumstances are made to suggest.

The teaching of Shakespeare, as one of the regular studies in a college or academy curriculum, has often proved unexpectedly difficult and disappointing. Is it not one of the essentials of suc-

cessful class-work in Shakespeare, that the study partake, to some extent, of all of the above indicated methods? The narrative study is alone superficial, but it is nevertheless a first requisite. It is the pupil's guide; without it he is lost. With simply etymological detail most young minds soon weary. Problems of life and society serve to awaken an interest, promote discussion and appreciation of the literature. As a possible aid to teachers, the following questions upon Hamlet are submitted. They are a few of those which have been practically used in the recitation-room, and which upon trial have proved the best of their class. They are designed to illustrate one only of the methods of study which have been mentioned:

(1) In what sense are the first words of the play a key-note or index to what follows? (2) Are there any admirable traits in the character of the King or of the Queen? (3) Does Queen Gertrude use her own judgment in her treatment of Hamlet, or does she simply reflect the King's policy? Is her sympathy with the husband or the son? (4) Is Polonius to be regarded as a scheming politician or a wise counsellor? In investigating his son's conduct, is his course wise or honorable? (5) What is the purpose of introducing into the tragedy such a character as Ophelia? (6) Did Hamlet ever really love Ophelia? (7) Would Ophelia have been a help to Hamlet in his life-work had she refused obedience to her father and followed her desires? Is she to be commended or blamed for her obedience? (8) How is the resolute action of Fortinbras and Laertes contrasted with the inaction of Hamlet? (9) Is the duel scene between Laertes and Hamlet in any sense a travesty upon the real issue of the play? (10) What are the lessons which can be drawn from the play?

W. S. ALLIS.

"IN studying Shakespeare, do you think that any particular order of taking up the plays should be adopted?"

This question has been submitted to this department, and we hasten to reply to it, for it is a most timely and important one.

For a first study, no better selection than *The Merchant of Venice* can be made. From its sustained dramatic interest and force, its fruitfulness in character-studies and questions for discussion, it has an attraction for the beginner which can hardly be equalled by any other play. The beginner should be allured into the field—neither awed by something which soars beyond his reach, nor disappointed by some study of Shakespeare's 'prentice work, wonderful as that is in its way.

Let this be followed by *Twelfth Night*, to show the thoroughly genial side of Shakespeare at a time when his power had acquired, perhaps, a greater strength, reaching, in a certain sense, a bolder flight.

Going back a little in the chronology of the plays, let *Twelfth Night* be followed by *Romeo and Juliet*, for in it, though traces of 'prentice work may be detected, there is really more of the idyllic sweetness of Shakespeare the poet than in the two plays already studied, while its remodelling by Shakespeare has resulted in a most harmonious piece of dramatic composition, as Schlegel or Dowden can show the student if he cannot discover it for himself.

Still keeping in the chronological current, let some study next be made of the English historical plays. I cannot recommend, in an elementary course, the cumbersome undertaking of a study of these plays in order. Gathering up the thread from King John to Henry IV., by outline readings from English history, it is well to commence with Henry IV., studying its two parts, together with the play of Henry V., and leaving the other English historical plays for future consideration.

If earnest, honest study has been devoted to the plays already cited, that piece of perfection, *As You Like It*, will doubtless be appreciated, and will form, at this point, a pleasing variety as well as a most charming and interesting study. Let *Hamlet* follow, with its wealth of meaning and its sources of endless discussion, for which the student should now be prepared. And let one of the three great tragedies, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, it matters little which, follow *Hamlet*.

I think of no better closing study for this elementary course

than the taking up, partly for the sake of comparison and contrast, those two bold flights of Shakespeare's fancy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, the one a comparatively youthful fancy, the other placing the student in the realm of majestic magic at the height of the great master's career.

The course thus suggested may well occupy two years or more of the time—always too short—devoted to the study by our educational institutions or by private classes and clubs. It is, of course, only a beginning, its object being to lead to what Shakespeare would call "desperate studies." J. T.

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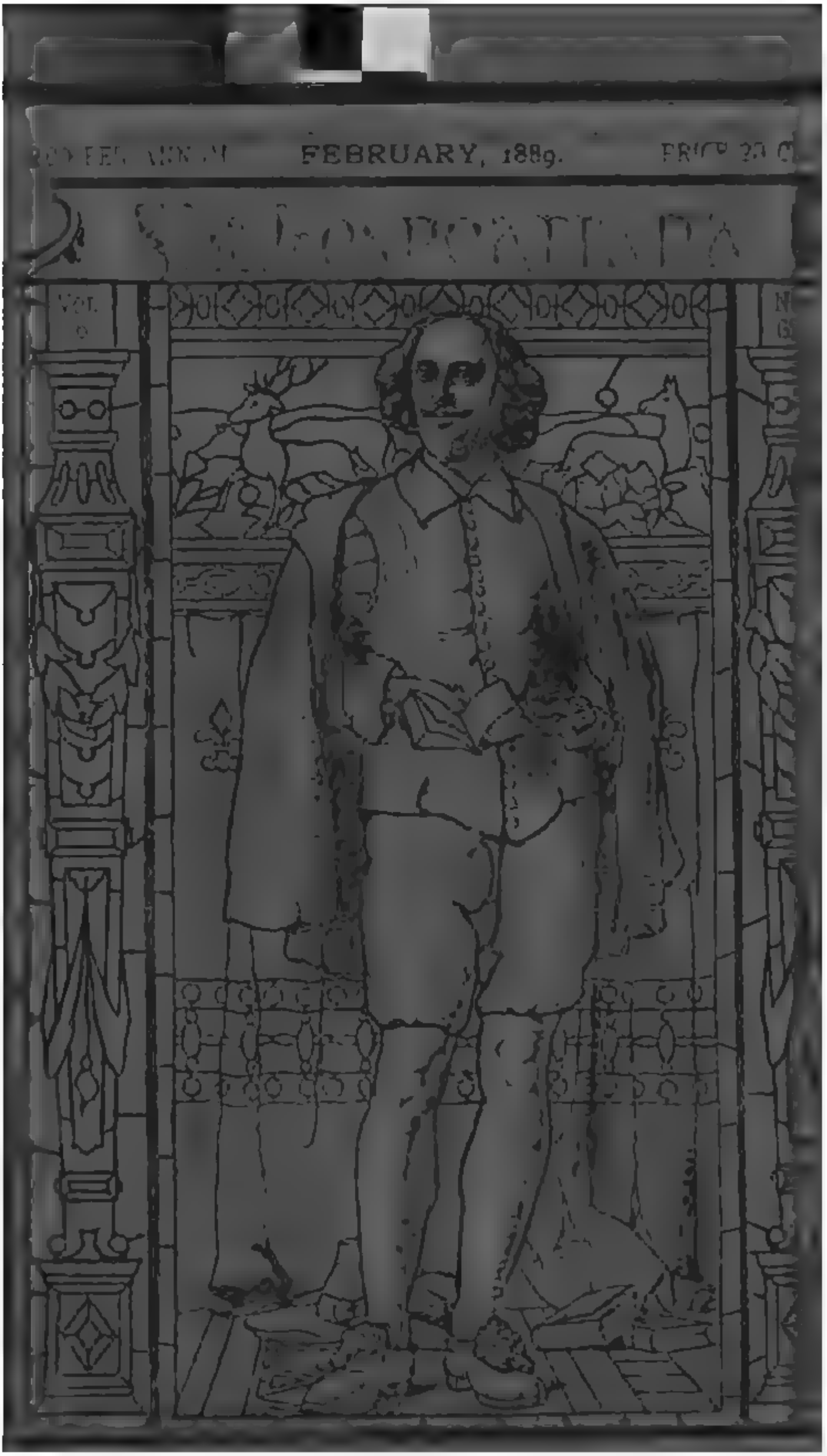
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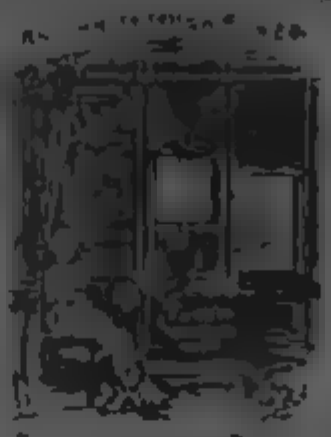

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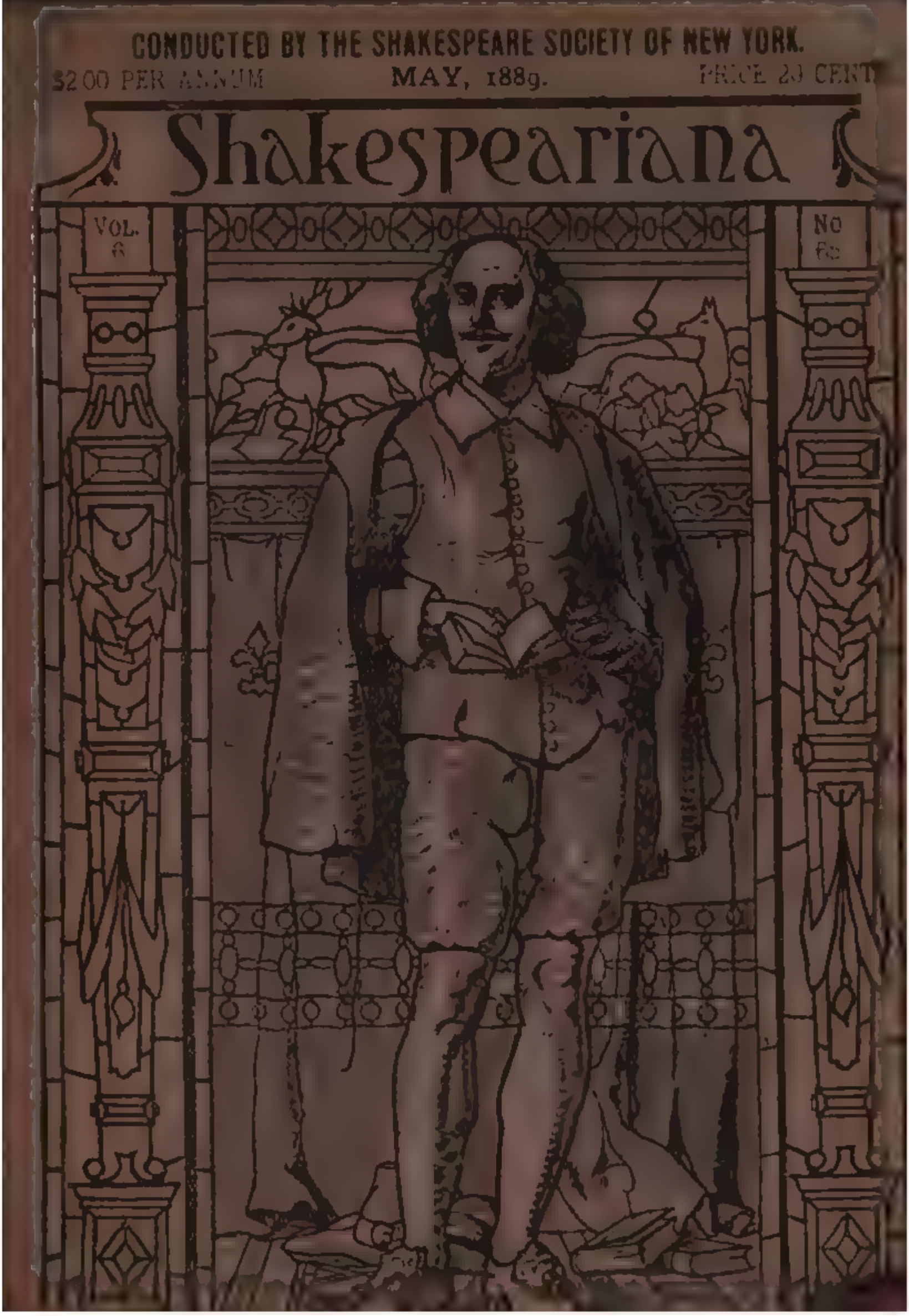

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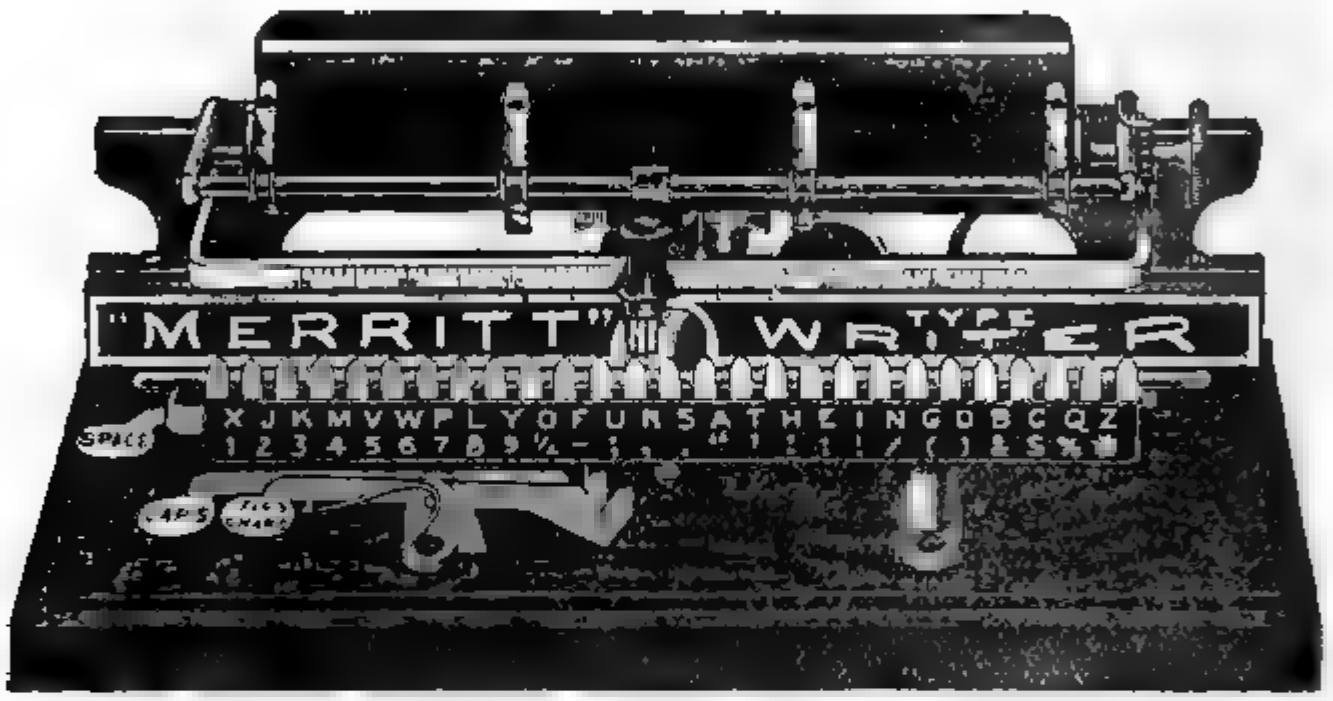

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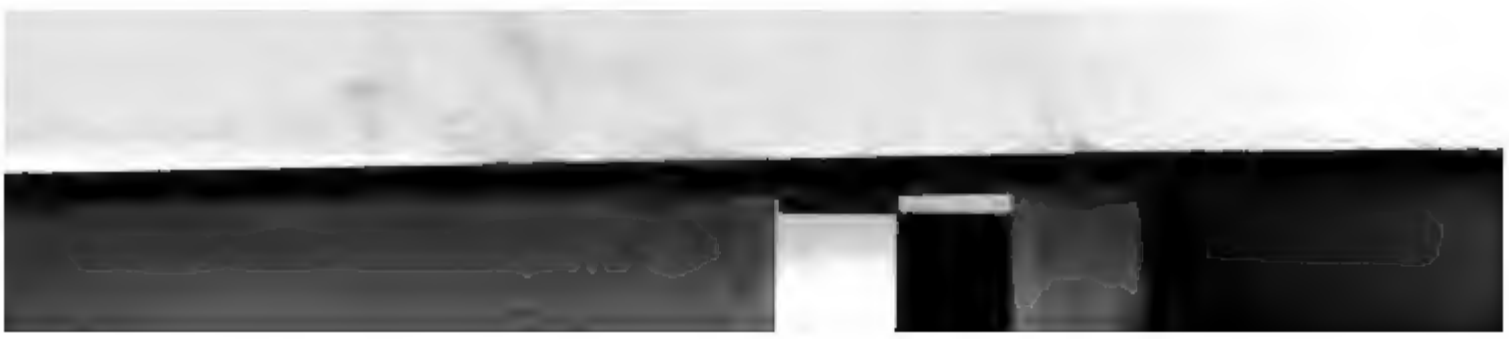

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